McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI JUNE, 1903 No. 2

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

FIRST PAPER

DELACROIX, DECAMPS, AND DIAZ

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "MICHELANGELO," "REMBRANDT," "HOGARTH," ETC.

THE title of the Barbizon or Fontainebleau School is a mere expression of the fact that certain of the men whose names we associate with that title happen to have lived for a time within the great and beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, and found therein sufficient themes for landscapes, or for those parts of their pictures that needed a landscape motive. The exact number of artists whom we should bring together under this title is also an uncertain and fluctuating matter. Their ideals, their temperaments were diverse, perhaps even contradictory; and their origin is not separable from the great movement of which they are the results, even when they contradict it. That great movement is a wave of the history of the world; the stormy settling of the waters after the French Revolution and the spread of its effects through the wars of Napoleon. The arts of peace, which had little real expression during the great political and military spasms preceding the settlement of the Napoleonic wars, showed on their revival the moral and intellectual storm already marked in social and political changes. New ideas had been accepted, old ones had faded away, and against the new ideas rose the natural reaction that accompanies revolutions. The desire for passionate self-expression, forced upon the mind by the opening of all new gates of thought, brought up also a desire for peace and reasonableness and ready adjustment.

In the arts which most reflect the aspirations of men there came, besides the expression of passion, of doubt, of interest in all forms of movement, a special admiration of what is outside of man's agonies and anxieties: the peace and beauty and harmony of nature. The melancholy born of failure in fitting the issues of the world to one's own desires turns naturally into the contemplation of that over which we have no control, that nature which continues undisturbed by the vicissitudes of man. The official management of art established under Napoleon continues to this day; but its steady reign began to be attacked as soon almost as the Napoleonic era closed. As often happens, the great leaders of opposition had no desire to make a protest. They only asked to be let alone. They were merely expressing themselves and their likings; likings the result of the real surroundings, and not of academic influences. The famous Géricault, who left but a few fragments, began quite unintentionally to paint in a manner which involved more difficulties, consequently more emotion, so that the official school, being a

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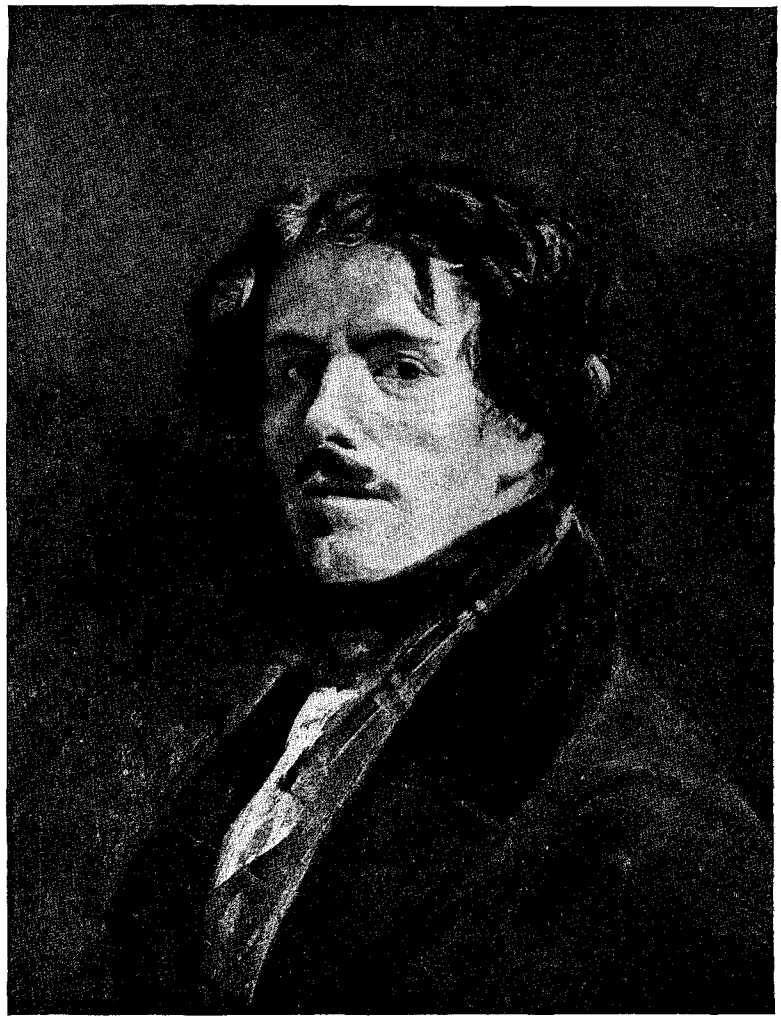

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

FROM HIS OWN PAINTING (1829)

THE LOUVRE

government institution, as it is to-day, felt danger at everything not compassed by its scholars. Almost every man of importance seemed to have something to say against the teaching or example of the official school, and that, apparently, without any special intention of opposition.

Delacroix

Many of the names are of little importance to-day, but one or two remain which cannot be passed over. Foremost of these is Delacroix. With him begins the list of the men who so affected French art that no artist anywhere to-day has escaped the results of their individual efforts. He is himself difficult to define, being as complex as the nineteenth century, whose middle period is covered by his life. The old Latin formula that man is double, "homo duplex," is not only true enough, but man has even more varieties of himself than the adage gives him. We happen to know to-day quite well the interior mind of this

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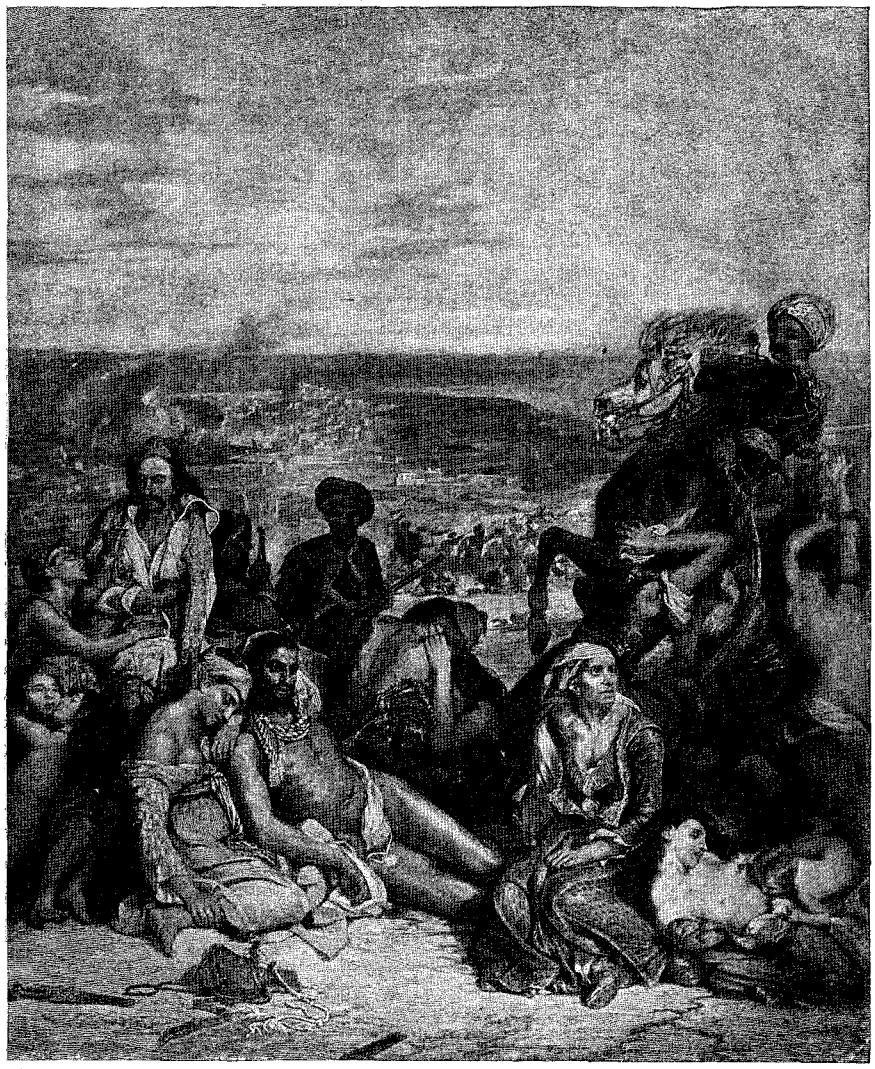
painter of dramatic expression who was, when he worked, carried away by emotion. We have his letters, his journals, or notes of thought and work, covering some forty years. Therein he appears as a man of calm judicial view, with a perception of the subtle origins of art quite equal to those of any metaphysical analyst of his time. He judged his work when done with a severity tempered only by comparison with that of others. Although he understood well that the methods of painting (as of all arts) are not an end in themselves, he made studies of light and color, which begin the series of modern attempts in that direction; and though an innovator to the public, he was a firm believer in all the great principles of the past, and an admirer of all classical beauty. But, like all the higher men, he tried to express what he wished to say in terms of himself and of his own temperament.



Negative by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO

FROM THE PAINTING BY DELACROIX

THE LOUVRE

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CHOPIN

DRAWING FROM LIFE BY DELACROIX

The difference between Delacroix and the artists of whom I shall speak, and the French Institute, the academic teachers, and government painters, was that these newer men, who were to affect the whole of modern art, did not include the professors of the Beaux-Arts among the great masters of the past, while the professors of the Beaux-Arts and the members of the Institute wished to be looked upon as the old masters themselves. The struggle is the same as that with all teaching bodies. Its story is not different from the stories of the difficulties of the saints who are opposed to the official church, and thwarted or hindered until the day comes when they are put upon the altar. Delacroix and the others have not taught anything different from what has always been taught, but their special teaching was impossible to the average. It was simply: "To thyself be true," which law demands a personal existence, and a personal value that most of us are unwilling to disengage so long as we can use the opinions and manners of others as being more acceptable for success. What Delacroix and the men a little later than himself did, was to kindle the flame or keep it burning.

Delacroix had been a companion of Géricault, who begins the life of French art outside of the strict lines of the Institute at the date of 1820. The two men (Delacroix was then twenty-two years old) belonged to the higher classes of society, if I may so say, and dropped into the practice of art from the liking of the amateur. But reverses of fortune obliged Delacroix to take to painting as a means of support. Educated in a manner suitable to his prospects, he retained throughout his life a love for literary culture, that marks his choice of subjects, and explains the familiar ease with which he moves in his representations of historical

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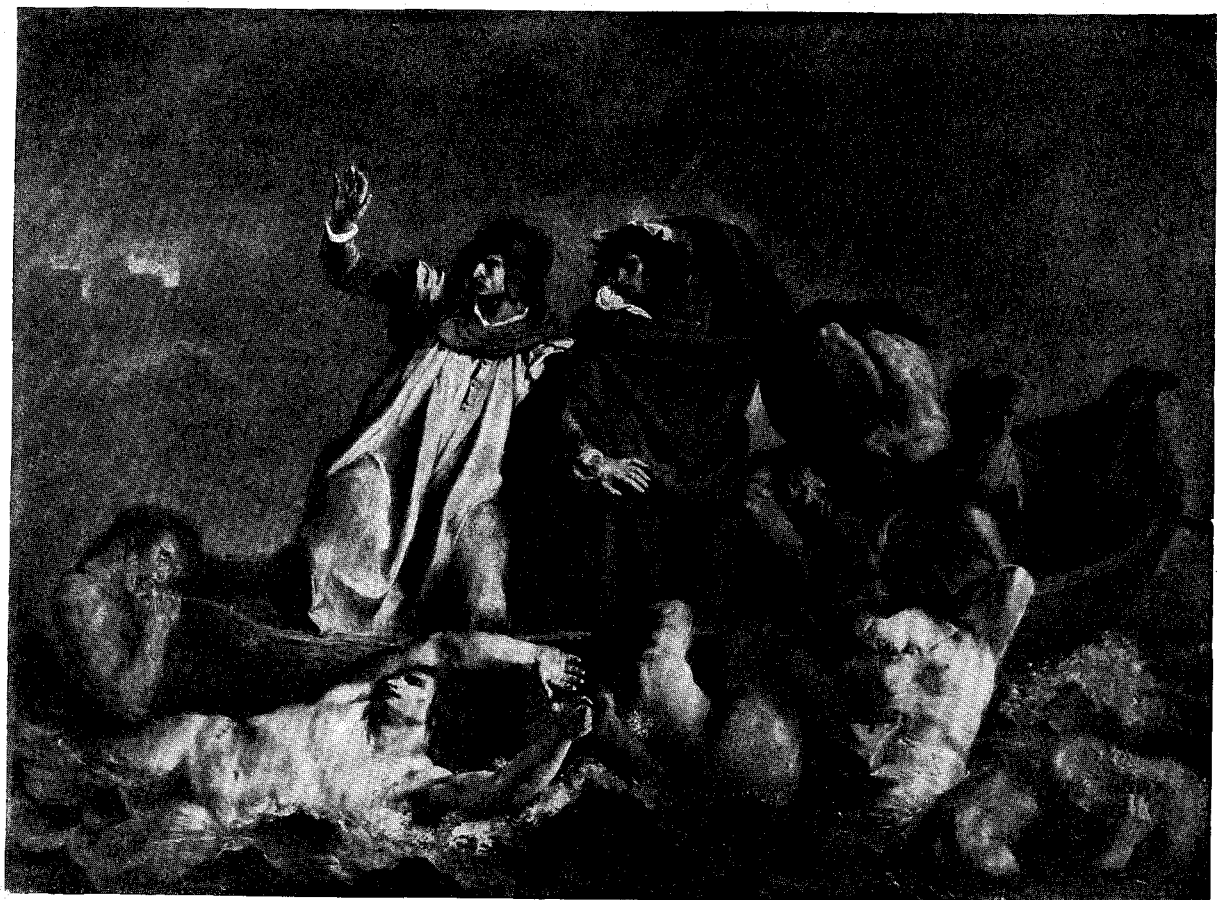

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DANTE AND VIRGIL CROSSING THE INFERNAL LAKE

FROM THE PAINTING BY DELACROIX (1822)

THE LOUVRE

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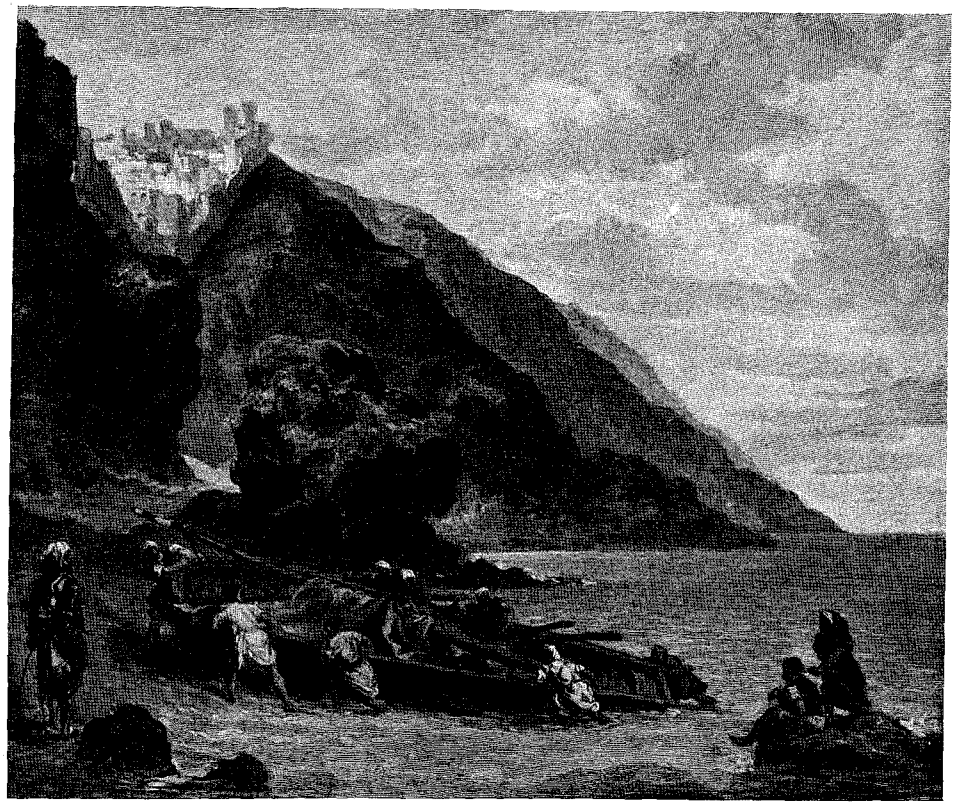
and literary characters. He had learned English early, so that Shakespeare and Byron were familiar influences. In this way he came to know something of England, which he visited, and became familiar at an early day with English art, which he admired. He cared for all its best examples, and was the first by half a century to praise the pre-Raphaelites before an unbelieving

Crossing the Infernal Lake" drew the attention of the public critics to the promise of extraordinary talent. The success was almost too great, and opinions divided. Great praise was met by objections, which seem to us to-day a condemnation of the critics who opposed. He was especially blamed for the greatest of all qualities that can be found in a work of art. To quote the exact words



THE COAST OF MOROCCO

FROM THE PAINTING BY DELACROIX

COLLECTION OF J. J. HILL

continental audience. He was also fond of music, and retained this love through life, and it was this slight matter that determined his admission into the Institute at a time when painters and sculptors in the government positions were against him.

Delacroix was helped in his first beginnings by Géricault, who found living work for him; and almost at once, in 1822, his first great picture of "Dante and Virgil

of the most important authority who arraigned him: "He had combined all the parts of his work in view of one emotion." This phrase is perhaps the best definition of what any judicious mind would choose for the explanation of the superior work of art. It may be said, in fact, that that is all there is to any great work of art. But it was not what the school taught, and what schools, in so far as they are merely trainings in the grammar of the profession, are obliged to teach.

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The famous painter, Gros, wished to take Delacroix with him ; but the young man declined the honorable offer, notwithstanding his admiration for the older painter. He needed the pratical help, however, for he was poor, and from economy lodged in one room with one of the Fieldings, the English painter (who taught him the English methods of water color), living on insufficient food. For instance: they saved up their coffee grounds to make their coffee the following days, and kept a piece of meat from which they cut slices to be roasted on the chimney fireplace. Delacroix was already suffering from a form of illness that persisted through life, an ague which at times cut him off absolutely from work. He, therefore, needed great courage to stand by himself, and was obliged to take any small work which might keep him afloat, even to caricature.

ALEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOURNACHON

It was possible to sell studies of horses, and these days of adversity brought him to attempt representations of the horse which antedate by half a century the modern perception that we owe to the photograph. That which to-day is a proof of his marvelous perception of nature remained against him for many years, because the average eye was accustomed to see the horse represented according to academic teaching. Another form of the insuccess attending merit is the fact that he was unable to attain the prize he steadily competed for in the Beaux-Arts. At the very moment when he exhibited that "Dante and Virgil," one of the famous paintings of the world, he was the last in the competition, obtaining only the number sixty. But this is the continuous story of the Roman prize, which, though excellent in its meaning, has usually merely provided a place for a favorite pupil. Later we shall see the great Millet told by his teacher, Delaroche, that he deserved the prize, but that Delaroche wanted it for another pupil, a man whom we only know through this.

Under these circumstances Delacroix's next great painting, "The Massacre of Scio," was produced and exhibited. Its subject was one of that moment ; a record of the effect of the news from Greece. It was the date of Lord Byron and of the struggle of Greece for freedom that moved the entire civilized world. The painting is a lyric or a Byronic poem, and however accurate in many exotic details, was frankly meant as an ideal drama. The name of the English poet is connected with much choice of subjects by Delacroix. He returned over and over again to dramatic incidents from Byron's poems as well as to stories from Shakespeare, from Dante, from Goethe, all of which seem to us selected naturally enough. To his own public, however, they were more or less unknown. Perhaps he was not aware of his subjects being so remote from ordinary acquaintance. At any rate he did not have the enormous advantage which is held by the choice of a well-known motive. He lived in these poems and stories of poets who were little known and unsympathetic to his French audience. Nor was it prepared, nor is it prepared to-day, for the essential difference between the representation of the story by painting and by the theatre. This fact, which later shocked the straightforward mind of Millet, accounts for a great deal of the unnatural posing of French art. And it is this extreme persistence of the theatre notion that makes the unreliability of almost all French art in representing stories from literature or from the past, and which even pervades the exotic representations of such a master as Gérôme. But it has the

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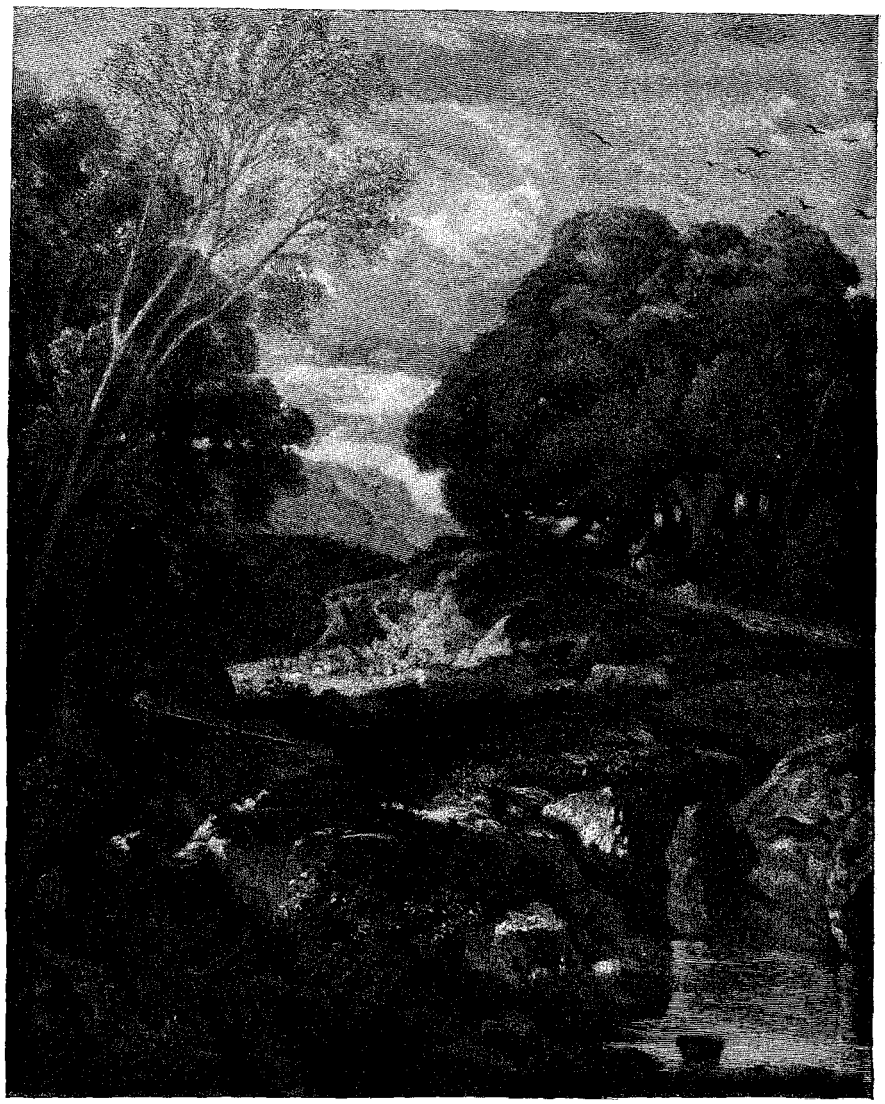

LANDSCAPE

FROM ANASTASI'S LITHOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY DECAMPS

convenience of allowing the accuracy of a few details to be studied out, to the detriment of the greater qualities, it is true, but to the satisfaction of the unimaginative man who can exercise his talent on the special points of which he has control. Compared to the set scenes of the French painters of that day Delacroix's dramas seemed to have too much life, and not to allow the eye to fasten on each detail in succession. The partisans of the school arrangements remained the enemies of our master to the day of his death. It was only by persistent struggle, by the intense admiration of the few, that Delacroix was even allowed to exhibit in the various Salons of successive years that long series of glorious works which have placed him alone of all the painters of the nineteenth century, in the line of high

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expression which runs from Giotto to Puvis de Chavannes.

Delacroix was all his life a great worker. Indeed, he found in work itself his one recourse against the pressure of an outside world, whose form was in many cases disagreeable to him, and for which he had a most aristocratic contempt. Somewhat a man of the world, to appearances at least, in so much that he kept carefully all his social relations, the notes of his journal, made only for himself, explain that he thoroughly understood the meanness of the crowd, the machinations of envy, and asked for nothing more than the consolations of faithful friendship and the privilege of carrying out projects always increasing in his imagination. Out of his complete catalogued work of nine thousand one hundred and forty pieces there are eight hundred and fifty paintings. When urged in his later days to desist from work he answered, "I have already prepared in composition, ready to be carried out, enough for two lives; and as for projects sketched out, I think I have enough for four hundred years' work." Nor could he have been exaggerating; for his special mark is the novelty and suddenness of appearance of his conceptions. That one effort of all great men, to have a novel view, the effort which justifies their right to speak, seems as easy to him as ordinary speech. This novelty and intensity of perception was such that the great Goethe said, on seeing Delacroix's illustrations to his own "Faust," "Delacroix has surpassed the pictures that I made myself of the scenes that I wrote myself." And he added, "The French reproach him with having too wild a rudeness, but there it is most certainly in its place." The French of to-day have hardly forgiven him for the harshness of his rendering of harsh subjects; and no one could have been more opposed by temperament and turn of mind to the commonplace moment in which his lot was cast.

THE WITCHES

FROM THE PAINTING BY DECAMPS

Once he escaped from it by an accident which determined a great part of his career, which gave him new and splendid motives, and acquainted him with glories of light and color unknown to his colder and darker native land. In 1832 he made a trip into

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Morocco and brought back the studies for some of his most famous works. Among them are "The Algerian Women at Home," "The Jewish Marriage," "The Mad Dervishes of Tangiers," "The Guard of the Sultan," and many, many others. All through his life he returned at times to these reminiscences; they carried him to a land where he had seen the external expression of man in harmony with his habits and surroundings. He felt, consequently, sure that his ideas of art were fundamental, and that in this harmony of man with nature was the real clue to the value of the antique Greek. Delacroix then saw the meaning of the rhythm of movement, and he also was encouraged to go more deeply into the great questions of color and light which were neglected by the men of his time. From that moment these questions remained with him a constant preoccupation in everything he did, and so his more successful work separates from the usual French tone by a certain richness of appearance. Superiority was conceded to him by his contemporaries even when inimical, in those questions of color and of light, but with the usual jealousy of any great superiority, they assumed that he must have been deficient in everything else. Opposition to him increased, preventing his obtaining orders for decorative work, for which the qualities which his enemies conceded were eminently fitting.

We have, therefore, but little of him in that direction, though some of it is extremely important. With Puvis de Chavannes he is the only one of the French painters who has any claim to connection with the great mural painters of the past. It is to the eternal disgrace of the government and official influences that this one most important exemplar of decorative art had so little opportunity to illustrate his nation by monumental work. The personal fortune of Puvis de Chavannes allowed him to accept commissions at a loss. But for all the gigantic work of Delacroix, who lived a careful and somewhat abstemious life, spending on nothing but his work and leaving a fortune *in paintings,* he had not at his death more than a few thousand dollars.

The great pieces of decorative work merely gave him enough to go on with. One of them is the ceiling in the so-called Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, where form and color fully carry out the rich old architectural forms. There the Greek myth, "The Triumph of the God of Day over the Powers of Darkness," is represented as freshly as if the subject had first stepped out from the brain of Minerva. In no ancient, no modern work, is there a greater swing than in the charge of the divine horses carrying Apollo, who aims his bow while his sister supplies him with the deadly arrows. In the paintings of the church of St. Sulpice two great wall spaces of rather gray surface, showing as well as anything by Puvis de Chavannes the proper treatment of the wall, represent the wrestling of Jacob with the angel and the driving of Heliodoras from the temple by the angelic Avengers. In the former, the impression of a pastoral scene, of the interruption of travel in a great wooded country; in the second, the fierce descent of two angelic powers hurled through the air at the pagan desecration are the subjects. These are late works; at that very time especially Delacroix was most attacked, and yet the critics who liked him little were not afraid to compare his work with Raphael's on the same subject. And it gives one the measure of the importance of this man that the comparison is necessary. That alone ranks Delacroix beyond all modern men in the great question of style and the grasp of the meaning of a subject.

In truth Delacroix was a stupendous composer; studied as mere arrangement of line his pictures are great lessons; but this fundamental quality is covered up, as in the works of Rubens, by so much of drama and external movement, that one does not discover easily the laws by which no great work lives in plastic art which has not those qualities at bottom. Perhaps this very point annoyed his opponents; even his slighter works being so much more serious than they appeared to be. But the admirers of Delacroix were all men of great and persistent importance. He appealed to the feelings of the poets and of the younger artists, and the Institute was obliged at length to accept him. Yet, as I have said before, he could not have been elected had it not been for the votes of the musicians who recognized in him a lover of that branch of art.

He was a prudent man and refused no honorable chance of continuing the exercise of what was to him a real call. He was also a generous man to his rivals, and on certain occasions even took up the cause of

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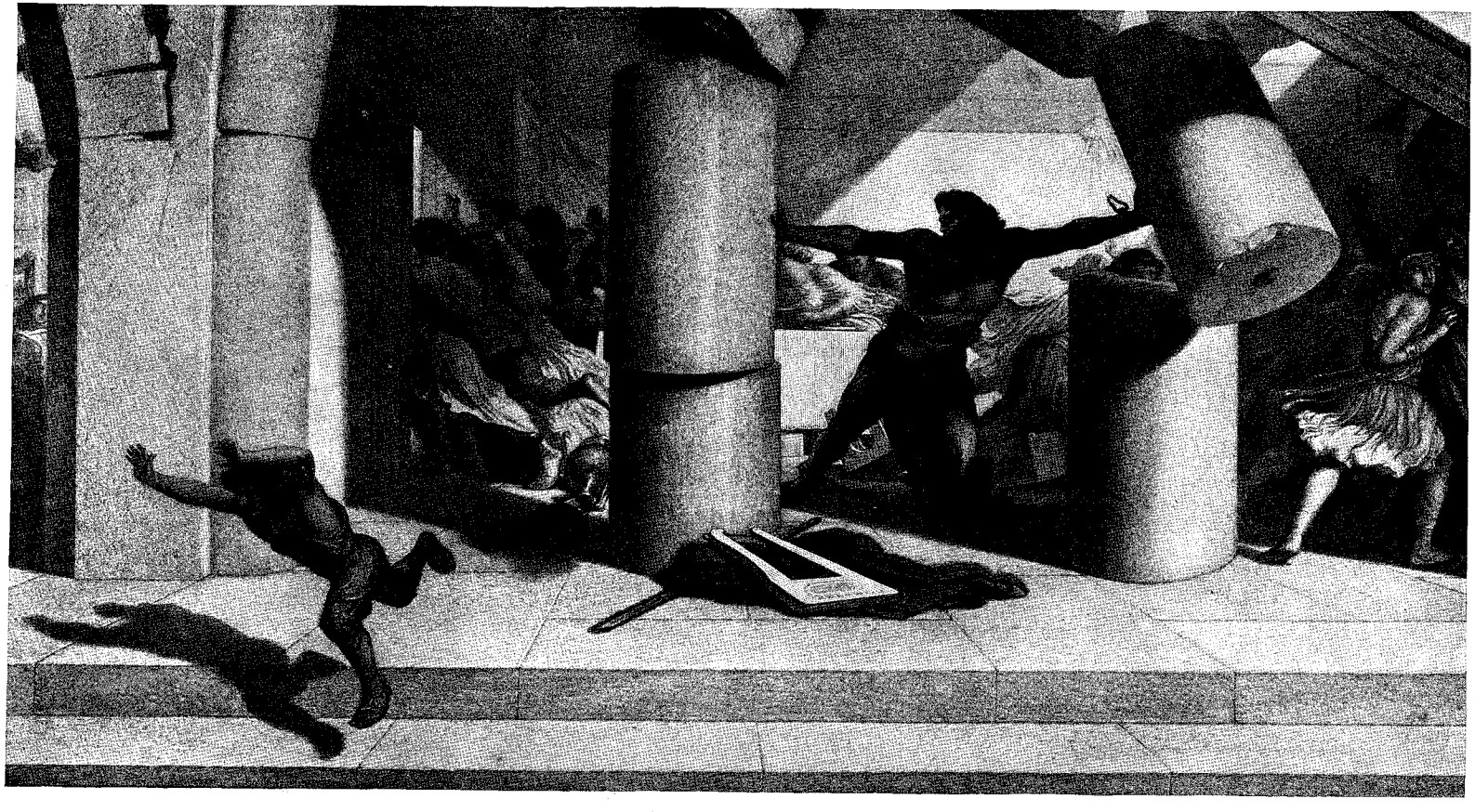

REVENGE AND DEATH OF SAMSON

A FRAGMENT FROM ONE OF THE SAMSON SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY DECAMPS

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY EUGENE LE ROUX

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his most implacable enemies. He was a right-minded gentleman with a profound contempt for meanness. We have the accidental record of his life through his habit of noting for many years the small events of his day, his methods of work, and his artistic opinions. They are all to his great credit; indeed, we might be sure beforehand that such would be the case from the nobility of his work and its detachment from the pursuit of public favor. But there is a significant side to his explanation of his artistic views, and that is their conservatism and love of the past and assertion of the very principles which his enemies imagined contradicted by his work. As Millet remarked, "They have passed and he remains." His life, always endangered by illness, came to an end in 1863. He slowly passed away; receiving the visit of the members of the Institute on his death bed, and saying when they left: "Haven't they bored me enough?" In his long and carefully devised will, dictated a few hours before death, the last words are emblems of his loves and hatreds. He asks for neither emblem nor inscription on his tomb, which was to be copied from "classic forms with firm masculine mouldings, contrary," as he says, "to all that is now done in architecture."

GIRL AND PET

FROM THE PAINTING BY DIAZ

COLLECTION OF J. E. FRENCH

At the time of his death there were still living men whom he had influenced, as in fact he influenced all who were out of the academic school: Barye, the sculptor, whose work resembles his closely — for Delacroix has left very many paintings and drawings of the great wild beasts, the subjects of Barye's genius: Decamps was dead who belonged more to his own time: Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, were in the full spring of their great careers. Most of the ideas he believed in, they worked in also, but in other ways, as he himself thought right. They, too, were fond of all art, but objected to the narrowness of academic teaching; and were also persecuted more or less by the representatives of official art.

Decamps

Conversely to the opposition encountered by Delacroix, approval, consequent purchase, and freedom from care were the part of Decamps. But we shall see this successful man withdraw at the end of his life with a regret at having been too easily successful; and a desire to prepare himself again for another career.

He was younger than Delacroix, "Born on the third day of the third month of the third year of the century," as he himself says. "That was the only remarkable thing" about his childhood. He was a rough boy, difficult to manage, fond of neither reading nor writing, and was sent out into the country to be gotten rid of. There, paddling in the water, running in the woods, burnt by the sun, accustomed to do without hat or shoe, he acquired a love for rocks and woods and pastures, that brought tears to his eyes when he was taken back to school, and had to learn his own language again and the dread Latin grammar. He says that he "resembled a young fox tied by the neck to the leg of a chair."

Thus, the desire to record these things that he loved took hold of him as a child. He was hardly out of school before he entered the studio of a worthy but indifferent artist, who, however, taught him some geometry, some architecture, and some perspective. He then tried the regular studio teachings, which bored him; so that, happening to paint some little pictures, and being at once successful in

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selling them, he gave up the attempts at a more serious education.

He made caricatures, which were a fashion of the day; little hunting scenes, and representations of such life as he saw about him; all works which require his further fame to make them worthy of notice. He had begun the habit of painting certain comic subjects, notably the placing of monkeys in the characters of men as painting, judging pictures, cooking, and for a good part of his life he continued this small vein, which brought him a great deal of money. But as he looked at everything, and at pictures also, he began to absorb the universal teachings of art. Delacroix had begun his career with the sudden assertion of the "Dante and Virgil." Decamps was able to travel in the south of France, a country of light and shade, in Switzerland, in Italy, and a little later in the East. There probably began the desire for beauty of a certain kind — for beauty is not an exact article — which he pursued through the remainder of his life. He brought back from the East the love of wide horizons, of great spaces rather, and developed still further that little seed of geometry, architecture, and perspective by which he began as a boy. There in his travels he found great shadows cast upon blank walls upon which fell a dazzling light. Those ancient walls, gilded by the sunlight of many years, showing under their cement the marble or brick or the stone of which they were made, blotched with moss and pierced with narrow dark holes of windows or of doors, and making sudden perpendiculars upon dry levels of pavement or of earth, are, as it were, the corner-stones of his pictures. He made no attempt at reproducing all these things literally, any more than the people whom he placed around them or the broken skies which covered them. Others have been more exact, but no one has given the unity of that feeling more than he has; and as he felt thoroughly the difference between a picture and a study, he has composed with clouds and trees and figures and has made the variations of his atmosphere to accentuate or repeat the main impression of his first aim.

The great landscapes; the "Syrian landscape," the "Diogenes," the "Muses," blend together his great observation of nature and the desire to make a synthesis; what we call a picture. To the people of his time he must have seemed somewhat of a realist. In reality, notwithstanding his extraordinary power of copying nature, he never did otherwise than use it to record an impression he had received; and in certain cases his pictures, deficient as they may be, are final types of the particular subject. The "Turkish Cavalry Passing a Ford" is a beautiful example of what I mean. The Oriental subject has given him choice of color and form and of a certain individual movement for each rider. The picture might really be called "*The* Passing of *the* Ford." The general movement of the horses treading their way; the stepping out on dry land, and the drawing up when landed, are all given in five single figures whose separate movements make one combined motion. There may be one hundred before or one hundred after, or only those few, but the movement would be the same; and one feels that the picture is the story of the movement.

The absence of continuous early study and the desire of making that study for himself and not for what is called success began to trouble him as an older man, to whom a larger view of the world and greater sympathy with humanity had come. And so when his education by life made him desirous of a greater expression, when the intention of his work grew larger, and the human story either more subtle, more intense, or more full of feeling, then he felt his public less responsive. But the narrowness of his very successful and very splendid work could not fit (and he saw it) his newer and greater ambitions. It is infinitely to his credit that he perceived this; infinitely to his credit that the great public is scarcely aware of what Decamps could have done.

The great sketch of the "Defeat of the Cimbri by Marius" is a proof of what he had hoped to do. It is the representation of any great struggle, in which a vast multitude charging against a smaller number on a well chosen point of vantage, are driven back by an orderly counter charge. One can see the story without knowing who these people are; can see on which side victory must settle. The spread of landscape is extraordinary, as well as the impression of the quantity of combatants. According to his principle, which is that of the great masters, and which the group of artists to which he belongs, however diverse, have kept, the movement of the clouds and of light and

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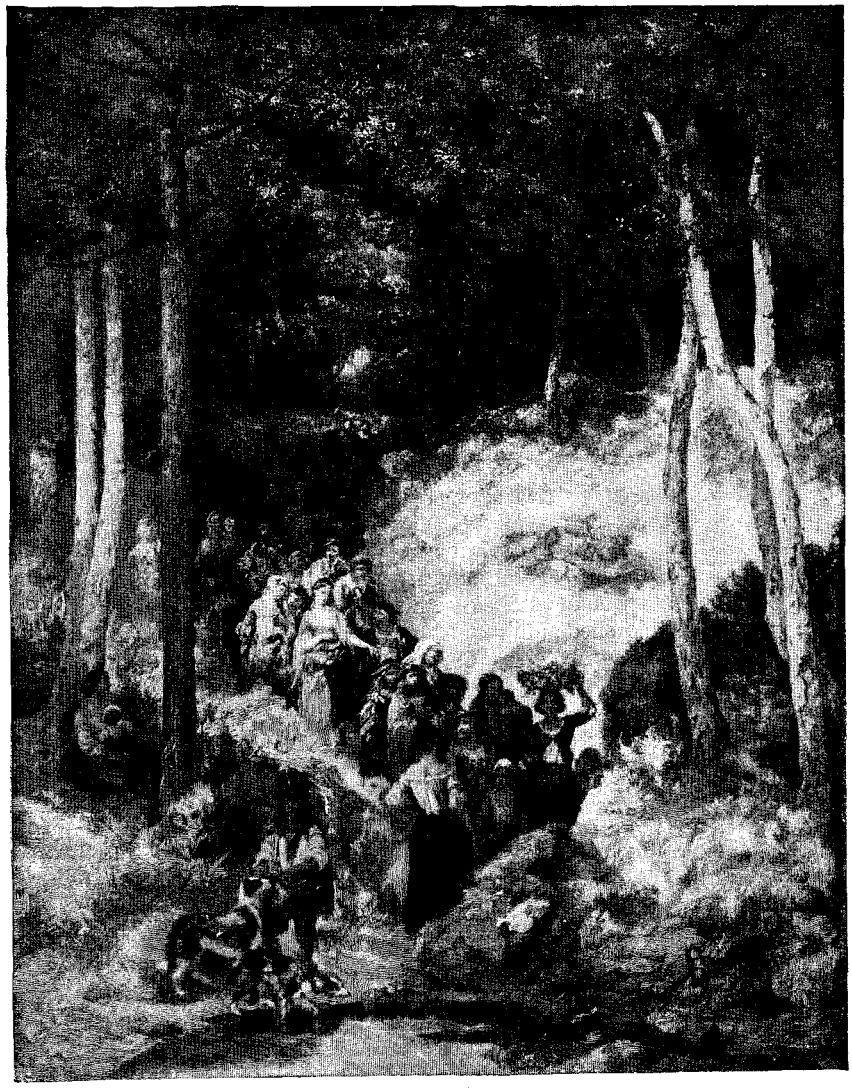
shade on the great line of the earth are all one with the movement of the figures.

The "Samson" series are no more than drawings, but they are extraordinary in their scope. One realizes how, later, Gustave Doré absorbed some of the system laid out in these great drawings. There are also some of Turner's which are analogous. They are skillful and balanced in arrangement; and this intensifies the imagination implied.

The "Christ Insulted" is one of the last compositions that show what Decamps might have come to had he lived to carry out his project of giving himself another form of schooling. Like so many of his pictures, it has his formula of a great wall, with the shadow cast by it to one side; but all the more is the meaning of the figure of the Just Man emphasized, as leaning against the wall he gazes in sad astonishment at



THE DESCENT OF THE BOHEMIANS

FROM THE PAINTING BY DIAZ

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

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his tormentors. As I have said, these signs of a greater development in our painter were not received by his admirers with equal satisfaction, nor the poetic impulse animating them. That assertion of the value of the mind was unpleasant to the men of the school. What might have been is unsettled. Decamps, a successful man otherwise, had retired to live peaceably in Barbizon. There, in one of his rides through the forest, he was thrown against a tree, and died from the effects of the blow in August, 1860.

Diaz

The "Barbizon School" represents almost all the tendencies of painters, except the strictly academic. There can be no better illustration of the diversity of their aims and of their sympathies than the fact that they all liked, and sometimes admired, one of the men whose name is joined with theirs —Diaz. This general good will has always followed his work, and it was liked and bought by many who were rebuffed by the severe intentions of the other painters, his friends, or by their passionate love of nature, which with him was a passionate love of painting. It is this charming proof of being born for it which has given to his reputation a seriousness that even his admirers will not desire to insist upon.

There was also this, that he was an admirer of the works of other "Barbizon" painters, and that for some of them he had more than appreciation—he had enthusiastic admiration. His imitation of their ways of looking at nature, his use of as many of their qualities as he could make acceptable to his public and to his practical good sense, have given to much of his work a charm of analogy which runs it into theirs as if he had had the same intentions. He was born early in the century, probably in 1809, the son of two Spanish exiles who fled from Spain in the terrible days of the invasion by Napoleon. He remained a Spaniard, in so far that the ancestral love of power of tone and color never gave way to the dry cleverness that might have marked a similar French mind. Clever he was, but always within the lines of a painter, of a man delighting in external shapes and in the beauty of the material in which he worked. His father seems to have disappeared; and his mother took care of him, long enough to reach Paris from Bordeaux in a long toilsome pilgrimage. At her death, when he was ten years old, she left him in the charge of a good Protestant pastor—Paira.

Paira took care of the boy and may have given him besides some education, but allowed him an extraordinary amount of freedom in his rambles in the country about Paris. There, one fine day after playing, young Diaz fell asleep in the grass and was, apparently, bitten by a viper. His wound was badly treated by some kind villager and the result was that after months of suffering he lost a leg, entering life disabled, but still with a natural cheerfulness, which made him always refer to his wooden leg as somewhat of a joke. He was apprenticed to porcelain painting in the company of other boys, since famous, among them Jules Dupré, Cabat, a famous landscape painter, and Raffet, the famous illustrator.

The boy adored the theatre and already began an admiration for Delacroix which influenced his entire life. He tried to study somewhat, notably under a man little remembered, but who seems to have taught him well enough, and who also helped him by negotiating the sale of his first little pictures, "which he produced," says this master of his, "as an apple-tree bears apples." They brought small prices; a dollar to five dollars seems to have been the average of payment. He seems to have slipped rapidly into the manufacture of every kind of pretty thing which would sell, and yet satisfy sufficiently his love of the beautiful surfaces and shapes and patterns that painting gives. Therefore, it is impossible to be severe with him and measure him by the same rule we apply to men with either real or assumed seriousness.

There is little more to say about him in the limits of this paper, except to insist upon the help he extended to fellow artists, whom we shall be considering later—Rousseau, Dupré, etc.—and who often needed a practical mind to help them in their business relations, for which they were less fitted than this sensible man. In fact, there seems to have been nothing in the man's mind which was not kindly and generous. He had retired in 1856 to Barbizon, had also a house near the sea, and died of some form of consumption in 1876. Dupré, one of his pall-bearers with Meissonier, had been silent during the funeral, but said afterwards, "The sun has lost one of its most beautiful rays."

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A LITTLE MATTER OF REAL ESTATE

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY"

ILLUSTRATED BY

F. Y. CORY

IN an East Side school-room, fifty-six little children of Israel received instruction from an adored young teacher. "Teacher" was the title they had given her, and they knew her by no other. It was Teacher's ambition to give moral tone to her flock, and under her instructions Room 18 became the admiration of the public, to Teacher's vainglorious satisfaction. But pride goes before a fall: and in the third month of her reign of love she was troubled and heavy of heart when it was borne in upon her that two of her little flock—cousins to boot—had so far forgotten the golden rule as to be "mad on theirselves und wouldn't to talk even," as that Bureau of Fashionable Intelligence, Sarah Schrodsky, duly reported.

"Und, Teacher," Sarah continued, "Eva Gonorowsky's mamma has a mad on Sarah Gonorowsky's mamma, und her papa has a mad on her papa, und her gran'ma has a mad on both of papas und both of mammas, und her gran'pa has a mad somethin' fierce on both of uncles, und her auntie——"

Teacher sent the too communicative Sarah to her place and called the two members of the divided house of Gonorowsky to the desk for instant judgment. As she spoke she was delighted to see that her words were falling on good ground, for the dark and dainty features of her hearers expressed a flattering degree of conviction and humility. As she studied the wonderful lashes lying damp and dark on Eva's smooth cheek, the beautiful eyes unclosed, gazed straight across the desk at Sadie, and then Eva took a flying leap into Teacher's lap, and clung with arms and knees and fingers to her chosen refuge.

"Oh, Teacher, Teacher," she wailed, "Sadie makes on me such a snoot I got a scare over it."

Teacher turned to the so lately placid face of Sadie in search of the devastating "snoot," but met only a serene glance of conscious guilelessness and the assurance:

"No, ma'an, I don't makes no snoot on nobody. I get killed as anything off my mamma so I makes a snoot. It ain't polite." This with a reassuring smile and a direct and candid gaze.

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, she makes all times a snoot on me," cried the now weeping Eva, "all times. She turns her nose around, und she makes go away her eyes, und comes her tongue out long. Only I dassn't to fight mit her while I'm cousins mit her. Und over cousins you got all times kind feelings."

"'IT AIN'T POLITE'"

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"Well, Sadie," Teacher questioned, "what have you to say?"

The dark eyes met Teacher's with no shadow in their depths as Sadie uttered her denial:

"I *never* in my world done no snoot."

A shudder of admiring awe swept over the assembled class — followed by a gasp of open contradiction as Sadie went on with her vindication, for Sadie's snoots were the envy of all the class. Had not Morris Mogilewsky paid three cents for lessons in the art, and, with the result, frightened a baby into what an angry mother described as "spinyell convulsions"? And now Sadie was saying, "I *couldn't* to make no snoot, never. But, Teacher, it's like this: Eva makes *me* whole bunches of trouble; Julia und me is monitors in the yard when the children comes back from dinner. So-ooh I says, 'front dress' like you says, so the children shall look on what head is in front of them. Only Eva she don't 'front dress' at all, but extra she longs out her neck und rubs on me somethin' fierce——"

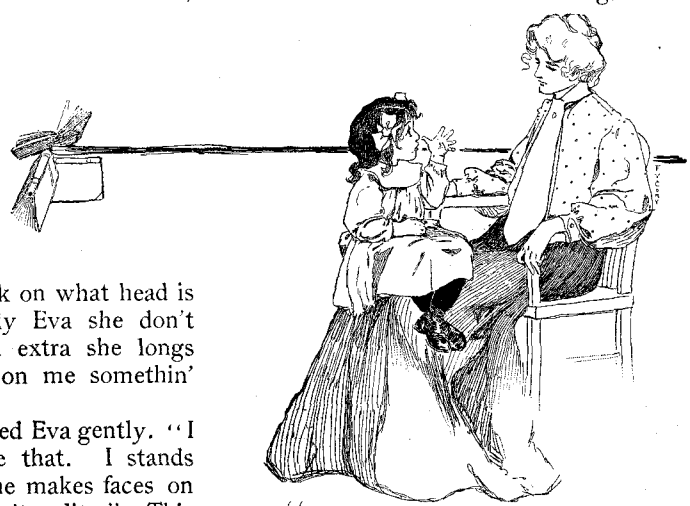
"It's a lie!" interrupted Eva gently. "I don't make nothing like that. I stands by my line und Sadie she makes faces on me with her hand. It ain't polite." This with plaintive self-righteousness. "No, ma'an, it *ain't* polite — you make snoots mit your hand like this." Here Eva illustrated with outspread fingers and pink thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive nose, and Teacher with uncertain gravity was forced to admit that snoots of that description are sanctioned by few books of etiquette.

"Now, my dear little girls," said Teacher, "this quarreling must stop. I think you ought to kiss each other as cousins should."

This suggestion was a distinct failure. Eva and Sadie, with much fluttering of aprons and waving of curls, sought opposite corners of the school-room, while up started Sarah Schrodsky: "Teacher, they couldn't to make no kissing. They're mad on themselves cause their mammas had a fight. Sadie's mamma says like this to Eva's mamma — 'Don't you dast to talk to me — you lives by the fifth floor already, und your man is a robber.' Und Eva's mamma says——"

When Teacher had managed to silence Sarah she led the weeping Gonorowskys back to their places. And the scholastic world wagged on in outward tranquillity.

Hostilities were temporarily suspended owing to the illness of Sadie, by far the more aggressive of the opposing parties. Eva led a placid life for three peaceful days, and then, — as by law prescribed — invited by postal card, Sadie's mother came to explain her daughter's absence. Large, bland of manner, in a heavy black shawl and a heavier black wig, Mrs.



"ILLUSTRATED WITH OUTSPREAD FINGERS"

Lazarus Gonorowsky stood beaming and bobbing in the hall.

"I like I should Sadie Gonorowsky's teacher see," she began, in the peculiar English of the adult population of the East Side. Mrs. Gonorowsky could neither use nor understand her young daughter's copious invective. Upon being assured that the diminutive form before her was indeed clothed with authority, she announced:

"Comes a letter I should by the school come. I was Sadie's mamma." Here she drew from the inner recesses of the black shawl a bundle which, being placed in a perpendicular position, proved to be the most recent addition to the Gonorowsky household. She smoothed the bundle with a work-worn but tender hand and repeated with saddened voice: "Yes, ma'am, I was her mamma und she lies now on the bed."

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"PAST TEACHER'S DESK"

The increasing sadness in Mrs. Gonorowsky's voice and the sinister phraseology startled Teacher. "Not dead!" she cried. "Oh, surely not dead!"

"Sure not," was the indignant response. "She's got such a sickness she must lay on the bed, und comes the Doctor. Sadie's papa holds much on that child, Miss Teacher, und all times he has a worry over her—me too. She come by the school to-morrow maybe und I ask you by a favor you should do me the kindness to look on her. So she feel again sick she should better on the house come. She say, 'Oh, mamma, I got a lovely teacher; I likes to look on her the while she has such a light face.'"

Having thus diplomatically led up to the question, Mrs. Gonorowsky with great suavity asked, "Sadie is a good girl, hein?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"She is shmardt, hein? She don't make you no trouble?"

"Well," answered Teacher, "she has rather bothered me lately by quarreling with her cousin, Eva Gonorowsky."

"So-ooh!" exclaimed Sadie's parent ponderously. "So-ooh, Eva makes you trouble; she is a most bad girl—I tell Sadie—Sadie is a good girl—I tell her she should make nothing, with Eva, soch a bad girl. For what you not put her back to baby class? She is not shmardt."

"Oh, but she is; she is a bright little thing," cried Teacher. "I couldn't think of putting her back. She's a dear little girl. I can't imagine why Sadie quarrels with her."

Mrs. Gonorowsky drew her ample form to a wonderful erectness as she readjusted her shawl, and answered with much stateliness:

"It was a trouble off of real estate." With dignity and blandness she then kissed Teacher's hand and signified entire willingness to entrust her precious Sadie to the care of so estimable a young person, inquired solicitously if the work were not too much for so small a lady, and cautioned the young person against rainy mornings. Had she a mackintosh? Mr. Gonorowsky was selling them off that week. Were her imperceptibles sufficiently warm? Mr. Gonorowsky, by a strange chance, was absolutely giving away "fine all from wool" imperceptibles, and the store was near. Mrs. Gonorowsky then withdrew, leaving a kindly sentiment in Teacher's heart and an atmosphere of ironing-boards and onions in the hall. On the following morning Sadie returned to her light-faced teacher, and for one whole day hostilities were suspended.

On the morning after this truce Eva was absent from her accustomed place, and Sadie blandly disclaimed all knowledge of her whereabouts. After the noon recess a pathetic little figure wavered in the doorway of the school-room with one arm in a sling and one eye in a poultice. The remaining eye was fixed in deep reproach on the face of Isidore Belchatosky, the Adonis of the class, and the eye was the eye of Eva.

"Eva!" exclaimed Teacher, "oh, Eva, what can you have been been doing? What's the matter with your eye?"

"Isidore Belchatosky he goes und makes me this here shiner," said Eva's accusing voice, as the eye under the poultice was uncovered for a moment. It was indeed a shiner of aggravated aspect, and Isidore cringed as it met his affrighted gaze. The sling and the bandages were of gay chintz, showing forth the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and their lurid colors made them horribly conspicuous. Friday scampered across Eva's forehead, pursued by savages, and Crusoe, under his enormous umbrella, nestled close to her heart.

"Surely Isidore would never hit a little girl?" Teacher remonstrated.

"Teacher, yiss ma'an; he makes me this here shiner. Sadie she goes und tells him she kisses him a kiss so he makes me a shiner. He's lovin' mit her und she's got kind feelin's by him, the while his papa keeps a candy cart. It's a stylish candy cart mit a bell und a horn. So I was yesterday for buy my mamma some wurst, und I don't make nothin' mit nobody."

Here the poor half-blind Eva, with her love and talent for pantomime, took a gay little walk past Teacher's desk, tossing her head and swinging her skirts. Then with a

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cry she recoiled from the very memory of her wrongs.

"'Come Isidore! Und he hits me a hack on my leg so I couldn't to hold it even. So I falls und I make me this here shiner. Und when my mamma seen how comes such a bile on my bone she had a mad; she hollered somethin' fierce."

One could well sympathize with the harassed Mrs. Nathan Gonorowsky.

"So,' continued Eva with melancholy enjoyment, "my mamma she puts medsin at a rag und bandages up mine eye. Und now I ain't healthy."

Teacher forgot moral tone and the ethical ascendancy of Room 18, for she was savagely angry.

"Sadie!" she called, "and Isidore! Come here."

Teacher strove dutifully to remember the by-laws forbidding corporal punishment. Then with long strange words to supply the element of dread uncertainty Teacher began to speak: slowly and coldly as one should when addressing ears accustomed to much sputtering profanity.

"Sadie and Isidore, did you dare to interfere with the life, the liberty, and the happiness of your cherished young friend, Eva Gonorowsky? Did you dare?"

"No, ma'an," said Sadie with a sob.

"It's a lie!" said Isidore with a snuffle.

"Did you, Isidore, allow yourself to be tempted by beauty to such inconceivable depravity as to blacken Eva's eye?"

"No, ma'an. Self done it."

"Did you, Sadie, descend so low as to barter kisses with Isidore Belchatosky?"

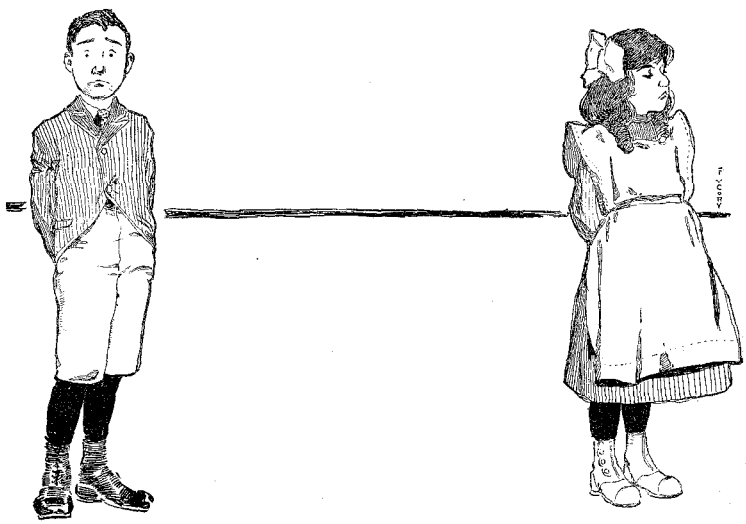
"No, ma'an," this with much scorn. "I wouldn't to kiss him; he's a scare-cat, und he tells out."

"What did he tell?" asked Teacher.

"He tells out how I say I kiss him a kiss so he make Eva a shiner. Und I wouldn't to do it. Never. So he gave me five cents even I wouldn't to kiss no scare-cat."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"'Cause I couldn't hit her mineself," said the doughty Sadie. She was inches taller than her victim, and stout withal. "I couldn't, 'cause I ain't so healthy; I'm a nervous child, Teacher, und I was day-before-yesterday sick on the bed."



"THE GREAT CASE OF GONOROWSKY VS. GONOROWSKY WAS CALLED"

Here the plaintiff showed a desire to testify once more, and Teacher appointed three-thirty as the hour most suitable for a thorough examination of the case.

When the last arm had been twisted into the last sleeve, when the last chin had been tied into the last shawl, when the last dispute as to ownership in disreputable mittens had been settled, the great case of Gonorowsky vs. Gonorowsky was called. On either side of the desk stood a diminutive Gonorowsky; Eva still plaintive, and Sadie redly on the defensive. Directly in front stood that laborer defrauded of his hire, that tool in the hands of a guileful woman — Isidore Belchatosky.

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"TEACHER"

"Now, 'Teacher began, "I intend to find out why you two little girls are disgracing this class and this teacher; I want to hear nothing but the truth. Now, Isidore, did you hit Eva?"

"Yiss, ma'an."

"What for?"

"For a kiss."

"From whom?"

Here Sadie muttered a threat "to lay him down dead if he tells," and Isidore required promise of safe conduct to his own block before he consented to murmur:

"Sadie Gonorowsky."

"Did you get the kiss?"

"No, ma'an."

"Do you know anything about this fight?"

"No, ma'an."

"Well, then, you may go home now, and bring your mother with you to-morrow morning."

"When she sees this shiner she will have a mad," Eva volunteered, as she once more uncovered the eye and turned its dreadful rainbow hues upon the culprits.

"Patrick Brennan's papa could arrest you—think shame."

Isidore left with a heavy heart and the inquiry was continued.

"What has Sadie been doing to you, Eva?" asked Teacher, and Eva with resigned mien began.

"All things," and then details followed. "She makes on me a snoot, she pulls me on the bottom of my hair, she goes und takes her pencil und gives me a stick in my face. When I was marchin' she extra takes her shoes und steps at my legs; I got two swollen legs over her. Und now"—here a sob—"you could to look on how she makes me biles und shiners."

As Eva's voice droned out these many accusations, Sadie grew more emphatic in her favorite repartee:

"It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!"

"And now, Eva, will you tell me *why* Sadie has been doing all these naughty things?"

"Teacher, I don't know."

"Oh, yes; you do!"

"No, ma'an; I don't. I could swear if I do. I kiss up to God." She wafted a kiss towards the ceiling. "I got all times a kind feelin' over Sadie, on'y she wouldn't to be glad on me. I seen yesterday her little brother in the street mit Sadie und she make he shouldn't to talk to me. My heart it breaks when she make like that; I'm got no brother und no sister und I'm lovin' so much mit my little cousin. She goes und makes he should say nothin' und in my eyes stands tears. I was sad."

"Well, dear, that's a shame," said Teacher, "and if you really don't understand go out into the assembly room and wait for me. Sadie is going to tell me all about it."

Eva vanished only to return with the lurid bandage in her hand and the query:—"Can I make this wet?"

Upon receiving permission so to do she retired with her courteous "Good afternoon, Teacher," and her unchanged "Good-by, Sadie; I've got yet that kind feelin'." Truly the "pangs of disprized love" seemed hers.

Several kinds of persuasion were practised in Room 18 during the next five minutes. Then Sadie accepted defeat, faced the inevitable, and began:

"It's like this: I dassn't to be glad on Eva. So I want even, I dassn't. My

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mamma has the same mad, und my papa. My mamma she says like this. So my papa gets sooner glad on my uncle she wouldn't to be wifes mit him no more! *Such* is the mad she has!"

"Why?"

"Well. My uncle he come out of Russia. From long he come when I was a little bit of baby und he didn't to have no money for buy a house. So my papa — he's awful kind — he gives him thousen dollers so he could to buy. Und say, Teacher, what you think? he don't pays it back. It *ain't* polite you takes thousen dollers und don't pay it back."

Sadie's air as she submitted this rule of social etiquette to Teacher's wider knowledge was a wondrous thing to see — so deferential was it and yet so assured.

"So my papa he writes a letter on my uncle how he could to pay that thousen dollers. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers. So my papa he goes on the lawyer und the lawyer he writes on my uncle a letter how he should to pay. *Goes* months. *Comes* no thousen dollers." At each repetition of these fateful words Sadie shook her serious head, pursed up her rosy mouth, folded her hands resignedly across a flat little stomach, and sighed deeply. Clearly this was a tale more than twice told, for the voice and manner of Sadie were as the voice and manner of Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky, and the recital was plagiarism — masterly and complete.

"And then?" prompted Teacher, lest the conversation languish.

"Well, my papa he writes again on my uncle a awful bossy letter. My uncle must have a mad when he seen how my papa write. *Goes* two days. *Comes* no thousen dollers."

Here ensued a long and dramatic pause.

"Well, comes no thousen dollers. Comes nothing. On'y by night my mamma she puts me on my bed; when comes my uncle! He come, und make a knopping on our door. I couldn't to tell even how he makes knopping. I had such a scare, I was green on the face, und my heart was going so you could to hear. I'm a nervous child, Teacher, und my face is all times green sooner I get a scare."

This last observation was a triumph of mimicry, and recalled Mrs. Gonorowsky so vividly as to make her atmosphere of garlic and old furniture quite perceptible.

"So my mamma hears how my uncle knopps und says 'Lemme in—lemme in.' She says ('scuse me, Teacher) — she says 'he must be' ('scuse me) 'drunk.' That's how my mamma says."

"So goes my papa by the door und says 'Who stands?' Und my uncle he says 'Lemme in.' So-ooh my papa he opens the door. Stands my uncle mit cheeky look und he showed a fist on my papa. My papa had a fierce mad sooner he seen that fist — fists is awful cheeky when somebody ain't paid. So my papa he says ('scuse me) — it's awful how he says on'y he had a mad over that fist. He says ('scuse me), 'Go to hell!' und my

"A RADIANT LITTLE GIRL WITH A SMALL UNSTEADY BOY IN TOW"

uncle, what ain't paid that thousen dollers, he says just like to my papa. He says too ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell!' So-ooh then my papa hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und how my papa is strong I couldn't to tell even. He pulls every morning by the extrasizer, und he's got such a muscles. So he hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und my uncle he fall und he fall und he fall — we live by the third floor — und even in falling he says like that ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell! go to hell!' It fierce, on'y but that's how he says. On all the steps he says 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!' ('scuse me)."

Teacher appreciated the futility of interference in a family feud, so she contented herself with keeping a watchful eye on Sadie and tying Eva to the side of the throne where violence was impossible

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during school hours. Sadie was warned that on the first appearance of evil she would be delivered into the hands of the Board of Health.

Some weeks later Eva was again missing, and Sadie presented the explanation in a rather dirty envelope.

"Dear Miss:

"Excuse pliss that Eva Gonorowsky comes not on the school. We was moving un she couldn't to find her clothes.

"Yurs Resptphs,

"Her elders,

"Nathan Gonorowsky,

"Becky Ganurwoski."

"Is Eva going far away?" asked Teacher. "Will she come to this school any more?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, sure she comes; she lives now by my house. My uncle he lives by my house, too. Und my aunt."

"And you're not angry with your cousin any more?"

"Teacher, no, ma'an; I'm loving mit her. She's got on now all mine best clothes the while her mamma buys her new. My aunt buys new clothes, too. Und my uncle."

Sadie reported this shopping epidemic so cheerfully that Teacher asked with mild surprise:

"Where are all their old things?"

"Teacher, they're burned. Und my uncle's store und his *all* of goods, und his house, und his three sewing machines. All, all burned!"

"Oh, dear me!" said Teacher. "Your poor uncle. Now he can never pay that thousand dollars."

Sadie regarded Teacher with puzzled eyes.

"Sure he pays. He's now most as rich like Van'bilt. He pays all right, und my papa had a party over him he had such an awful glad."

"Glad on your uncle?" cried Teacher, startled into colloquialisms.

"Yiss, ma'an. Und my mamma has a glad on Eva's mamma, und my gran'ma has a glad on both of papas und both of mammas, und my gran'pa has a glad just like my gran'ma. All, all glad."

As Teacher walked towards Grand street that afternoon, she met a radiant little girl with a small and most unsteady boy in tow. She recognized Eva and surmised the cousin whose coldness had hurt her even unto tears.

"Well, Eva, what little boy is this?" she asked.

And the beaming and transformed Eva answered:

"It's my little cousin. He's lovin' mit me now. Sadie, too, is lovin'. I take him out the while, it's healthy he walks, on'y he aint so big und he falls. Say, Teacher, it's nice when he falls. I hold him in my hands."

And fall he did. Eva picked him up, greatly to their mutual delight, and explained.

"He's heavy, und my this here arm ain't yet so healthy, but I hold him in my hands the while he's cousins mit me, und over cousins I'm got all times that kind feelin'."

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"SWAM TO THE ROCK AFTER AN EXHAUSTING STRUGGLE"

WRECK OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT "HARPOONER"—PAGE 145

AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD

STORIES OF WRECKS AND RESCUES OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST

BY

P. T. McGRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. J. BURNS

THE most important headland in the world is Cape Race, the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland. It has also a most unenviable notoriety. Its importance it owes to its geographical situation; its ill-repute arises from its long and dreadful catalogue of shipwrecks. In these days of fast lines and shipping trusts, one hears much of Cape Race and its bearing upon the problems of transatlantic navigation. Until five years ago even the New York liners passed it close by, but the risks of colliding with icebergs, ramming derelicts, cutting down fishing vessels, or driving on the coast itself, were so great that the present arbitrary routes for these ocean expresses were adopted. But all other classes of deep sea shipping make it their objective, and for many a craft it is the last resting place.

The shortest route between any port in North America and any in northern Europe lies right past this promontory. It is thrust out into the ocean across the steamer track, east or west bound; it ensnares them if they err ever so slightly in navigation. Some three thousand ships are reported every year by the signalmen at the Cape, besides those which pass after night, in the fog, or beyond telescope range.

Some of the most terrible tragedies in marine annals have occurred on this rugged,

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"THE TRANSFER OF THOSE ON THE SHIP WAS BEGUN"
WRECK OF THE "HARPOONER"—PAGE 145

dangerous foreshore. An official chart shows the disasters there during the past forty years. Together with some not inscribed thereon they represent a total of ninety-four complete wrecks of ocean-going vessels — steamers and sailers — involving a loss of about two thousand lives, and $30,000,000 in hulls and cargoes. Ships which stranded and afterwards escaped are not included. Last year alone eight steam and two sailing vessels came to grief there, thirty-five persons perished, and a property loss of $2,000,000 was involved.

All sorts of vessels meet a common grave about Cape Race. One day a Montreal liner beaches herself, another sees a New York freighter go to pieces, a Galveston cotton boat is the third victim, and a Philadelphia oil-tanker the fourth. To-day the crew may all escape, to-morrow all may perish.

These disasters are due to two causes — fogs and currents. Every shipmaster nowadays is expected by his owners to make quick passages. A quick passage means smaller expenses, and captains who are

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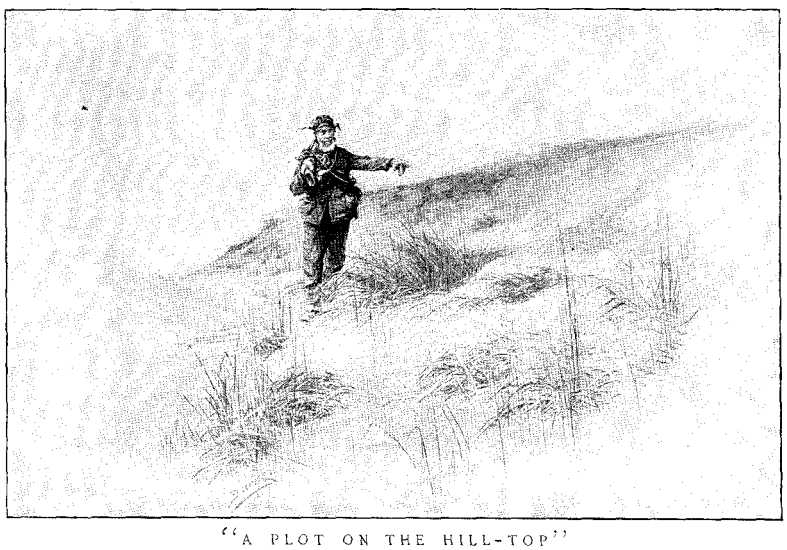
slow soon find themselves supplanted. Therefore all skippers take the shortest route, and risk the danger of collision or stranding. The great-circle track, the shortest and most practical, almost grazes Cape Race. This whole region is commonly fog-veiled with the dense blinding mist created by the commingling of the warm Gulf Stream and the frigid Arctic current on the Grand Banks. The meeting of these contending ocean rivers, moreover, makes a swirl that disturbs the surrounding sea, forming a north-running current which sweeps towards Cape Race. It splits on the headland, and one branch runs up the east coast towards St. John's, the other pouring into St. Mary's Bay. These currents are variable and uncharted. They change their force and direction with every wind that blows, and the ablest local navigators, who know their vagaries best, dread them the most. It is the unfamiliar shipmaster, who sees no cause for caution, that finds himself hurried to destruction as if drawn by a lodestone. The west-bound ship comes under the influence of the eastern current several hours before making the Cape, and her head is steadily deflected from the right course, until, if care is not exercised, she is speed-

hurried to her doom on the "back" of the headland.

Of course all of these disasters occur during foggy weather. When this leaden pall of vapor overspreads the ocean the shipmaster must either slow down and thereby lose much time, or he must drive his ship along at her best speed, and trust to his lookouts to give him warning of danger. But these are a poor dependence, and usually the first knowledge those on board have of their peril is when the ship takes the ground and dashes herself on the jagged rocks, while she is supposed to have a clear offing. The danger zone is comprehended within a radius of thirty miles. Here every reef is marked by the remnant of some stately ship. Not a crevice but has seen some battered fabric lodge there. Every foot of the bottom is floored with sundered hulls, and littered with the raffle from many a wreck. The strand is strewn with flotsam, rent and riven by rock and wave. The little coves are burial places of many victims of these melancholy happenings, the unmarked graves mutely telling of the long series of tragedies. Not a fisherman within this area but has some tale of wreck and rescue to relate, and not a home in the little hamlets



"A PLOT ON THE HILL-TOP"

WHERE THE VICTIMS OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON" WRECK ARE BURIED—PAGE 146

ing for the rocks. If fog prevails she often meets an untimely end on the "front" of Cape Race. The east-bound ship is caught by the current which sweeps into St. Mary's Bay, and under like conditions is

but is enriched with the spoils gleaned from the ill-starred craft that stray there.

However, to the one ship that is lost in these waters hundreds pass in safety; mainly through the unconscious instrumentality

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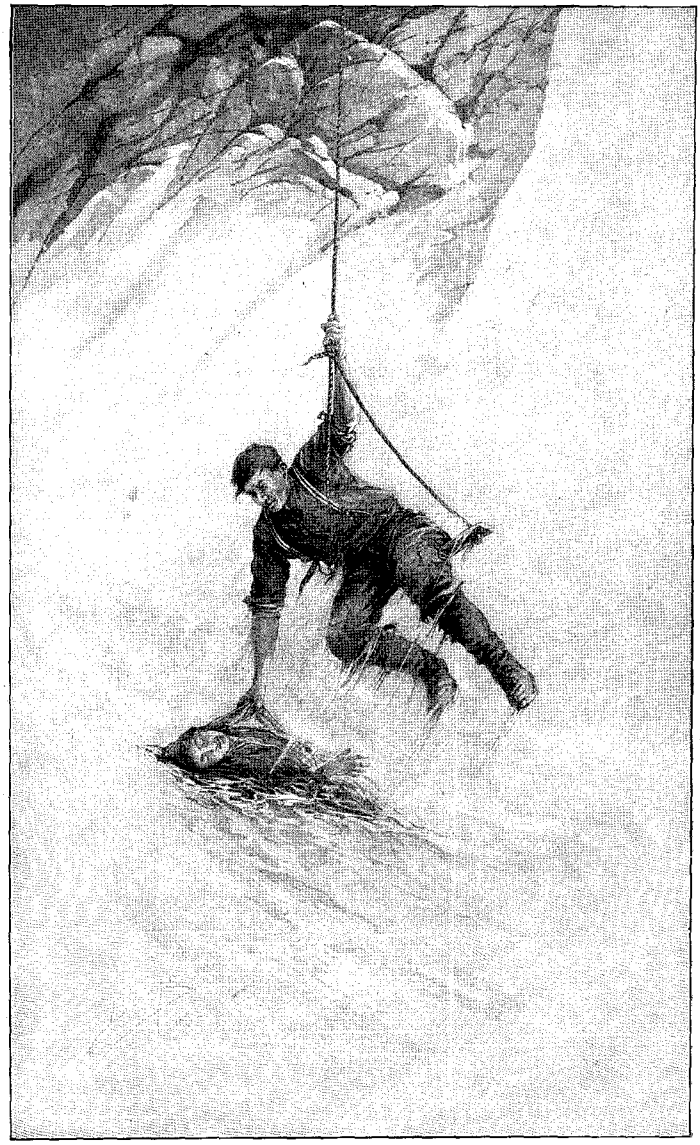
of the fisher boats which ply their calling a few miles off the shore, with their horns going if it turns foggy, and their riding lamps making a fringe of lights around the whole peninsula after nightfall. Often the first evidence the mariner has of the proximity of the coast is the sight of these skiffs, and then he alters his helm and lays a new course. Only when a storm rages, and the heavy seas compel the boats to harbor, is there no such warning for the stranger, and then it is that ships hurry headlong to their doom. Once in 1899 three west-bound freighters piled themselves up on the shore north of the Cape, all within two miles and during twenty-four hours.

"You're welcome, sir," exclaimed an old fisherman to the captain of one of these ships as he rushed down the beach to meet the castaways who were making their way to shore in the life-boats. "You're welcome. We've been up these three nights waiting for you."



"AS A BODY FLOATED BY, DEAD OR ALIVE, CLUTCHED IT . . . AND WAS HOISTED UP"

WRECK OF THE "ANGLO-SAXON"—PAGE 146

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"TOILING THROUGH THE SNOW WITH THEIR LIFE-LINES AND GEAR ON THEIR BACKS"
WRECK OF THE OIL-TANKER "HELGOLAND"—PAGE 146

This naïve confession illustrates a curious phase of fisher life on our seaboard. The coast folk are "wreckers" as well as fishermen — not wreckers in the criminal sense, but expert workmen in stripping and unloading the hulls that are tossed up against the frowning cliffs. Every fisherman can turn his hand to this labor, which frequently pays better than his regular vocation; and salvage schooners find permanent employment there with divers and hoists, recovering from the oozy depths the treasures of this submarine curiosity shop. These fisher folk, knowing the likelihood of ships running ashore under certain conditions, and being unable to prevent the mishaps, remain on the watch for such occurrences, that they may be able, first, to rescue the human beings on board, and then, to salvage the hulls and cargoes.

The Newfoundlander of the southern shore counts on "a few wrecks" every year to help him maintain his family.

"How will your people get along this winter?" asked the late Mgr. Power, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. John's, of the Rev. Father Hennebury, the priest at Trepassey, near Cape Race, who was dining with him.

"Very well, my lord," replied the padre, "with the help of God and a few wrecks."

This same "wrecker," however, stands ready to risk his own life on every occasion that such a catastrophe occurs, to help in saving those on board. Time and again these brave fellows have battled with the tempest in their stout boats, or lowered themselves down the face of the steep cliffs to pluck from the very jaws of death the perishing wretches vainly struggling in the surf below.

They are a remarkable people, these fisher folk, of exclusively Irish descent, and possessing all the daring of the race from which they have sprung. They think no personal risk too great if there is a life to save or a corpse to be recovered for Christian burial, and they are prodigal in their hospitality and care for the unfortunates

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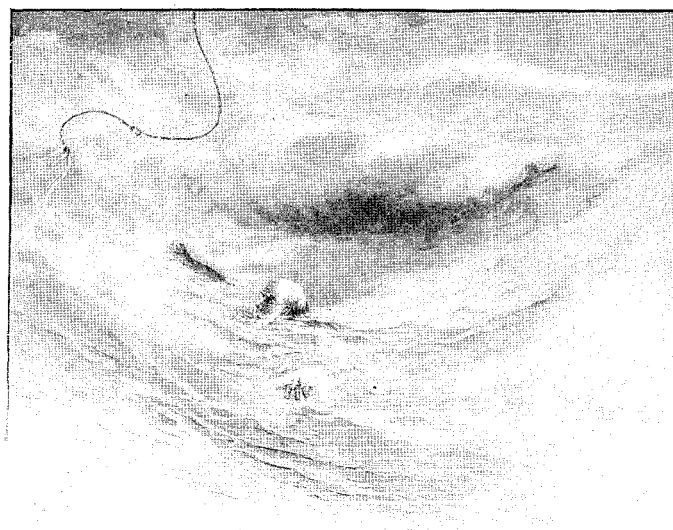
whom grievous mischance leaves destitute at their doors. Many of them possess the Royal Humane Society's medals, and nearly all have life-saving feats to their credit. One man holds the record of having prepared for burial 229 bodies of shipwrecked dead in every stage of dismemberment and decomposition, and that without ever receiving a dollar from governments or ship owners in recognition of these gruesome services, extending over nearly a lifetime.

Certainly no person who knows the record of this race of men, and has seen this stern, forbidding coast line, with its sheer upstanding cliffs towering hundreds of feet high, and extending unbroken for miles, unscalable by man or animal, and with a roaring welter of waves beating ceaselessly against their basalt base, will grudge the islanders the salvage they pluck from the unsatiable maw of the hungry sea. There is this to be said for them also, that a ship rarely lasts more than a day or two on this rock-ribbed shore, and if the coast folk do not secure her cargo it will be engulfed in the ocean and benefit nobody. An instance of this occurred only last year. The Elder-Dempster steamship "Assyrian," with a full general cargo for Montreal, beached herself just below the Cape lighthouse in a midnight fog. She was resting easily, and lay there for a week. The owners refused to start the cargo, thinking she could be got off again. But one afternoon a gale arose, swung her around, and "broke her back." She parted amidships, and next morning was a total loss with her whole freight, both being valued at $420,000. Nor was that all, for as she was torn apart she forced on the rocks a wrecking tug that was working at her, and the latter was also severely damaged.

Sometimes a ship strikes the bluff sea face of rocks, rebounds from the impact, and vanishes in deep water as swiftly as a plummet finds the bottom. Only a few pieces of deck-gear will rise to afford a clue to the catastrophe. At other times a ship may have no cargo. Four years ago a Bergen bark, bound up the St. Lawrence in ballast to load lumber, drifted on the rocks in Trepassey Bay. The crew abandoned her, and the coast folk were soon aboard. Their sentiments were thus voiced by a leader when he reached shore again:

"I don't know what the Almighty can be thinking about at all this year. First He sends us a bad fishery, and now He sends along a d—— Norwegian full of rocks."

On the other hand a wreck is sometimes a bonanza. The "Scottish King" was plumped over a reef near Seal Cove in 1898 in a furious gale, scarring her bottom as she did so, but striking another ledge in shoaler



"THOUGH HE MADE THREE ATTEMPTS HE COULD NOT REACH IT"
WRECK OF THE "HELGOLAND"—PAGE 147

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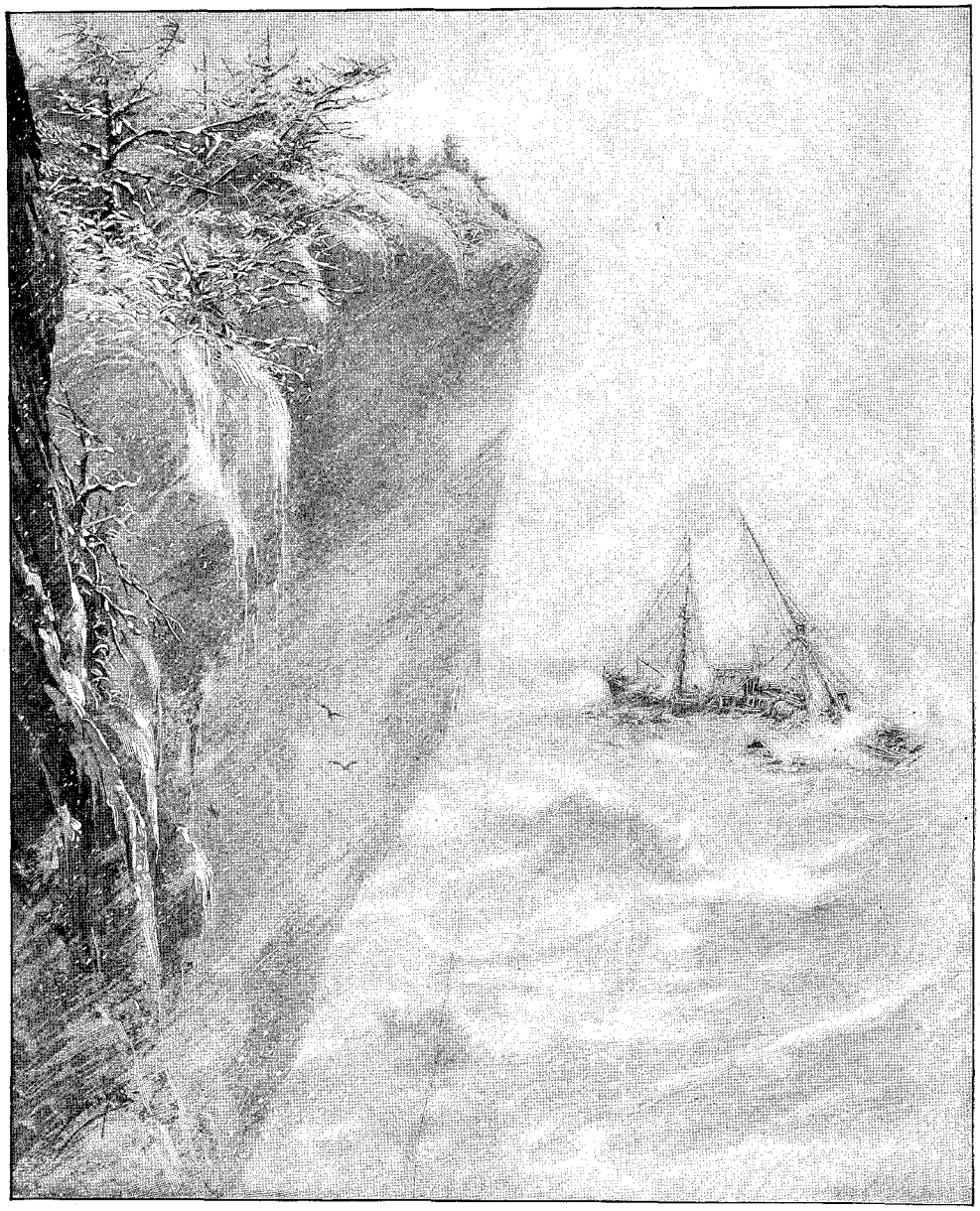

"FORCED TO WATCH FELLOW-CREATURES PERISH, BEING UNABLE TO AID THEM"
WRECK OF THE "HELGOLAND"—PAGE 147

water which upbore her. Here she remained for seventeen months, when she was refloated, brought to St. John's, docked, and made as good as new. But in the early hours following upon her stranding it looked as if she would collapse, and it was a hurry job to salvage her cargo. This was varied and valuable, and included 2,000 cases of champagne. There was also a large consignment of apollinaris water. The coast folk rushed the unloading, and when they learned of the champagne, intense was their eagerness to sample for the first time this renowned beverage. They ransacked the hold for it until they came upon the apollinaris, which they mistook for the grape juice, and quaffed in gobletfuls until nature rebelled at the deception. Their contemptuous criticisms of the supposed champagne as a beverage,

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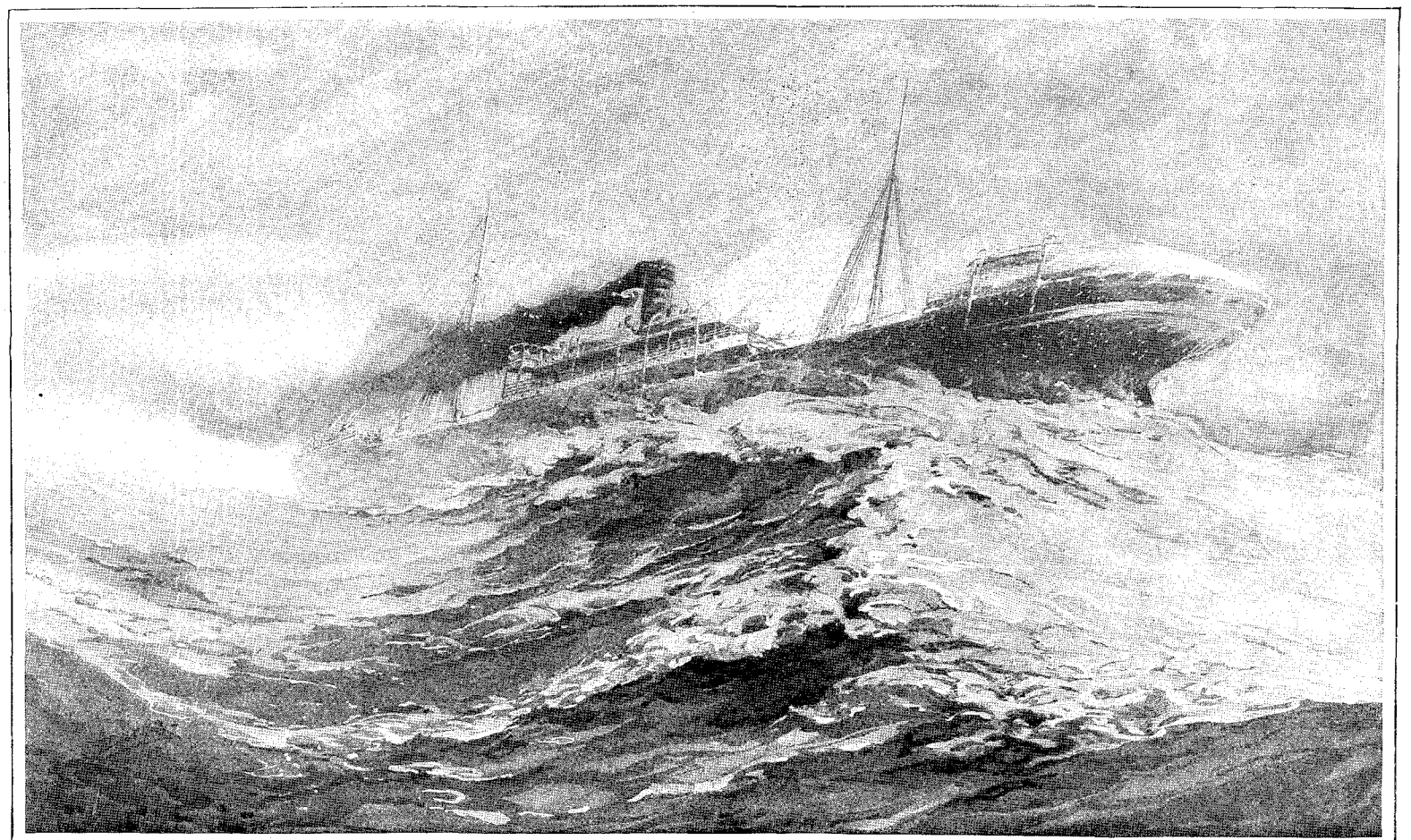

"HURRIED TO DESTRUCTION AS IF DRAWN BY A LODESTONE"

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were comical in the extreme, and when they found the genuine article at last they had been so sickened by their previous experiment that they preferred to "swop" quart bottles of it for flasks of whisky with the crew of the wrecking tugs from St. John's.

Last summer, west of the Cape, the French bark "Aquitaine," laden with choice liquors for St. Pierre-Miquelon, bowled herself on a reef. The crew hurriedly left her, thankful to have saved their skins, and volubly notified the coast folk to "take, take, take." This they proceeded to do with alacrity, and they were soon working the two hatches with windlasses and pulleys, systematically "breaking out" every tier of cargo. It was a remote quarter, and two days elapsed before the authorities were notified, and a third before a revenue cutter could reach there. Prior to this several nomadic fishing schooners, learning of the wreck, visited the scene, to find the settlers gaily dressed in French fisher garb, bright jerseys, woolen waist-sashes, and flat saucer hats, some of the property secured from the bark. The visitors were treated to champagne out of tin pannikins, and bought choice cognac for fifteen cents a bottle. The cargo included bales of merchandise, dry goods, tobacco, liquors, and fishery requisites for the French colony, and the little settlement was reaping a harvest. Of course when the cruiser arrived they were compelled to give up fifty per cent. of the total to the owners, but, naturally, there was much that could not be accounted for, and that the sea was credited with having swallowed up, which found a much more convenient hiding place than the bottom of the ocean.

Among the most terrible catastrophes on this coast was the wreck of the British transport "Harpooner," on November 10, 1816, by which 306 human beings perished. She was bound from Quebec to England, with soldiers and their families, the total personnel being 380. After several days of fog and storm she struck on a reef near Cape Pine, just before midnight. An awful scene ensued, and as the panic-stricken wretches rushed from their beds and made for the deck, ill-clad as they were, their onset completed the horrors that darkness bred. Men cast off the boats and tried to launch them, only to be swept overboard by the waves or swallowed with the boats when they struck the water. Her pounding on the rocks "jumped" the masts out of her, and as they went they carried many to their long account. Others were drowned or crushed below decks, and more killed against the bulwarks. After a night of agony the day came, "foggy and dour." A rodney hung astern, and the mate and four men put off in her to seek aid. As they rowed towards land their boat was stove against a mass of rock, and they barely escaped death. Gaining an insecure foothold, they climbed up the islet, but could afford no help to those on the ship. However, the master, who had a Newfoundland dog aboard, threw it into the sea with a rope round its middle, and the sagacious brute swam to the rock after an exhausting struggle. By means of this line a heavier one was drawn to the rock and fastened there, and the transfer of those on the ship was begun. But about midday, when some thirty had got safely across, the rope parted from chafing against the sharp boulders, and the miserable beings still on the wreck were left without hope of succor.

Some jumped overboard and tried to swim ashore, others lashed themselves to planks, others built rafts; but scarcely any escaped, most of them being flung against the cliffs and killed. During the evening the hull went to pieces, carrying with it the last of the doomed company. The survivors on the rocks were exposed there another night, being rescued next morning by some fishermen. Wonderful to relate, a soldier's wife gave birth to a child on the rocks, and both successfully emerged from the dreadful ordeal. The bodies of the victims which were washed ashore were decently buried, and the "Harpooner" cemetery is pointed out to this day.

Another appalling tragedy was the loss of the steamer "Anglo-Saxon" on April 27, 1863, at Chance Cove, when the sea took toll of 317 persons of the 444 aboard. In those days there was no Atlantic Cable, but the telegraph lines extended from the American continent to Cape Race. That headland was a recognized stopping place for the fast ocean liners plying between Liverpool and New York, which hove up there to exchange with a news boat maintained at the station the latest news of the two hemispheres. West-bound steamers

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threw over sealed packages with the press despatches from Europe, which were wired from the Cape to New York a week before the ships arrived. East-going steamers picked up similar packages with American news for Europe a week later than when they sailed. The Civil War was then raging, and there was keen rivalry among the liners to make fast runs and deliver the despatches earliest, and it was while steaming through the fog at full speed that the "Anglo-Saxon" impaled herself on the rocks. She ran straight into a gulch cleft in the hills as by a giant's blow, and the furious waves soon beat her into splinters, and tore her ill-fated passengers limb from limb. The world has no more gallant record than that of the rescue of her few survivors. The coast folk gathered from the near-by hamlets when her distress signals proclaimed her danger. A rampart cliff, a sheer 500 feet above the sea-level, defied all hope of assistance by ordinary means. The men had to bring spars and ropes from their boats, improvise derricks, and lower one another down into the boiling surf, where the rescuer, as a body floated by, dead or alive, clutched it in his arms, and was hoisted up again with his clammy burden. When the ship's prow was wedged in the rocks it remained above water, and a score or two of wretches contrived to lash themselves there. But the rescuers could not reach them, nor they the rescuers, and the castaways had to jump overboard and take their chances of being saved as the waves swept them to and fro. For two days and nights the fisher folk continued their humane endeavors, until all hope of there being another living body about the wreck was futile. The women and children cared for the survivors, and the men, when the storm abated, recovered as many other bodies as they could, and buried them all in a plot on the hill-top. Three years ago the United States Government arranged for the renovating of the burial place, the earth having been washed away by the rains, and some of the bones of the dead becoming exposed again.

It was in the height of a fierce snowstorm on January 20, 1867, that the steamer "George Washington" from New York was lost with all hands — forty-seven souls, of whom fourteen were passengers. She struck on Mistaken Point, a headland five miles from Cape Race, and, as the name indicates, frequently mistaken for it. Amid the howling gale and driving snow, which lashed the waves into fury, escape was impossible. Indeed, the disaster was not suspected for several hours. When the settlers gathered at the scene the hull could just be discerned against the base of the cliffs hundreds of feet below. Nothing could be done; the scene was one to daunt the stoutest heart, and the least experienced among the watchers realized that all on board her must long ago have perished. But the trend of currents there sweeps all the wreckage into a cove called Long Beach, the one break in the barrier cliffs; so the coast folk determined to recover the bodies as they were washed in. Accordingly they established themselves on the hills above the cove, and when morning dawned they had contrivances rigged by which they lowered one another down into the land-wash and secured the remainder of the unfortunate victims before the sea had wrecked its full fury on them. In this case, it will be noted, there was no possibility of a life being saved, and yet the daring fellows, with a splendid unselfishness, risked their lives to regain inanimate bodies in the teeth of a January blizzard, so that the poor victims of the wrath of the sea should not be deprived of a cerement of sail-cloth and a covering of clay.

The most pathetic and moving disaster of all was the loss of the oil-tank steamer "Helgoland" near St. Shotts on January 10, 1900. She was bound from Philadelphia to Hamburg, petroleum laden, was caught in a midwinter snowstorm, and struck Gull Rock. This is a needle of granite 450 feet high, separated from the mainland by a chasm 50 yards wide, in which the sea runs like a mill-race. The "Helgoland's" cargo must have taken fire when she struck, for a column of flame against the midnight sky apprised the residents of Peter's River, fifteen miles away, of the disaster. This was the nearest settlement, and although it was midwinter and there was no road, they started for the scene, toiling through the snow with their life-lines and gear on their backs. It was daylight when they reached there, and a melancholy spectacle awaited them. The ship was grounded on a reef beyond Gull Rock, pounding to pieces. Her hull was almost wholly submerged, the fire had burnt out, and the petroleum was overspreading the face of the ocean for miles.

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Everything spoke of death and desolation.

But lashed in the topmast rigging were three seamen, the only survivors. When they descried the coast folk they made mute appeals for help, but none could be given. The whole coast for miles is a fortalice of rock; no settlers live there, no boats were available. Even if there were, none could live in such a sea. No man could go down the cliffs, because he would be dashed against them by the waves and beaten to a jelly. No castaway dared swim to the base for the same reason. The chasm prevented access to Gull Rock, and the onlookers were forced to watch fellow-creatures perish, being unable to aid them. One of the men on the mast cut himself loose, plunged into the sea, and swam towards the shore. But he could find no hold, and the undertow caught him; he was tossed high by the swirl, and the next minute his death-cry horrified the watchers as he was flung savagely against the rocks. Two hours later a second survivor, lashed in the mizzen, was cast into the seething cauldron of surf with that spar, and met a sailor's end. Finally the last of the trio, a greybeard whose bald head was quite visible, seeing the wreck going to pieces beneath him, loosed his lashings, bit off a quid from a plug of tobacco in his hip pocket, and manfully plunged into the waves, trying to reach the cliff, down which the watchers had thrown a rope. But the waves were too powerful, and though he made three attempts, he could not reach it. Giving up the struggle then, he swam back and regained his lonely eyrie, whence, like the gallant Viking he was, he waved a last farewell to the spectators of this pitiful tragedy, lashed himself up again, and waited for death to come. Nor was it long delayed. The season was midwinter, the temperature arctic, the man chilled from long exposure and subsequent immersion. Soon the frost struck to his heart, his head fell forward, his body collapsed, and all knew his soul had taken flight.

The strangest fact about this ship was that for a whole week it was impossible to identify her. As she lay her name on the bow was not visible, her stern was under water, her funnel gave no clue, her wreckage could not be got at. Furious gales and mighty seas raged; no tugs could approach her nor divers descend: the wooden deck-gear was tossed in the surf and reduced to splinters against the cliff. The bodies of the thirty-five men who crewed her were similarly treated. Eventually at Cape Pine, ten miles away, the light-keeper picked up the broken name board of a life-boat with the word "Helgoland" on it, and the clue to the mystery was found at last.

The cable ship "Robert Low" was lost on November 20, 1873, within a few yards of where the "Helgoland" later met destruction. She struck the cliffs stem on, and hung on a shelving ledge for days, half full of water. The accident occurred at 4:17 A.M., as her chronometer stopped at that moment. Of the thirty-three persons on board sixteen perished, including the captain, who was carried away by the first sea which swept her. The survivors after a time launched two boats and escaped from the doomed fabric, landing on the shore at daybreak. When the coast folk boarded her, which they did on sighting her after sunrise, the electrician's room, with its display of unfamiliar apparatus, obviously very valuable, and naturally wonderful to them, excited their keenest curiosity. This found vent in handling the wires and knobs, until one fisherman accidentally established a connection and received a charge from a powerful electric battery, which left him writhing on the floor. A companion, unaware of what had caused the mishap, but satisfied that the apparatus was responsible, promptly demolished the offending machine with a blow from his hatchet, and his example being followed by the rest of the crowd, property to the value of some thousands of pounds was destroyed in a few minutes, the vandals contenting themselves with picking out the pieces of silver, brass, and copper which formed the ornamental portion of the fixtures.

In bygone times it was the practice of the coast folk to appropriate everything they secured, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their hand," or fifty per cent., as salvage. In portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Champagne, liquors, cabin stores, and the like have also a trick of disappearing, and in the poorest fisher's cottage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price, and wines to tempt an epicure. The salvors are reckless

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and unthinking, and as they gather in hundreds every man pre-empts what he can. In the rush there is much destroyed. When the "Herder" was lost in 1882, they burnt whalebone worth $15,000 a ton to save leather costing twenty cents a pound. In the "Emmeline" wreck of 1900 they trampled crates of costly glassware to get at four cases of French prayer books valued at twenty-five cents apiece. On one occasion two salvors had got ashore a piano, and were adopting the Solomon-like expedient of sawing it in half, when a shrewder chum bought it from them for a bottle of whisky looted from the captain's cabin. When the "Grasbrook" went ashore in 1890 every man on the shore provided himself with a German concertina, of which instruments of torture she had a large consignment, and to secure them packages of much more costly freight were thrown overboard. The large freight of Chicago canned beef which the "Hanoverian" had on board when she rode the rocks in 1890 supplied the whole coast line for many a year, and scarcely a season elapses without some wreck carrying sufficient flour in sacks to meet the needs of those who reach the scene and help to unload her. When the "Texas" from Montreal struck near St. Shotts in 1896 she had 300 cattle and 500 sheep aboard, besides flour, cheese, grain, and other food stuffs. She stranded on an easy beach, and all the live stock was got ashore. Most of it escaped into the open country, and there has been a noticeable increase in the numbers and improvement in the breed of such in that section ever since. Prime Canadian cheese and butter were very welcome to the fisher folk, and before the sea broke up the hull almost everything of value had been got ashore.

All the salvaged property is usually brought to St. John's and there sold. Last year, owing to so many wrecks, the quantity was unusually large, and the duties paid on it yielded the colonial revenue nearly $40,000. The "Lusitania" had large stocks of tweeds, serges, and underwear, and virtually all the citizens reclothed themselves in wreck goods. The demand for these materials ultimately became so great that shop-keepers wetted their old stocks, and so got rid of them. The previous year the "Orion," from Baltimore for Copenhagen, struck the back of Cape Race and went to pieces. She had a large consignment of bicycles on board, and they were auctioned in St. John's and disposed of all over the island. The "Abbeymore's" lading in 1898 included some cases of splendid English rifles for Canada, and these are now to be seen adorning every fisher's cottage along the shore.

It may be asked, why is not something done to prevent so many disasters near Cape Race? The answer is that the coast requires a whole series of powerful fog alarms, and the Newfoundland Government cannot afford to establish these, so costly would their erection and maintenance prove. As it is Canada's shipping that is most affected, the Dominion is held to be the one which should move in the matter, and Lloyd's shipping agency of Great Britain is also being influenced in the same direction. Between them all it is probable that the danger zone will be properly sentineled with coast aids ere many years have passed, and then the ghastly incidents with which Cape Race is identified will be merely memories, and it will be possible to approach the headland without the risk of finding a last resting place in that ocean graveyard.

THE GAME OF LIFE

BY GELETT BURGESS

NOT THE QUARRY, BUT THE CHASE,
NOT THE LAUREL, BUT THE RACE,
NOT THE HAZARD, BUT THE PLAY,
MAKE ME, LORD, ENJOY ALWAY.

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MY FRIEND PROSPERO

BY

HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF BOX"

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS LOEB

PART FIRST

I

THE coachman drew up his horses before the castle gateway, where their hoofs beat a sort of fan fare on the stone pavement; and the footman, letting himself smartly down, pulled, with a peremptory gesture that was just not quite a swagger, the bronze hand at the end of the dangling bell-cord.

Seated alone in her great high-swung barouche, in the sweet April weather, Lady Blanchemain gave the interval that followed to a consideration of the landscape: first, sleeping in shadowy stillness, the formal Italian garden, its terraced lawns and metrical parterres, its straight dark avenues of ilex, its cypresses, fountains, statues, balustrades; and then, laughing in the breeze and the sun, the wild Italian valley, a forest of blossoming fruit-trees, with the river winding and glinting in its midst, with olive-clad hills blue-grey at either side, and beyond the hills, peering over their shoulders, the snow-peaks of mountains, crisp against the sky, and in the level distance the hazy shimmer of the lake.

"It is lovely," she exclaimed, fervently, in a whisper, "lovely.—And only a generation of blind-worms," was her afterthought, "could discern in it the slightest resemblance to the drop-scene of a theatre."

II

Big, humorous, emotional, imperious, but, above all, interested and sociable Lady Blanchemain: do you know her, I wonder? Her billowy white hair? Her handsome soft old face, with its smooth skin, and the good strong bony structure underneath? Her beautiful old grey eyes, full of tenderness and shrewdness, of curiosity, irony, indulgence, overarched and emphasised by regular black eyebrows? Her pretty little plump pink-white hands, with their shining panoply of rings? And her luxurious, courageous, high-hearted manner of dressing? The light colours and jaunty fashion of her gowns? Her laces, ruffles, embroideries? Her gay little bonnets? Her gems? Linda Baroness Blanchemain, of Fring Place, Sussex; Belmore Gardens, Kensington; and Villa Antonina, San Remo: big, merry, sociable, sentimental, worldly-wise, impetuous Linda Blanchemain: do you know her? If you do, I am sure you love her and rejoice in her; and enough is said. If you don't, I beg leave to present and to commend her.

I spoke, by the bye, of her "old" face, her "old" eyes. She is, to be sure, in so far as mere numbers of years tell, an old woman. But I once heard her throw out, in the heat of conversation, the phrase, "a young old thing like me;" and I thought she touched a truth.

III

Well, then, the footman, in his masterful way, pulled the bell-cord; Lady Blanchemain contemplated the landscape, and had her opinion of a generation that could liken it to the drop-scene of a theatre; and in due process of things the bell was answered.

It was answered by a man in a costume that struck my humorous old friend as pleasing; a sallow little man whose otherwise quite featureless suit of tweeds was embellished by scarlet worsted shoulder-knots. With lack-lustre eyes, from behind the plexus of the grille, he rather stolidly regarded the imposing British equipage, and waited to be addressed.

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Lady Blanchemain addressed him in the language of Pistoja. Might one, she enquired, with her air of high affability, in her distinguished old voice, might one visit the castle? — a question purely of convention, for she had not come hither without an assurance from her guide-book.

Shoulder-knots, however, — either to flaunt his attainments, or because indeed Pistoiese (what though the polyglot races of Italy have agreed upon it as a lingua franca) offered the greater difficulties to his Lombardian tongue, — replied in French.

"I do not think so, Madame," was his reply, in a French sufficiently heavy and stiff-jointed, enforced by a dubious oscillation of the head.

Lady Blanchemain's black eyebrows shot upwards, marking her surprise; then drew together, marking her determination.

"But of course one can — it's in the guide-book," she insisted, and held up the red-bound volume.

The sceptic gave a shrug, as one who disclaimed responsibility and declined discussion.

"Me, I do not think so. But patience! I will go and ask," he said, and, turning his back, faded from sight in the depths of the dark tunnel-like porte-cochère.

Vexed, perplexed, Lady Blanchemain fidgeted a little. To have taken this long drive for nothing! — sweet though the weather was, fair though the valley: but she was not a person who could let the means excuse the end. She neither liked nor was accustomed to see her enterprises balked, — to see doors remain closed in her face. Doors indeed had a habit of flying open at her approach. Besides, the fellow's manner, — his initial stare and silence, his tone when he spoke, his shrug, his exhortation to patience, and something too in the conduct of his back as he departed, — hadn't it lacked I don't know what of becoming deference? To satisfy her amour-propre, at any rate, that the mistake, if there was a mistake, sprang from no mal-apprehension of her own, she looked up chapter and verse. Yes, there the assurance stood, circumstantial, in all the convincingness of the sturdy, small black type: —

"From Roccadoro a charming excursion may be made, up the beautiful Val Rampio, to the mediæval village of Sant' Alessina (7 miles), with its magnificent castle, in fine grounds, formerly a seat of the Sforzas, now belonging to the Prince of Zelt-Neuminster, and containing the celebrated Zelt-Neuminster collection of paintings. Incorporated in the castle-buildings, a noticeable peculiarity, are the parish church and presbytery. Accessible daily, except Monday, from 10 to 4; attendant 1 fr."

So then! To-day was Wednesday, the hour between two and three. So — ! Her amour-propre triumphed, but I fancy her vexation mounted. . .

IV

"I beg your pardon. It's disgraceful you should have been made to wait. The porter is an idiot. You wish, of course, to see the house — ?"

The English words, on a key of spontaneous apology, with a very zealous inflection of concern — yet, at the same time, with a kind of entirely respectful and amiable abruptness, as of one hailing a familiar friend, — were pronounced in a breath by a brisk, cheerful, unmistakably English voice.

Lady Blanchemain, whose attention had still been on the incriminated page, looked quickly up, and (English voice and spontaneous apology notwithstanding) I won't vouch that the answer at the tip of her impulsive tongue mightn't have proved a hasty one — but the speaker's appearance gave her pause: the appearance of the tall, smiling, unmistakably English young man, by whom Shoulder-knots had returned accompanied, and who now, having pushed the grille ajar and issued forth, stood, placing himself with a tentative obeisance at her service, beside the carriage: he was so clearly, first of all — what, if it hadn't been for her preoccupation, his voice, tone, accent would have warned her to expect — so visibly a gentleman; and then, with the even pink of his complexion, his yellowish hair and beard, his alert, friendly, very blue blue eyes — with his very blue blue flannels too, and his brick-red knitted tie — he was so vivid and so unusual.

His appearance gave her pause; and in the result she in her turn almost apologized.

"This wretched book," she explained, pathetically bringing forward her *pièce justificative*, "said that it was open to the public."

The vivid young man hastened to put her in the right.

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"It is — it *is*," he eagerly affirmed. "Only," he added, with a vaguely rueful modulation, and always with that amiable abruptness, as a man very much at his ease, while his blue eyes whimsically brightened, "only the blessed public never comes — we're so off the beaten path. And I suppose one musn't expect a Scioccone" — his voice swelled on the word, and he cast sidelong a scathing glance at his summoner — "to cope with unprecedented situations. Will you allow me to help you out?"

"Ah," thought Lady Blanchemain, "Eton," his tone and accent now nicely appraised by an experienced ear. "Eton — yes; and probably — h'm? Probably Balliol," her experience led her further to surmise. But what — with her insatiable curiosity about people, she had of course immediately begun to wonder — what was an Eton and Balliol man doing, apparently in a position of authority, at this remote Italian castle?

V

He helped her out very gracefully, very gallantly; and under his guidance she made the tour of the vast building: its greater court and lesser court; its cloisters, with their faded frescoes, and their marvellous outlook, northwards, upon the Alps; its immense rotunda, springing to the open dome, where the sky was like an inset plaque of turquoise; its "staircase of honour," guarded, in an ascending file, by statues of men in armour; and then, on the *piano nobile*, its endless chain of big, empty, silent, splendid state apartments, with their pavements of gleaming marble, in many-coloured patterns, their painted and gilded ceilings, tapestried walls, carved wood and moulded stucco, their pictures, pictures, pictures, and their atmosphere of stately desolation, their memories of another age, their reminders of the power and pomp of people who had long been ghosts.

He was tall (with that insatiable curiosity of hers, she was of course continuously studying him), tall and broad-shouldered, but not a bit rigid or inflexible — of a figure indeed conspicuously supple, suave in its quick movements, soft in its energetic lines, a figure that could with equal thoroughness be lazy in repose and vehement in action. His yellow hair was thick and fine, and if it hadn't been cropped so close would have curled a little. His beard, in small crinkly spirals, did actually curl, and toward the edge its yellow burned to red. And his blue eyes were so very very blue, and so very keen, and so very frank and pleasant — "They are like sailors' eyes," thought Lady Blanchemain, who had a sentiment for sailors. He carried his head well thrown back, as a man who was perfectly sure of himself and perfectly unselfconscious; and thus unconsciously he drew attention to the vigorous sweep of his profile, the decisive angles of his brow and nose. His voice was brisk and cheerful and masculine; and that abruptness with which he spoke — which seemed, as it were, to imply a previous acquaintance — was so tempered by manifest good breeding and so coloured by manifest good will, that it became a positive part and parcel of what one liked in him. It was the abruptness of a man very much at his ease, very much a man of the world, yet it was somehow, in its essence, boyish. It expressed freshness, sincerity, conviction, a boyish wholesale surrender of himself to the business of the moment; it expressed, perhaps above all, a boyish thorough good understanding with his interlocutor. "It amounts," thought his present interlocutrice, "to a kind of infinitely sublimated bluffness."

And then she fell to examining his clothes: his loose, soft, very blue blue flannels, with vague stripes of darker blue; his soft shirt, with its rolling collar; his red tie, knitted of soft silk, and tied in a loose sailor's-knot. She liked his clothes, and she liked the way he wore them. They suited him. They were loose and comfortable and unconventional, but they were beautifully fresh and well cared for, and showed him, if indifferent to the fashion plate of the season, meticulous in a fashion of his own. "It's hard to imagine him dressed otherwise," she said, and instantly had a vision of him dressed for dinner.

But what — what — what was he doing at Castel Sant' Alessina?

VI

Meanwhile he plainly knew a tremendous lot about Italian art. Lady Blanchemain herself knew a good deal, and could recognize a pundit. He illumined their progress by a running fire of exposition and commentary, learned and discerning,

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to which she encouragingly listened, and, as occasion required, amiably responded. But Boltraffios, Bernardino Luinis, even a putative Giorgione, could not divert her mind from its human problem. What was he doing at Castel Sant' Alessina, the property, according to her guidebook, of an Austrian prince? What was his status here, apparently (bar servants) in solitary occupation? Was he its tenant? He couldn't, surely, this well-dressed, high-bred, cultivated young compatriot, he couldn't be a mere employé, a steward or curator? No: probably a tenant. Antecedently indeed it might seem unlikely that a young Englishman should become the tenant of an establishment so huge and so sequestered; but was it conceivable that this particular young Englishman should be a mere employé? And was there any other alternative? She hearkened for a word, a note, that might throw light; but of such notes, such words, a young man's conversation, in the circumstances, would perhaps naturally yield a meagre crop.

"You mustn't let me tire you," he said presently, as one who had forgotten and suddenly remembered that looking at pictures is exhausting work. "Won't you sit here and rest a little?"

They were in a smaller room than they had previously traversed, an octagonal room, which a single lofty window filled with sunshine.

"Oh, thank you," said Lady Blanchemain, and seated herself on the circular divan in the centre of the polished terrazza floor. She wasn't really tired in the least, the indefatigable old sight-seer; but a respite from picture-gazing would enable her to turn the talk. She put up her mother-of-pearl lorgnon, and glanced round the walls; then, lowering it, she frankly raised her eyes, full of curiosity and kindness, to her companion's.

"It's a surprise, and a delightful one," she remarked, "having pushed so far afield in a foreign land, to be met by the good offices of a fellow countryman — it's so nice of you to be English."

And her eyes softly changed, their curiosity being veiled by a kind of humorous content.

The young man's face, from its altitude of six-feet-something, beamed responsively down upon her.

"Oh," he laughed, "you mustn't give me too much credit. To be English nowadays is so ingloriously easy — since foreign lands have become merely the wider suburbs of London."

Lady Blanchemain's eyes lighted approvingly. Afterwards she looked half serious.

"True," she discriminated, "London has spread pretty well over the whole of Europe; but England, thanks be to goodness, still remains mercifully small."

"Yes," agreed the young man, though with a lilt of dubiety, and a frown of excogitation, as if he weren't sure that he had quite caught her drift.

"The mercy of it is," she smilingly pointed out, "that English folk, decent ones, have no need to fight shy of each other when they meet as strangers. We all know more or less about each other by hearsay, or about each other's people; and we're all pretty sure to have some common acquaintances. The smallness of England makes for sociability and confidence."

"It ought to, one would think," the young man admitted. "But does it, in fact? It had somehow got stuck in my head that English folk, meeting as strangers, were rather apt to glare. We're most of us in such a funk, you see, lest, if we treat a stranger with civility, he should turn out not to be a duke."

"Oh," cried Lady Blanchemain, with merriment, "you forget that I said *decent*. I meant, of course, folk who *are* dukes. We're all dukes — or bagmen."

The young man chuckled; but in a minute he pulled a long face, and made big, ominous eyes.

"I feel I ought to warn you," he said in a portentous voice, "that some of us are mere marquises — of the house of Carabas."

Lady Blanchemain, her whole expansive person, simmered with enjoyment.

"Bless you," she cried, "those are the ducalest, for marquises — of the house of Carabas — are men of dash and spirit, born to bear everything before them, and to marry the King's daughter."

With that, she had a moment of abstraction. Again, her eyeglass up, she glanced round the walls — hung, in this octagonal room, with dim-coloured portraits of women, all in wonderful toilets, with wonderful hair and head-gear, all wonderfully young and pleased with things, and all

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four centuries dead. They caused her a little feeling of uneasiness, they were so dead and silent, and yet somehow, in their fixed postures, with their unblinking eyes, their unvarying smiles, so — as it seemed to her — so watchful, so intent; and it was a relief to turn from them to the window, to the picture framed by the window of warm, breathing, heedless nature. But all the while, in her interior mind, she was busy with the man before her. "He looks," she considered, "tall as he is, and with his radiant blondeur — with the gold in his hair and beard, and the sea-blue in his eyes — he looks like a hero out of some old Norse saga. He looks like — what's his name? — like Odin. I must really compel him to explain himself."

It very well may be, meantime, that he was reciprocally busy with her, taking her in, admiring her, this big, jolly, comely, high-mannered old woman, all in soft silks and drooping laces, who had driven into his solitude from Heaven knew where, and was quite unquestionably Someone, Heaven knew who.

She had a moment of abstraction; but now, emerging from it, she used her eyeglass as a pointer, and indicatively swept the circle of painted eavesdroppers.

"They make one feel like their grandmother, their youth is so flagrant," she sighed, "these grandmothers of the Quattrocento. Ah, well, we can only be old once, and we should take advantage of the privileges of age while we have 'em. Old people, I am thankful to say, are allowed, amongst other things, to be inquisitive. I'm brazenly so. Now, if one of our common acquaintances were at hand — for with England still mercifully small, we're sure to possess a dozen, you and I — what do you think is the question I should ask him? — I should ask him," she avowed, with a pretty effect of hesitation, and a smile that went as an advance-guard to disarm resentment, "to tell me who you are, and all about you — and to introduce you to me."

"Oh," cried the young man, laughing. He laughed for a second or two. In the end, pleasantly, with a bow, "My name," he said, "if you can possibly care to know, is Blanchemain."

His visitor caught her breath. She sat up straight, and gazed hard at him.

"Blanchemain?" she gasped.

VII

There were, to be sure, reasons and to spare why the name should make her sit up straight. Her curiosity had turned the key, and lo, with a click, here was an entirely changed, immensely complicated, intensely poignant situation. But our excitable old friend was an Englishwoman: dissimulation would be her second nature; you could trust her to pull the wool over your eyes with a fleet and practised hand. Instinctively, furthermore, she would seek to extract from such a situation all the fun it promised. Taken off her guard, for the span of ten heart-beats she sat up straight and stared; but with the eleventh her attitude relaxed. She had regained her outward nonchalance, and resolved upon her system of fence.

"Ah," she said, on a tone judiciously compounded of feminine artlessness and of forthright British candour, and with a play of the eyebrows that attributed her momentary suscitation to the workings of memory, "of course — Blanchemain. The Sussex Blanchemains. I expect there's only one family of the name?"

"I've never heard of another," assented the young man.

"The Ventmere Blanchemains," she pursued pensively. "Lord Blanchemain of Ventmere is your titled head?"

"Exactly," said he.

"I knew the late Lord Blanchemain — I knew him fairly well," she mentioned, always with a certain pensiveness.

"Oh —?" said he, politely interested.

"Yes," said she. "But I've never met his successor. The two were not, I believe, on speaking terms. Of course," — and her forthright British candour carried her trippingly over the delicate ground, — "it's common knowledge that the family is divided against itself — hostile branches — a Protestant branch and a Catholic. The present lord, if I've got it right, is a Catholic, and the late lord's distant cousin?"

"You've got it quite right," the young man assured her, with a nod, and a little laugh. "They had the same great-great-grandfather. The last few lords have been Protestants, but in our branch the family have never forsaken the old religion."

"I know," said she. "And wasn't it — I've heard the story, but I'm a bit hazy about it — wasn't it owing to your — is 'recusancy' the word? — that you lost the title? Wasn't there some sort of sharp

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practice at your expense in the last century?"

The young man had another little laugh.

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "that wasn't very much the fashion. The late lord's great-grandfather denounced his elder brother as a Papist and a Jacobite — nothing more than that. It was after the 'Forty-five. So the cadet took the title and estates. But with the death of the late lord, a dozen years or so ago, the younger line became extinct, and the title reverted."

"I see," said my lady. She knitted her eyebrows, computing. After an instant, "General Blanchemain," she resumed, "as the present lord was called for the best part of his life, is a bachelor. You will be one of his nephews?" She raised her eyes enquiringly.

"The son of his brother Philip," said the young man.

Lady Blanchemain sat up straight again.

"But then," she cried, forgetting to conceal her perturbation, "then you're the heir! Philip Blanchemain had but one son, and was the General's immediate junior. You're John Blanchemain — John Francis Joseph Mary. You're the heir!"

The young man smiled — at her eagerness, perhaps.

"The heir-presumptive — I suppose I am," he said.

Lady Blanchemain leaned back and gently tittered.

"See how I know my peerage!" she exclaimed. Then, looking grave, "You're heir to an uncommonly good old title," she informed him.

"I hope it may be many a long day before I'm anything else," said he.

"Your uncle is an old man," she suggestively threw out.

"Oh, not so very old," he submitted. "Only seventy, or thereabouts, and younger in many respects than I am. I hope he'll live forever."

"Hum," said she, and appeared to fall a-musing. Absently, as it seemed, and slowly, she was pulling off her gloves.

"Feuds in families," she said, in a minute, "are bad things. Why don't you make it up?"

The young man waved his hand, a pantomimic *non-possumus*.

"There's no one left to make it up with — the others are all dead."

"Oh?" she wondered, her eyebrows elevated, whilst automatically her fingers continued to operate upon her gloves. "I thought the last lord left a widow. I seem to have heard of a *Lady* Blanchemain somewhere."

The young man gave still another of his little laughs.

"Linda Lady Blanchemain," he said. "Yes, one hears a lot of her. A highly original character, by all accounts. One hears of her everywhere."

Linda Lady Blanchemain's lip began to quiver; but she got it under control.

"Well?" she questioned, eyes fixing his, and brimming with a kind of humorous defiance, as if to say, "Think me an impertinent old meddler if you will, and do your worst." "Why don't you make it up with *her?*"

But he didn't seem to mind the meddling in the least. He stood at ease, and plausibly put his case.

"Why don't I? Or why doesn't my uncle? My uncle is a temperamental conservative, a devotee to his traditions — the sort of man who will never do anything that hasn't been the constant habit of his forebears. He would no more dream of healing a well-established family feud than of selling the family plate. And I — well, surely, it would never be for me to make the advances."

"No, you're right," acknowledged Lady Blanchemain. "The advances should come from her. But people have such a fatal way — even without being temperamental conservatives — of leaving things as they find them. Besides, never having seen you, she couldn't know how nice you are. All the same, I'll confess, if you insist upon it, that she ought to be ashamed of herself. Come — let's make it up."

She rose, a great soft glowing vision of benignancy, and held out her hand, now gloveless, her pretty little smooth plump right hand, with its twinkling rings.

"Oh!" cried the astonished young man, the astonished, amused, moved, wondering, and entirely won young man, his sea-blue eyes wide open, and a hundred lights of pleasure and surprise dancing in them.

The benignant vision floated towards him, and he took the little white hand in his long lean brown one.

VIII

When the first stress of their emotion had in some degree spent itself, Lady Blanche-

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main, returning to her place on the ottoman, bade John sit down beside her.

"Now," she said, genially imperative, whilst all manner of kindly and admiring interest shone in her face, "there are exactly nine million and ninety-nine questions that you'll be obliged to answer before I've done with you. But to begin, you must clear up at once a mystery that's been troubling me ever since you dashed to my rescue at the gate. What in the name of Reason is the cause of your residence in this ultramundane stronghold?"

John — convict me of damnable iteration if you must: Heaven has sent me a laughing hero — John laughed.

"Oh," he said, "there are several causes — there are exactly nine million and ninety-eight."

"Name," commanded Lady Blanchemain, "the first and the last."

"Well," obeyed he, pondering, "I should think the first, the last, and perhaps the chief intermediate, would be — the whole blessed thing." And his arm described a circle which comprehended the castle and all within it, and the countryside without.

"It has a pleasant site, I'll not deny," said Lady Blanchemain. "But don't you find it a trifle far away? And a bit up-hill? I'm staying at the Victoria at Roccadoro, and it took me an hour and a half to drive here."

"But since," said John, with a flattering glance, "since you *are* here, I have no further reason to deplore its farawayness. So few places are far away, in these times and climes," he added, on a note of melancholy, as one to whom all climes and times were known.

"Hum," said Lady Blanchemain, matter-of-fact. "Have you been here long?"

"Let me see," John answered. "To-day is the 23rd of April. I arrived here — I offer the fact for what it may be worth — on the feast of All Fools."

"Absit omen," cried she. "And you intend to stay?"

"Oh, I'm at least wise enough not to fetter myself with intentions," answered John.

She looked about, calculating, estimating.

"I suppose it costs you the very eyes of your head?" she asked.

John giggled.

"Guess what it costs — I give it to you in a thousand."

She continued her survey, brought it to a period.

"A billion a week," she said, with finality.

John exulted.

"It costs me, he told her, "six francs fifty a day — wine included."

"What!" cried she, mistrusting her ears.

"Yes," said he.

"Fudge," said she, not to be caught with chaff.

"It sounds like a traveller's tale, I know; but that's so often the bother with the truth," said he. "Truth is under no obligation to be *vraisemblable*. I'm here *en pension*."

Lady Blanchemain sniffed.

"Does the Prince of Zelt-Neuminster take in boarders?" she enquired, her nose in the air.

"Not exactly," said John. "But the Parroco of Sant' Alessina does. I board at the Presbytery."

"Oh," said Lady Blanchemain, beginning to see light, while her eyebrows went up, went down. "You board at the Presbytery?"

"For six francs fifty a day — wine included," chuckled John.

"Wine, and apparently the unhindered enjoyment of — the whole blessed thing," supplemented she, with a reminder of his comprehensive gesture.

"Yes — the run of the house and garden, the freedom of the hills and valley."

"I understand," she said, and was mute for a space, readjusting her impressions. "I had supposed," she went on at last, "from the handsome way in which you snubbed that creature in shoulder-knots, and proceeded to do the honours of the place, that you were little less than its proprietor."

"Well, and so I could almost feel I am," laughed John. "I'm alone here — there's none my sway to dispute. And as for the creature in shoulder-knots, what becomes of the rights of man or the bases of civil society, if you can't snub a creature whom you regularly tip? For five francs a week the creature in shoulder-knots cleans my boots (indifferent well), brushes my clothes, runs my errands, (indifferent slow), — and swallows my snubs as if they were polenta."

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"And tries to shoo intrusive trippers from your threshold — and gets an extra plateful for his pains," laughed the lady. "Where," she asked, "does the Prince of Zelt-Neuminster keep himself?"

"In Vienna, I believe. Anyhow, at a respectful distance. The parroco, who is also his sort of intendant, tells me he practically never comes to Sant' Alessina."

"Good easy man," quoth she. "Yes, I certainly supposed you were his tenant-in-fee, at the least. You have an air." And her bob of the head complimented him upon it.

"Oh, we Marquises of Carabas!" cried John, with a flourish.

She regarded him doubtfully.

"Wouldn't you find yourself in a slightly difficult position, if the Prince or his family should suddenly turn up?" she suggested.

"I? Why?" asked John, his blue eyes blank.

"A young man boarding with the parroco for six francs a day —" she began.

"Six francs fifty, please," he gently interposed.

"Make it seven if you like," her ladyship largely conceded. "Wouldn't your position be slightly false? Would they quite realize who you were?"

"What could that possibly matter?" wondered John, eyes blanker still.

"I could conceive occasions in which it might matter furiously," said she. "Foreigners can't with half an eye distinguish amongst us, as we ourselves can; and Austrians have such oddly exalted notions. You wouldn't like to be mistaken for Mr. Snooks?"

"I don't know," John reflected, vistas opening before him. "It might be rather a lark."

"Whrrr," said Lady Blanchemain, fanning herself with her pocket handkerchief. Then she eyed him suspiciously. "You're hiding the nine million other causes up your sleeve. It isn't merely the 'whole blessed thing' that's keeping an eaglet of your feather alone in an improbable nest like this — it's some one particular thing. In my time," she sighed, "it would have been a woman."

"And no wonder," riposted John, with a flowery bow.

"You're very good — but you confuse the issue," said she. "In my time the world was young and romantic. In this age of prose and prudence — *is* it a woman?"

"The world is still, is always, young and romantic," said John, sententious. "I can't admit that an age of prose and prudence is possible. The poetry of earth is never dead, and no more is its folly. The world is always romantic, if you have the three gifts needful to make it so."

"*Is* it a woman?" repeated Lady Blanchemain.

"And the three gifts are," said he, "Faith, and the sense of Beauty, and the sense of Humour."

"And I should have thought, an attractive member of the opposite sex," said she. "*Is* it a woman?"

"Well," he at last replied, appearing to take counsel with himself, "I don't know why I should forbid myself the relief of owning up to you that in a sense it is."

"Hurray!" cried she, moving in her seat, agog, as one who scented her pet diversion. "A love affair! I'll be your confidante. Tell me all about it."

"Yes, in a sense, a love affair," he confessed.

"Good — excellent," she approved. "But — but what do you mean by 'in a sense'?"

"Ah," said he, darkly nodding, "I mean whole worlds by that."

"I don't understand," said she, her face prepared to fall.

"It isn't one woman — it's a score, a century, of the dear things," he announced.

Her face fell. "Oh —?" she faltered.

"It's a love affair with a type," he explained.

She frowned upon him. "A love affair with a type —?"

"Yes," said he.

She shook her head. "I give you up. In one breath you speak like a Mohammedan, in the next like — I don't know what."

"With these," said John, his hand stretched towards the wall. "With the type of the Quattrocento."

He got upon his feet, and moved from picture to picture; and a fire, half indeed of mischief, but half it may be of real enthusiasm, glimmered in his eyes.

"With these lost ladies of old years; these soft-coloured shadows, that were once rosy flesh; these proud, humble, innocent, subtle, brave, shy, pious, pleasure-

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loving women of the long ago. With them; with their hair and eyes and jewels, their tip-tilted, scornful, witty little noses, their 'throats so round and lips so red,' their splendid raiment; with their mirth, pathos, passion, kindness and cruelty, their infinite variety, their undying youth. Ah, the pity of it! Their undying youth — and they so irrevocably dead. Peace be to their souls! See," he suddenly declaimed, laughing, "how the sun, the very sun in heaven, is contending with me, as to which of us shall do them the greater homage, the sun that once looked on their living forms, and remembers — see how he lights memorial lamps about them," for the sun, reflected from the polished floor, threw a sheen upon the ancient canvases, and burned bright in the bosses of the frames. "Give me these," he wound up, "a book or two, and a jug of the parroco's 'included wine' — my wilderness is paradise enow."

Lady Blanchemain's eyes, as she listened, had become deep wells of disappointment, then gushing fountains of reproach.

"Oh, you villain!" she groaned, when he had ended, shaking her pretty fist. "So to have raised my expectations, and so to dash them! — Do you *really* mean," still clinging to a shred of hope, she pleaded, "really, really mean that there's no — no actual woman?"

"I'm sorry," said John, "but I'm afraid I really, really do."

"And you're not — not really in love with anyone?"

"No — not really," he said, with a mien that feigned contrition.

"But at your age — how old are you?" she broke off to demand.

"Somewhere between twenty-nine and thirty, I believe," he laughed.

"And in such a romantic environment, and not on account of a woman! It's downright unnatural," she declared. "It's flat treason against the kingly state of youth."

"I'm awfully sorry," said John. "Yet, after all, what's the good of repining? Nothing could happen even if there were a woman."

Lady Blanchemain looked alarmed.

"Nothing could happen? What do you mean? You're not *married?* If you are, it must be secretly, for you're put down as single in Burke."

"To the best of my knowledge," John reassured her, laughing, "Burke is right. And I prayerfully trust he may never have occasion to revise his statement."

"For mercy's sake," cried she, "don't tell me you're a woman hater."

"That's just the point," said he. "I'm an adorer of the sex."

"Well, then?" questioned she, at a loss. "How can you 'prayerfully' wish to remain a bachelor? Besides aren't you heir to a peerage? What of the succession?"

"That's just the point," he perversely argued. "And you know there are plenty of cousins."

"Just the point, just the point," fretted Lady Blanchemain. "What's just the point? Just the point that you aren't a woman hater? — just the point that you're heir to a peerage? You talk like Tom o' Bedlam."

"Well, you see," expounded John, unruffled, "as an adorer of the sex, and heir to a peerage, I shouldn't want to marry a woman unless I could support her in what they call a manner becoming her rank — and I couldn't."

"Couldn't?" the lady scoffed. "I should like to know why not?"

"I'm too — if you will allow me to clothe my thought in somewhat homely language — too beastly poor."

"*You — poor?*" ejaculated Lady Blanchemain, falling back.

"Ay — but honest," asseverated John, to calm her fears.

She couldn't help smiling, though she resolutely frowned.

"Be serious," she enjoined him. "Doesn't your uncle make you a suitable allowance?"

"I should deceive you," answered John, "if I said he made me an *un*suitable one. He makes me, to put it in round numbers, exactly no allowance whatsoever."

"The — old — curmudgeon!" cried Lady Blanchemain, astounded, and fiercely scanning her words.

"No," returned John, soothingly, "he isn't a curmudgeon. But he's a very peculiar man. He's a Spartan, and he lacks imagination. It has simply never entered his head that I could *need* an allowance. And, if you come to that, I can't say that I positively do. I have a tiny patrimony — threepence a week, or so — enough for my humble necessities, though scarcely perhaps enough to support the

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state of a future peeress. No, my uncle isn't a curmudgeon; he's a very fine old boy, of whom I'm immensely proud, and though I've yet to see the colour of his money, we're quite the best of friends. At any rate, you'll agree that it would be the deuce to pay if I were to fall in love."

"Ffff," breathed Lady Blanchemain, fanning. "What did I say of an age of prose and prudence? Yet you don't *look* cold-blooded. What does money matter? *Dominus providebit*. Go read Browning. What's 'the true end, sole and single' that we're here for? Besides, have you never heard that there are such things as marriageable heiresses in the world?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard that," John cheerfully assented. "But don't they almost always squint or something? I've heard, too, that there are such things as tufted fortune hunters, but theirs is a career that requires a special vocation, and I'm afraid I haven't got it."

"Then you're no true Marquis of Carabas," the lady took him smartly up.

"You've found me out—I'm only a *faux-marquis*," he laughed.

"Thrrr," breathed Lady Blanchemain, and for a little while appeared lost in thought. By and bye she got up and went to the window, and stood looking out. "I never saw a lovelier landscape," she said, musingly. "With the grey hills, and the snow-peaks, and the brilliant sky, with the golden light and the purple shadows, and the cypresses and olives, with the river gleaming below there amongst the peach-blossoms, and—isn't that a blackcap singing in the mimosa? It only needs a pair of lovers to be perfect—it *cries* for a pair of lovers. And instead of them, I find—what? A hermit and celibate. Look here. Make a clean breast of it. *Are* you cold-blooded?" she asked from over her shoulder.

John merely giggled.

"It would serve you right," said she, truculently, "if someone were to rub your eyes with love-in-idleness, to make you dote upon the next live creature that you see."

John merely chuckled.

"I'll tell you what," she proceeded, "I'm a bit of an old witch, and I'll risk a soothword. As there isn't already a woman, there'll shortly be one—my thumbs prick. The stage is set, the scene is too appropriate, the play's inevitable. It was never in the will of Providence that a youth of your complexion should pass the springtime in a spot all teeming with romance like this, and miss a love adventure. A castle in a garden, a flowering valley, and the Italian sky—the Italian sun and moon! Your portraits of these smiling dead women too, if you like, to keep your imagination working. And blackcaps singing in the mimosa. No, no. The lady of the piece is waiting in the wings—my thumbs prick. Give her but the least excuse, she 'll enter, and . . . . Good heavens, my prophetic soul!" she suddenly, with a sort of catch in her throat, broke off.

She turned and faced him, cheeks flushed, eyes flashing.

"Oh, you hypocrite! You monstrous fibber!" she cried, on a tone of jubilation, looking daggers.

"Why? What's up? What's the matter?" asked John, at fault.

"How *could* you have humbugged me so?" she wailed, in delight, reverting to the window. "Anyhow, she's charming. She's made for the part. I couldn't pray for a more promising heroine."

"She? Who?" asked he, crossing to her side.

"Who? Fie, you slyboots!" she crowed with glee.

"Ah, I see," said John.

For, below them, in the garden, just beyond the mimosa (all powdered with fresh gold) where the blackcap was singing, stood a woman.

IX

She stood in the path, beside a sun-dial, from which she appeared to be taking the time of day, a crumbling ancient thing of grey stone, green and brown with mosses; and she was smiling pleasantly to herself the while, all unaware of the couple who watched her from above. She wore a light-coloured garden-frock, and was bareheaded, as one belonging to the place. She was young—two or three and twenty, by her aspect: young, slender, of an excellent height, and, I hope you would have agreed, a beautiful countenance. She studied the sun-dial, and smiled; and what with her dark eyes and softly chiselled features, the pale rose in her cheeks and the deeper rose of her mouth, with her hair too, almost black in shadow, but

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where the sun touched it, turning to sombre red—yes, I think you would have agreed that she was beautiful. Lady Blanchemain, at any rate, found her so.

"She's quite lovely," she declared. "Her face is exquisite—so sensitive, so spiritual; so distinguished, so aristocratic. And so *clever*," she added, after a suspension.

"Mm," said John, his forehead wrinkled, as if something were puzzling him.

"She has a figure—she holds herself well," said Lady Blanchemain.

"Mm," said John.

"I suppose," said she, "you're too much a mere man to be able to appreciate her frock? It's the work of a dressmaker who knows her business. And that lilac muslin (that's so fashionable now) really does, in the open air, with the country for background, show to immense advantage. Come—out with it. Tell me all about her. Who *is* she?"

"That's just what I'm up a tree to think," said John. "I can't imagine. How long has she been there? From what direction did she come?"

"Don't try to hoodwink me any longer," remonstrated the lady, unbelieving.

"I've never in my life set eyes on her before," he solemnly averred.

She scrutinised him sharply.

"Hand on heart?" she doubted.

And he, supporting her scrutiny without flinching, answered, "Hand on heart."

"Well, then," concluded she, with a laugh, "it looks as if I were even more of an old witch than I boasted—and my thumbs pricked to some purpose. Here's the lady of the piece already arrived. There, she's going away. How well she walks. Have after her—have after her quick, and begin your courtship."

The smiling young woman, her lilac dress softly bright in the sun, was moving slowly down the garden path, towards the cloisters; and now she entered them, and disappeared. But John, instead of "having after her," remained at his counsellor's side, and watched.

"She came from that low doorway, beyond there at the right, where the two cypresses are; and she came at the very climax of my vaticination," said her ladyship. "Without a hat, you'll hardly dispute its probable she's staying in the house."

"No—it certainly would seem so," said John. "I'm all up a tree."

"The garden looks rather dreary and empty, now that she has left, doesn't it?" she asked. "Yet it looked jolly enough before her advent. And see—the lizards (there are four of them, aren't there?) that whisked away from the dial at her approach, have come back. Well, *your* work's cut out. I suppose it wouldn't be possible for you to give a poor woman a dish of tea?"

"I was on the very point of proposing it," said John. "May I conduct you to my quarters?"

(To be continued.)

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THE SWIMMING-HOLE

BY

EUGENE WOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

IT is agreed by all, I think, that the two happiest periods in a man's life are his boyhood and about ten years from now. We are exactly in the position described in the hymn:

Lo! On a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas we stand
And cast a wishful eye.

If I remember right, the hymn went to the tune of "Ariel," and I can see John Snodgrass, the precentor, sneaking a furtive C from his pitch-pipe, finding E flat and then sol, and standing up to lead the singing, paddling the air gently with: Down, left, sing. Well, no matter about that now. What I am trying to get at is that we have all a lost Eden in the past and a Paradise Regained in the future. 'Twixt two unbounded seas of happiness we stand on the narrow and arid sand-spit of the present and cast a wishful eye. In hot weather particularly the wishful eye, when directed toward the lost Eden of boyhood, lights on and lingers near the old swimming-hole.

I suppose boys do grow up into a reasonable enjoyment of their faculties in big sea-side cities and on inland farms where there is no accessible body of water larger than a wash-tub, but I prefer to believe that the majority of our adult male population in youth went in swimming in the river up above the dam, where the big sycamore spread out its roots a-purpose for them to climb out on without muddying their feet. Some, I suppose, went in at the Copperas Banks below town, where the current had dug a hole that was "over head and hands," but that was pretty far and almost too handy for the boys from across the tracks.

The wash-tub fellows will have to be left out of it entirely. It was an inferior, low-grade Eden they had anyhow, and if they lost it, why, they're not out very much that I can see. And I rather pity the boys that lived by the sea. They had a good time in their way, I suppose, with sailboats and things, but the ocean is a poor excuse for a swimming-hole. They say salt-water is easier to swim in; kind of bears you up more. Maybe so, but I never could see it; and even so, if it does, that slight advantage is more than made up for by the manifold disadvantages it entails. First place, there's the tide to figure on. If it was high tide last Wednesday at half-past ten in the morning, what time will it be high tide to-day? A boy can't always go when he wants to, and it is no fun to trudge away down to the beach only to find half a mile of soft, gawmy mud between him and the water. And he can't go in wherever it is deep enough and nobody lives near. People own the beach away out under water, and where he is allowed to go in may be a perfect submarine jungle of eel-grass or bottomed with millions of razor-edged barnacles that rip the soles of his feet into bleeding rags. Then, too, when one swims, more or less water gets into one's nose and mouth. River-water may not be exactly what a fastidious person would choose to drink habitually, but there is this in its favor as compared with sea-water: it will stay down after it is swallowed; also, it doesn't gum up your hair; also, if you want to take a cake of soap with you, all you have to look out for is that you don't lose the soap. Nobody tries to use toilet soap in sea-water more than once.

And surf bathing! If there is a bigger swindle than surf bathing, the United States Postal authorities haven't heard of it yet. It is all very well for the women. They can hang on to the ropes and squeal at the big waves and have a perfectly lovely time. Some of the really daring ones crouch down till they actually get their shoulder blades wet. You have to see that for yourself to believe it, but it is as true as I am sitting here. They do so,

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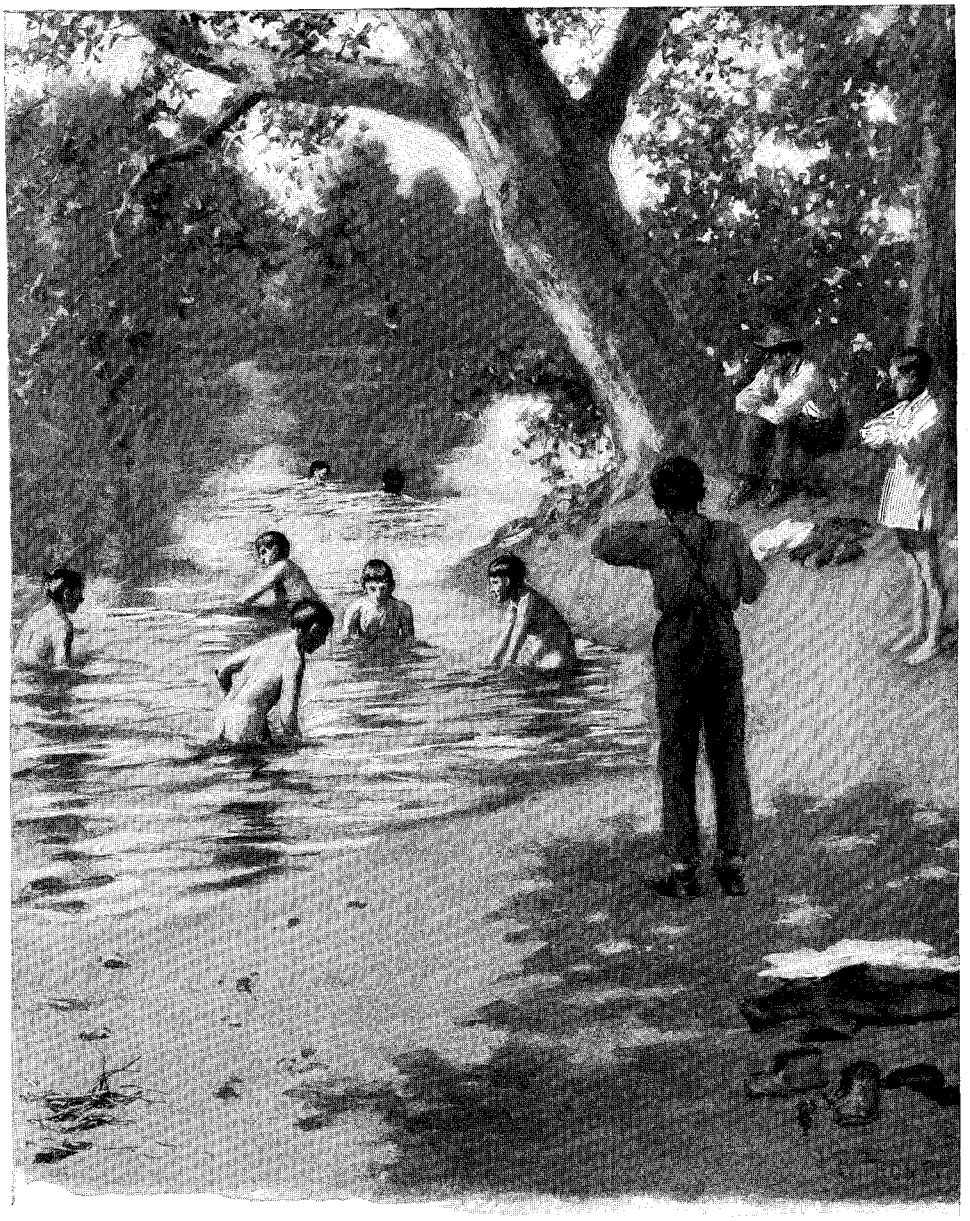

THE SWIMMING-HOLE

some of them. But good land! There's no swimming in surf bathing, no fun for a man. The water is all bouncing up and down. One second it is over head and hands, and the next second it is about to your knees, with a malicious undertow tickling your feet and tugging at your ankles, and growling: "Aw, you think you're some, don't you? Yes. Well, for half a cent I'd take you out and drown you." And I don't like the looks of that boat patrolling up and down between the ropes and the raft. It is too suggestive, too like the skeleton at the banquet, too blunt a reminder that maybe what the undertow growls is not all a bluff.

Another drawback to the ocean as a swimming-hole is that the distances are all wrong. If you want to go to the other side of the "crick" you must take a steamboat. There is no such thing as bundling up your clothes and holding them out of

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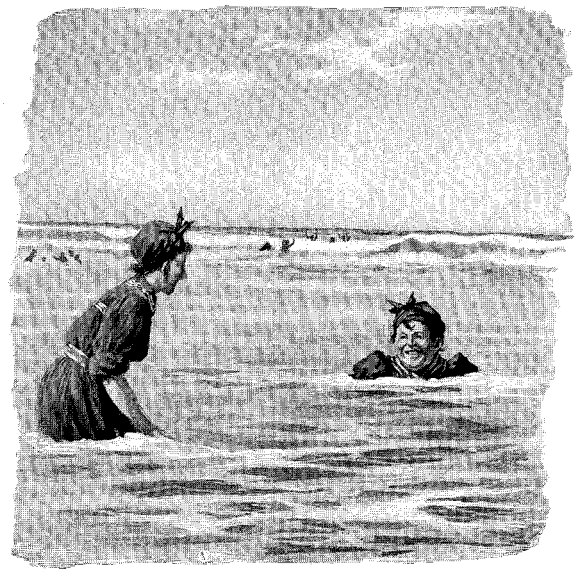

"ACTUALLY GET THEIR SHOULDER BLADES WET"

water with one hand while you swim with the other, perhaps dropping your knife or necktie in transit. I have never been on the other side of the "crick" even on a steamboat, but I am pretty sure that there are no yellowhammers' nests over there or water-melon patches. There were above the dam. At the sea-side they give you as an objective point a raft, anchored at what seems only a little distance from where it gets deep enough to swim in, but which turns out to be a mighty far ways when the water bounces so. When you get there, blowing like a quarter-horse and weighing nine tons as you lift yourself out, there is nothing to do but let your feet hang over while you get rested enough to swim back. It wasn't like that above the dam.

I tell you the ocean is altogether too big. Some profess to admire it on that account, but it is my belief that they do it to be in style. I admit that on a bright, blowy day, when you can sit and watch the shining sails far out on the horizon's rim, it does look right nice, but I account for it in this way: it puts you in mind of some of these expensive oil paintings, and that makes you think it is kind of high class. And another thing: it recalls the picture in the geography that proved the earth was round because the hull of a ship disappeared before the sails, as it would if the ship was going over a hill. You sweep your eye along where the sky and water meet, and it seems you can note the curvature of the earth. Maybe it is that, and maybe it is all in your own eye. I am not saying.

There are good points, too, about the sea on a clear night when the moon is full; or when there is no moon, and the phosphorescence in the water shows, as if mermaids' children were playing with blue-tipped matches. I like to see it when a gale is blowing, and the white caps race. Yes, and when it is a flat calm, with here and there a tiny cat's paw crinkling the water into gray-green crêpe. And also when — but there! it is no use cataloguing all kinds of weather and all hours of the day and night. What I don't approve of in the ocean is its everlasting bigness. It is so discouraging. It makes a body seem so no-account and insignificant. You come away feeling meaner than a sheep-killing dog. "Oh, what's the use?" you say to yourself. "What's the use of my breaking my neck to do anything or be anybody? Before I was born — before History began — before any foot of being that could be called a man trod these sands, the waves beat thus the pulse of time. When I am gone — when all that man has made, that seems so firm and everlasting, shall have crumbled into the earth, whence it sprang, this wave, so momentary and so eternal, shall still surge up the slanting beach, and trail its lacy mantle

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in retreat. . . . O, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen."

And that's no way for a man to feel. He ought to be confident and sure of himself. If he hasn't yet done all that he laid out to do, he should feel that it is in him to do it, and that he will before the time comes for him to go, and that when it is done it shall be worth while.

It is the ocean's everlasting bigness that makes it so cold to swim in. At the seaside bathing pavilions they have a blackboard whereon they chalk up "70°" or "72°" or whatever they think folks will like. They never say in so many words that a man went down into the water and held a thermometer in it long enough to get the true temperature, but they lead you to believe it. All I have to say is that they must have very optimistic thermometers. I just wish some of these poor little seashore boys could have a chance to try the old swimming-hole up above the dam.

"CHALK UP 70° OR 72°"

Certainly along about early going-barefoot time the water is a little cool, but you take it in the middle of August—ah, I tell you! When you come out of the water then you don't have to run up and down to get your blood in circulation or pile the warm sand on yourself or hunt for the steam-room. Only thing is, if you stay in all day, as you want to, it thins your blood, and you get the "fever 'n' ager."

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"'YOU'RE NOT GOING SWIMMING, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS ABOUT IT'"

But you can stay in as long as you want to, that's the point, without your lips turning the color of a chicken's gizzard.

And there's this about the old swimming-hole, or there was in my day: There were no women and girls fussing around and squalling: "Now, you stop splashin' water on me! Quit it now! Quee-yut!" I don't think it looks right for women folks to have anything to do with water in large quantities. On a sailboat, now, they are the very—but perhaps we had better not go into that. At a picnic, indeed, they used to take off their shoes and stockings and paddle their feet in the water, but that was as much as ever they did. They never thought of going in swimming. Even at the seashore, now when Woman is so emancipated, they go "bathing," not swimming. I don't like to see a woman swim any more than I like to see a woman smoke a cigar. And for the same reason. It is more fun than she is entitled to. A woman's place is home minding the baby, and cooking the meals. Nothing would do her but she had to be born a woman. She had the same liberty of choice that we men had. Very well, I say, let her take the consequences.

It is only natural, then, that she should refuse to let her boys go swimming. She pays off her grudge that way. Just because she can't go herself she is bound that they sha'n't either. She says they will get drowned, but we know about that. It is only an excuse to keep them from having a little fun. She has to say something. They won't get drowned. Why, the idea! They haven't the least intention of any such thing.

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"Well, but Robbie, supposing you couldn't help yourself?"

"How couldn't help myself?"

"Why, get the cramps. Suppose you got the cramps, then what?"

"Aw, pshaw! Cramps nothin'! They hain't no sich of a thing. And, anyhow, if I did get 'em, I'd jist kick 'em right out. This way."

"Now, Robbie, you know you did have a terrible cramp in your foot just only the other night. Don't you remember?"

"Aw, that! That ain't nothin'. That ain't the cramps that drownds people. Didn't I tell you, I'd jist kick it right out? That's what they all do when they git the cramps. But they don't nobody git 'em now no more."

"I don't want you to go in the water and get drowned. You know you can't swim."

This is too much. Oh, this is rank injustice! Worse yet, it is bad logic.

"How'm I ever goin' to learn if you don't let me go to learn?"

"Well, you can't go, and that's the end of it."

Isn't that just like a woman? Perfectly unreasonable! Dear! dear!

"Now, Ma, listen here. S'posin' we was all goin' some place on a steamboat, me and you and Pa and the baby and all of us, and——"

"That won't ever happen, I guess."

"CAIN'T YOU LET ME TELL YOU?" And s'posin' the boat was to sink, and I could swim and save you from drown——"

"You're not going swimming, and that's all there is about it."

"Other boys' mas lets them go. I don't see why I can't go."

No answer.

"Ma, won't you let me go? I won't get drowned, hope to die if I do. Ma, won't you let me go? Ma!—*Ma*-a!—MAW-ah!"

"Stop yelling at me that way. Good land! Do you think I'm deaf?"

"Won't you let me go? Please, won't you let——"

"No, I won't. I told you I wouldn't, and I mean it. You might as well make up your mind to stay at home, for you're—*not*—*going*. Hush up now. This instant, sir! Robbie, do you hear me? Stop crying. Great baby! I'd be ashamed to cry that way, as big as you are!"

Mean old Ma! Guess she'd cry too 'f she could see the other kids that waited for him to go and ask her—if she could see them moving off, tired of waiting. They're 'most up to Lincoln Avenue.

"Ooooooooooo-hoo—hoo—hoo-hoo-oooooooo-ah! I wanna gow-ooooo."

"Did you hoe that corn your father told you to?"

"Ooooooooooo-hoo-hoo-hoo-oooooooo! wanna gow-oooooo."

"Robbie! Did you hoe that corn?"

The last boy, the one with the stone bruise on his heel, limps around the corner. They have all the fun. His ma won't let him go barefoot because it spreads his feet.

"Robbie! Answer me."

"Mam?"

"Did you hoe that corn your father told you to?"

"Yes, mam."

"All of it? Did you hoe all of it?"

"Prett' near all of it." Well begun is half done. One hill is a good beginning, and half done is pretty nearly all.

"Go and finish it."

"I will if you'll let me go swimmin'."

It flashes upon him that even now by running he can catch up with the other fellows. He can finish the hoeing when he gets back.

"You'll do it anyhow, and you're not going swimming. Now, that's the end of

"WHEN THE SEWING MACHINE GETS TO GOING GOOD"

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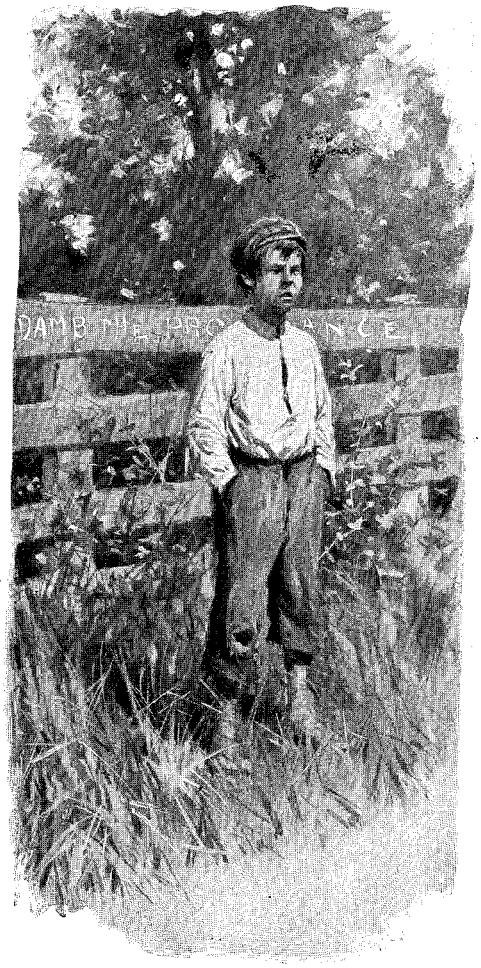

"A RACE APART . . . WHO HATED US"

it. You march out to that garden this minute, or I'll take a stick to you. And don't let me hear another whimper out of you. Robbie! Come back here and shut that door properly. I shall tell your father how you have acted. I'd be ashamed —I'd be *ashamed* to show temper that way."

It says for children to obey their parents, but if more boys minded their mothers there would be fewer able to swim. While I shrink with horror from even seeming to encourage dropping the hoe when the sewing machine gets to going good, by its thunderous spinning throwing up an impervious wall of sound to conceal retreat into the back alley, across the street, up the alley back of Alexander's, and so on up to Fountain Avenue in time to catch up with the gang, still I regard swimming as an exercise of the extremest value in the development of the growing boy. It builds up every muscle. It is particularly beneficial to the lungs. To have a good pair of lungs is the same thing as having a good constitution. It is nice to have a healthy boy, and it is nice to have an obedient boy, but if one must choose which he will have—that's a very difficult question. I think it should be left to the casuists. Nevertheless, now is the boy's only chance to grow. He will have abundant opportunities to learn obedience.

In the last analysis there are two ways of acquiring the art of swimming, the sudden way and the slow way. I have never personally known anybody that learned in the sudden way, but I have heard enough about it to describe it. It is the quickest known method. One day the boy is among the gibbering white monkeys at the river's edge, content to splash in the water that comes but half way to his crouching knees. The next day he swims with the big boys as bold as any of them. In the meantime his daddy has taken him out in a boat, out where it is deep—Oh! Ain't it deep there?—and thrown him overboard. The boat is kept far enough away to be out of the boy's reach and yet near enough to be right there in case anything happens. (I like that "in case anything happens." It sounds so cheerful.) It being what Aristotle defines as "a ground-hog case," the boy learns to swim immediately. He has to.

It seems reasonable that he should. But still and all, I don't just fancy it. Once when a badly scared man grabbed me by the arms in deep water I had the fear of drowning take hold of my soul, and it isn't a nice feeling at all. Somehow when I hear folks praising up this method of teaching a child to swim, I seem to hear the little fellow's screams that he doesn't want to be thrown into the water. I can see him clinging to his father for protection, and finding that heart hard and unpitying. I can see his finger-nails whiten with his clutch on anything that gives a hand-hold. His father strips off his grip, at first with boisterous laughter, and then with hot anger at the little fool. He calls him a cry-baby, and slaps his mouth for him, to stop his noise. The little body sprawls in the air and strikes with a loud splash, and the child's gargling cry is strangled by the water whitened by his mad clawings. I can see his head come

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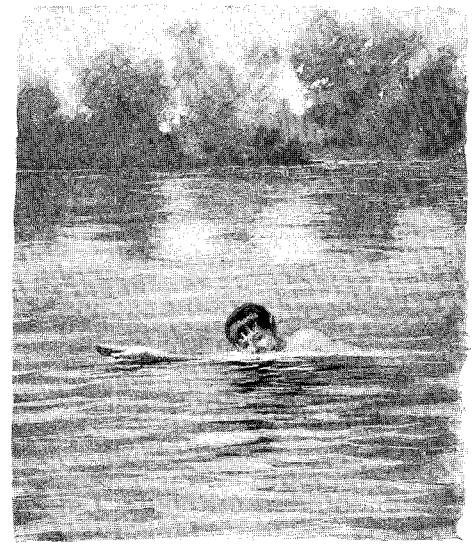
up, his eyes bulging, and his face distorted with the awful fear that is ours by the inheritance of ages. He will sink and come up again, not three times, but hundreds of times. Eventually he will win safe to shore, panting and trembling, his little heart knocking against his ribs, it is true, but lord of the water from that time forth. It is a very fine method, yes . . . but . . . well, if it was my boy I had just as lief he tarried with the little white monkeys at the river's edge. Let him squeal and crouch and splash and learn how to half drown the other fellow by shooting water at him with the heel of his hand. Let him alone. He will be watching the others swim. He will edge out a little farther and kick up his heels while with his hands he holds on the ground. He will edge out a little farther still and try to keep his feet on the bottom and swim with his hands. Be patient in his attempt to combine the two methods of travel. He is not the only one that fears to be one thing or the other, and regards a mixture of both as the safest way to get along.

No, I cannot say that I wholly approve of the sudden method of learning to swim. It has the advantage of lumping all the scares of a lifetime into one and having it over with, and yet I don't suppose the scare of being thrown into the water by one's daddy is really greater than being ducked in mid-stream by some hulking, cackle-voiced big boy. It seems greater though, I suppose, because a fellow cannot very well relieve his feelings by throwing stones at his daddy and bawling: "Goldarn you anyhow, you — you — big stuff! I'll get hunk with you, now you see if I don't!" Here would be just the place to make the little boy tie knots in the big boy's shirt-sleeves, soak the knots in water, and pound them between stones. But that is kind of common, I think. They told about it at the swimming-hole above the dam, but nobody was mean enough to do it. Maybe they did it down at the Copperas Banks below town. The boys from across the tracks went there, a race apart, whom we feared, and who hated us, if the legend chalked up on the fences: "DAMB THE PRODESTANCE," meant anything.

Under the slow method of learning to swim one had leisure to observe the different fashions — dog-fashion and cow-fashion, steamboat-fashion, and such. The little kids and beginners swum dog-fashion,



"THAT NATTY LITTLE SPAT"

which on that account was considered contemptible. The fellow was sneered at that screwed up his face as if in a cloud of suffocating dust, and fought the water with noise and fury, putting forth enough energy to carry him a mile, and actually going about two feet if he were headed down stream. Scientific men say that the use of the limbs, first on one side and then on the other, is instinctive to all creatures of the monkey tribe. That is the way they do in an emergency, since that is the way to scramble up among the tree limbs. I know that it is the easiest way to swim, and the least effective. When the arms are extended together in the breast stroke, it is as much superior to dog-fashion as man is superior to the ape. I have always thought to swim thus with steady and deliberate arm action, the water parting at the chin and rising just to the root of the underlip, was the most dignified and manly attitude the human being can put himself in. Cow-fashion was a burlesque of this, and the swimmer reared out of water with each stroke, creating tidal waves. It was thought to be vastly comic. Steamboat-fashion was where a fellow swam on his back, keeping his body up by a gentle, secret paddling motion with his hands, while with his feet he lashed the water into foam, like some river stern-wheeler. If he could cry: "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" in hoarse falsetto to mimic the whistle, it was an added charm.

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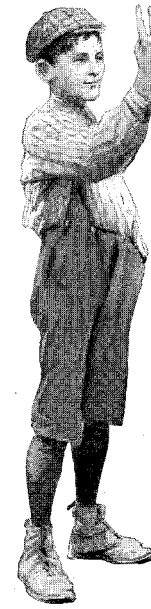
It was a red-headed boy from across the tracks on his good behavior at the swimming-hole above the dam that I first saw swim hand-over-hand, or "sailor-fashion" as we called it, rightly or wrongly, I know not. I can hear now the crisp, staccato little smack his hand gave the water as he reached forward.

It has ever since been my envy and despair. It is so knowing, so "sporty." I class it with being able to wear a pink-barred shirt front with a diamond cluster pin in it; with having my clothes so nobby and stylish that one thread more of modishness would be beyond the human power to endure; with being genuinely fond of horse-racing; with being a first-class poker player, I mean a really first-class one; with being able to swallow a drink of whisky as if I liked it instead of having to choke it down with a shudder; with knowing truly great men like Fitzsimmons, or whoever it is that is great now, so as to be able to slap him on the back and say: "Why, hello! Bob, old boy, how are you?" with being delighted with the company of actors, instead of finding them as thin as tissue-paper — what wouldn't I give if I could be like that? My life has been a sad one. But I might find some comfort in it yet if I could only get that natty little spat on the water when I lunge forward swimming overhand.

We used to think the old swimming-hole was a bully place, but I know better now. The sycamore leaned well out over the water, and there was a trapeze on the branch that grew parallel with the shore, but the water near it was never deep enough to dive into. And that is another occasion of humiliation. I can't dive worth a cent. When I go down to the slip behind Fulton Market — they sell fish at Fulton Market; just follow your nose and you can't miss it — and see the rows of little white monkeys doing nothing but diving, I realize that the old swimming-hole with all its beauties, its green leafiness, its clean, long grass to lie upon while drying in the sun, or to pull out and bite off the tender, chrome-yellow ends, was but a provincial, country-jake affair. There were no watermelon rinds there, no broken berry-baskets, no orange peel, no nothing. All the fish in it were just common live ones. And there was no diving. But at the real, proper city swimming-place all the little white monkeys can dive. Each is gibbering and shrieking: "Hey, Chim-mee! Chim-*mee*! Hey, Chim-mee! *Chim-mee*! Hey, CHIM-MEE-EE! How'ss t'iss?" crossing himself and tipping over head first, coming up so as to "lay his hair," giving a shaking snort to clear his nose and mouth of water, regaining the ladder with three overhand strokes (every one of them with that natty little spat that I can't get), climbing up to the string-piece and running for Chimmy, red-eyed, shivering, and dripping, to ask: "How wass t'at?" And I can't dive for a cent — that is, I can't dive from a great elevation. I set my teeth and vow I just *will* dive from ten feet above the water, and every time it gets down to a poor, picayune dive off the lowest round of the ladder. I blame my early education for it. I was taught to be careful about pitching myself head foremost on rocks and broken bottles. I used to think it was a fine swimming-hole, and that I was having a grand time, a grand, good time, well worth any ordinary licking; but now that I have traveled around and seen things, I know that it was a poor, provincial, country-jake affair after all. The first time I swam across and back without "letting down" it was certainly an immense place, but when I went back there a year ago last summer — why, pshaw! it



"WHISTLED IN OUR BACK ALLEY AND HELD UP TWO FINGERS"

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wasn't anything at all. It was a dry summer, I admit, but not as dry as all that. A poor, pitiful, provincial, two-for-a-cent — and yet . . . and yet . . .

And yet I sat there after I had dressed and mused on the former things — the life that was, but never could be again; the Eden before whose gate was a flaming sword turning every way. The night was still and moonless. The Milky Way slanted across the dark dome above. It was far from the street lamps that greened among the leafy maples in the silent streets. Gushes of air stirred the fluttering sycamore, and whispered in the tall larches that marched down the boundary line of the Blymire property. The last group of swimmers had turned into the road from around the clump of willows at the end of the pasture. The boy that is always the last one had nearly caught up with the others, for the velvet pat of his bare feet in the deep dust was slowing. Their eager chatter softened and softened, until it blended with the sounds of night that verge on silence, the fall of a leaf, the up-springing of a trodden tuft of grass, the sleepy twitter of a dreaming bird, and the shrilling of locusts patiently turning a creaking wheel. I heard the thump of hoofs and buggy wheels booming in the covered bridge, and a shudder came upon me that was not all the chill of falling dew. Again I was a little boy, standing in a circle of my fellows and staring at something pale, stretched out upon the ground. Ben Snyder had dived for It and found It and brought It up and laid It on the long, clean grass. Some one had said we ought to get a barrel and roll It on the barrel, but there was none there. And then some one said: "No, it was against the law to touch anything like That before the Coroner came." So, though we wished that something might be done, we were glad the law stepped in and stringently forbade us touching what our flesh crept to think of touching. No longer existed for us the boy that had the spy-glass and the "Swiss Family Robinson." Something cold and terrible had taken his place, something that could not see, and yet looked upward with unwinking eyes. The gloom deepened, and the dew began to fall. We could hear the boy that ran for the doctor whimpering a long way off. We wanted to go home, and yet we dared not. Something might get us. And we could not leave That alone in the dark with It's eyes wide open. The locusts in the grass turned and turned their creaking wheel, and the wind whispered in the tall larches. We heard the thump of hoofs and wheels booming in the covered bridge. It was the doctor, come too late. He put his head down to It's bosom (the cold trickled down our backs), and then he said it was too late. If we had known enough, he said, we might have saved him. We slunk away. It was very lonesome. We kept together, and spoke low. We stopped to hearken for a moment outside the house where the boy had lived that had the spy-glass and the "Swiss Family Robinson." Some one had told his mother. And then, with a great and terrible fear within us, we ran each to his own home, swiftly and silently. We knew now why mother did not want us to go swimming.

* * * * * * * *

But the next afternoon, when Chuck Grove whistled in our back alley and held up two fingers, I dropped the hoe and went with him. It was bright daylight then, and that is different from the night.

THE CONTENTED MEADOW MOUSE

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

I AM *a simple meadow mouse,*
And live within a burrowed house,
But I can look up through its door
And view the sky and sometimes more —
Now it's a linnet, now a kite,
And now a shivery star at night.

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COMEDY OF THE CATECHISED

ANSWERS GIVEN BY CIVIL SERVICE APPLICANTS

BY

A. M. JONES

IN the attempt of the Civil Service Commission to test "merit and fitness" by competitive examinations, much light is thrown on the mental processes of certain applicants in the presence of the written word.

Among the regular questions to be answered by applicants for admission to the examinations in the City of New York is the following: "Do you use intoxicating beverages and, if so, to what extent?" It was a Yankee who replied, "No, but I take a drink," and it was a Swede who carefully estimated the extent of his indulgence at "one glass of beer in ten days." The birthplace of the man who wrote that he did use intoxicating beverages "but not as an occupation" is not recorded, and the nationality of the mournful applicant who also drank, but "not to success," may well be a matter of doubt. One applicant of simple vocabulary was content to respond, "yes — mild," while another added the assurance that he drank in a "gentlemanly way." Still another sought to remove all prejudice from the minds of the examiners by stating that he never used any "beverages" at all, and one of his companions admitted using them, though "not effectively."

The commonest answer to the question consists either of the single word "moderately" or of some equivalent phrase, which, on the whole, seems to the examiners the most suitable response, as they do not expect a candidate to confess that he indulges to excess or is a confirmed drunkard, nor do they look for an extremely large proportion of the number of total abstainers in the community to aspire to the public service. Perhaps the honest soul who reported himself "almost temperate" was a fair representative. Sometimes by a slip the applicant will write the reverse of what he obviously intended, as when recently one said "immoderation," and another replied "Yes, to *no* extent." The answers are usually given in a spirit of candor, for their essence is almost uniformly confirmed by the statements of the "vouchers" or references attached to the application.

The question "What training or experience have you had to fit you for the position you now seek?" affords a wider field for play of the imagination. It is, perhaps, more pathetic than amusing to find a young woman stating that she has "always been considered a perfect lady" in proof of qualifications as a typewriter and stenographer. A confiding husband from the western part of the State who thought the desire of his wife to live in New York City a good reason for his appointment to a clerkship, certainly gained the sympathy of the examiners if not the position applied for. The applicant for the position of recreation pier attendant who declared that keeping boarders "gives enough experience to hold any position," was expressing fearlessly a widely entertained belief. A candidate for the position of examiner of dependent children justified her application by saying that she had trained children for fourteen years and had had charge of three orphans *not her own!* Spirited if not convincing was the reply of the would-be patrolman who wrote rebukingly: "I can see no reason for my giving any facts which would qualify me for the position of patrolman which I am looking for." A candidate for the position of fireman felt that he had furthered his chances by stating: "I have worked in dangerous places such as churches," and another applicant for the same position had been a "stationary engineer," and wished to become a fireman in order to live "a more quiet life." Possibly a similar desire inspired the applicant who wrote: "I am now employed as a clerk and all-around-man for my people-in-law." None of these, however, made so direct an appeal

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to sentiment as did the engineer who wrote:

"DEAR COMMISSIONER:
"Please transfer me from Engine No.—— to Engine No.—— that I may be nearer to those you love."

Sometimes the questions intended to disclose an applicant's fitness for the special duties of the position for which he applies call out peculiar mental and spiritual qualities. One aspirant to the position of keeper of menagerie, asked to describe his course of action should he see a visitor burn an animal with a lighted cigar, replied courteously but ambiguously: "I would show him the greatest possible attention, at the same time avoid as much as possible entering into unnecessary conversation with anyone." Asked what should be done if a tiger refused for two days to take his food, the same candidate revealed a double standard of manners: "Use harsh, violent, coarse, and insolent language at him," he said, "which has a tendency of making him feed."

To the pertinent and not too academic question: "What kind of food is given to birds of prey in captivity?" a cautious applicant replied, "The latter." To the more abstruse question: "What marked difference is there between animals exhibited at a circus and those exhibited at a city menagerie?" the comprehensive reply was given: "The City tell of the names of the animals by a sighn." Another canditate defined a menagerie as "an abode which contains the five structural divisions of nature (except man) for the benefit of man." In answer to a request to name three birds of prey the following lists were received:

1. The canary, the dove, and the sparrow.
2. The eagle, the chicken, the hawk.
3. Tiger, lion, leopard.

To the question: "What common form of physic is employed in a circus or menagerie?" came the startling response: "Men only." Occasionally a candidate is gifted with a style of more or less elaboration which leads to the use of striking expressions. One gentleman seeking to become a fish inspector reported of certain scallops presented for his verdict: "They look good, but not seeing their savory juice am compelled to unanswer their value."

Letter writing is an obligatory subject for examinations for clerical positions, under which head comes the position of office boy or girl. An ambitious child of less than eighteen wrote a letter purporting to contain an account of the day's examination. The style is fairly represented by the following extracts:

"On entering the room each young lady was seated at a desk where she alone might reign as queen and enjoy the comforts attainable only to a sole occupant of a desk . . . Once seated at a desk one might suppress within one's self a feeling of being solely alone . . . Hoping that I have indulged in a share of the necessary assistance needed at such a time, and attainable only from one Source, and that, from the hand of Him our Heavenly Father, who alone can render assistance at such an hour, I remain ever, your affectionate friend, No.——"

Opportunities to uphold high moral standards are seldom neglected. In an examination for promotion of librarians, one young woman, in response to an inquiry concerning the class of people to be given access to the shelves, wrote: "The only class of people that it is safe to allow to the shelves are those that are strictly honest, the others have to be watched," adding by way of reflection, "all people are not dishonest but all have to be watched." A candidate for the position of janitor of schools showed resource in replying to the question: "To what extent may a janitor exert his influence in preventing young children from forming bad associations?" "Use every honorable method," he wrote, "and if that will not do, take them to the Principal." Another, confronted by the same question, answered in the hygienic spirit of the present hour: "By keeping the windows a little open and not to have the heat more than 68 or 72 degrees." If any reader is uninformed concerning the duties of an attendance officer, this description from another examination paper will enlighten him:

"The duties of an attendence officer are to assist the educational authorities of New York City in their efforts to teach the rising generation of our municipality the duties and privileges of citizens of our great and glorious republic, by seeing to it that children are not at large on the streets during school hours, when they should be under the careful direction of a teacher capable of moulding that susceptible brain or mind into the proper moral and commercial channel." Surely it could not be argued

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that a public servant of this metal failed to appreciate the dignity of his calling!

In the same examination it was asked: "If you have any opinions on the subject of truancy not brought out by the previous questions, state them." One candidate smoothed the path of the examiners by the prompt admission: "I have no opinions," making assurance doubly sure by adding, "I never had."

In the majority of cases applications of competitors for Civil Service positions must be accompanied with the certificate of four reputable persons that they have been personally acquainted with the applicant for at least one year and believe him to be fit for the service he wishes to enter. These vouchers are asked to give their name, occupation, and address. One respectable citizen wrote: "I am by occupation a tow-boat." Another, "I am sea-food;" a third wrote: "I am a cigar;" a fourth: "I am by occupation a junk-shop;" a fifth: "A gentleman." One of feminine gender recorded her occupation as having been for the past year that of teacher, for the preceding year she had been "a lady."

The foregoing examples of intelligent comprehension of the questions asked in Civil Service examinations are, of course, exceptions to the general rule, collected at intervals during a period of some years. Many incapables present themselves at the examinations, the purpose of which is that no incapables shall find themselves upon the eligible lists. We can only sadly recommend to their consideration the reply of an unfortunate candidate with a fancy for abstract statement: *Question*—Are you aware of anything that disqualifies you for a full discharge of official duty? *Answer*—Incompetency.

PETER COOPER HEWITT—INVENTOR

THREE GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS IN ELECTRICAL SCIENCE

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

ONE after another, almost within the space of a single year, Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York City, has given the world three remarkable electrical inventions. Any one of them would be sufficient to make a man famous; the three have placed Mr. Hewitt in the very front rank of present-day inventors and scientists. So high an authority as Lord Kelvin, the greatest of living electricians, said after his recent visit to this country:

"What attracted me most in America was the work of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt and his vacuum lamp."

And the public at large is quite as deeply concerned as the scientists, for the new inventions have an intimate importance for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Briefly, before taking up the noteworthy story of the experiments, this is the essence and significance of the inventions:

First—The new electric lamp.

On an evening in January, 1902, a great crowd was attracted to the entrance of the Engineers' Club in New York City. Over the doorway a narrow glass tube gleamed with a strange blue-green light of such intensity that print was easily readable across the street, and yet so softly radiant that one could look directly at it without the sensation of blinding discomfort which accompanies nearly all brilliant artificial lights. The hall within, where Mr. Hewitt was making the first puplic announcement of his great discovery, was also illuminated by the wonderful new tubes. The light was different from anything ever seen before, grateful to the eyes, much like daylight, only giving the face a curious, pale-green, unearthly appearance. The cause of this phenomenon was soon evident; the

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tubes were seen to give forth all the rays except red,—orange, yellow, green, blue, violet—so that under its illumination the room and the street without, the faces of the spectators, the clothing of the women lost all their shades of red; indeed, changing the very face of the world to a pale green-blue. The extraordinary appearance of this lamp and its profound significance as a scientific discovery at once awakened a wide public interest, especially among electricians who best understood its importance. Here was an entirely new sort of electric light. The familiar incandescent lamp, the invention of Thomas A. Edison, though the best of all methods of illumination, is also the most expensive. Mr. Hewitt's lamp, though not yet adapted to all the purposes served by the Edison lamp, on account of its peculiar color, produces eight times as much light with the same amount of power. It is also practically indestructible, there being no filament to burn out; and it requires no special wiring. By means of this invention electricity, instead of being the most costly means of illumination, becomes the cheapest—cheaper even than kerosene. No further explanation than this is necessary to show the enormous importance of this invention.

Second—A new, cheap, and simple method of converting alternating electrical currents into direct currents.

At first glance, an invention of this sort makes little appeal to the non-scientific world, though every electrician is instantly cognizant of its great importance and significance. The chief pursuit of science and invention in this day of wonders is the electrical conquest of the world, the introduction of the electrical age. The electric motor is driving out the steam locomotive, the electric light is superseding gas and kerosene, the waterfall must soon take the place of coal. But certain great problems stand like solid walls in the way of development, part of them problems of science, part of mechanical efficiency. The battle of science is, indeed, not unlike real war, charging its way over one battlement after another until the very citadel of final secret is captured. Mr. Hewitt with his simple converter has led the way over one of the most serious barriers in the progress of technical electricity, enabling the whole industry, in a hundred different phases of its progress, to take a long step forward.

The converter is simplicity itself. Here are two kinds of electrical currents: the alternating and the direct. Science has found it much cheaper and easier to produce and transmit the alternating current than the direct current. Unfortunately, however, only the direct currents are used for such practical purposes as driving an electric car or automobile, or running an elevator, or operating machine tools or the presses in a printing office, and they are preferable for electric lighting. The power of Niagara Falls is changed into an alternating current which can be sent at high pressure (high voltage) over the wires for long distances, but before it can be used it must, for some purposes, be *converted* into an alternating current of less pressure and for others into a direct current. The apparatus now in use is cumbersome, expensive, and wasteful. Mr. Hewitt's new converter is a mere bulb of glass or of steel, which a man can hold in his hand. A three-pound Hewitt converter will do the work of a seven-hundred-pound apparatus of the old type; it will cost dollars where the other costs hundreds; and it will save a large proportion of the electricity wasted in the old process. By this simple device, therefore, Mr. Hewitt has in a moment extended the entire range of electrical development. As alternating currents can be carried longer distances by using high pressure, and the pressure or voltage can be changed by the use of a simple transformer and then changed into a direct current by the converter at any convenient point along the line, therefore more waterfalls can be utilized, more of the power of coal can be utilized, more electricity saved after it is generated, rendering the operating of all industries requiring power so much cheaper. Every electric railroad, every lighting plant, every factory using electricity, is intimately concerned in Mr. Hewitt's device, for it will cheapen their power and thereby cheapen their products to you and to me.

Third—The third invention is in some respects the most wonderful of the three. Technically, it is called an electric interrupter or valve. "If a long list of present-day desiderata were drawn up," says the *Electrical World and Engineer*, "it would perhaps contain no item of more immediate importance than an interrupter which shall be . . . inexpensive and simple of applica-

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tion." This is the view of science; and therefore this device is one upon which a great many inventors, including Mr. Marconi, have recently been working; and Mr. Hewitt has been fortunate in producing the much-needed successful apparatus.

The chief demand for an interrupter has come from the scores of experimenters who are working with wireless telegraphy. In 1894 Mr. Marconi began communicating through space without wires, and it may be said that wireless telegraphy has ever since been the world's imminent invention. Who has not read with profound interest the news of Mr. Marconi's success, the gradual increases of his distances? who has not sympathized with his effort to perfect his machine, to produce a tuning apparatus by means of which messages flying through space could be kept secret? And here at last has come the invention which science most needed to complete and vitalize Marconi's work. By means of Mr. Hewitt's interrupter, the simplicity of which is as astonishing as its efficiency, the whole problem has been suddenly and easily solved.

Mr. Hewitt's new interrupter may, indeed, be called the enacting clause of wireless telegraphy. By its use the transmission of powerful and persistent electrical waves is reduced to scientific accuracy. The apparatus is not only cheap, light, and simple, but it is also a great saver of electrical power.

Mr. Hewitt's achievements possess a peculiar interest for the people of this country. The inventor is an American of Americans. Born to wealth, the grandson of the famous philanthropist, Peter Cooper, the son of Abram S. Hewitt, one of the foremost citizens and statesmen of New York, Mr. Hewitt might have led a life of leisure and ease, but he has preferred to win his successes in the American way, by unflagging industry and perseverance, and has come to his new fortune also like the American, suddenly and brilliantly. As a people we like to see a man deserve his success! The same qualities which made Peter Cooper one of the first of American millionaires, and Abram S. Hewitt one of the foremost of the world's steel merchants, Mayor of New York, and one of its most trusted citizens, have placed Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt among the greatest of American inventors and scientists. Indeed, Peter Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt were both inventors; that is, they had the imaginative inventive mind. Peter Cooper once said:

"I was always planning and contriving, and was never satisfied unless I was doing something difficult—something that had never been done before, if possible.

The grandfather built the first American locomotive: he was one of the most ardent supporters of Cyrus Field in the great project of an Atlantic Cable, and he was for a score of years the president of a cable company. His was the curious, constructive mind. As a boy he built a washing machine to assist his over-worked mother; later on he built the first lawn-mower and invented a process for rolling iron, the first used in this country; he constructed a torpedo boat to aid the Greeks in their revolt against Turkish tyranny in 1824. He dreamed of utilizing the current of the East River for manufacturing power; he even experimented with flying machines, becoming so enthusiastic in this labor that he nearly lost the sight of an eye through an explosion which blew the apparatus to pieces.

It will be seen, therefore, that the grandson comes naturally by his inclinations. It was his grandfather who gave him his first chest of tools and taught him to work with his hands, and he has always had a fondness for contriving new machines or working out difficult scientific problems. Until the last few years, however, he has never devoted his whole time to the work which best pleased him. For years he was connected with his father's extensive business enterprise, an active member, in fact, of the firm of Cooper, Hewitt & Co., and he has always been prominent in the social life of New York, a member of no fewer than eight prominent clubs. But never for a moment in his career—he is now forty-two years old, though he looks scarcely thirty-five—has he ceased to be interested in science and mechanics. As a student in Stevens Institute and later in Columbia College, he gave particular attention to electricity, physics, chemistry, and mechanics. Later, when he went into business, his inventive mind turned naturally to the improvement of manufacturing methods, with the result that his name appears in the Patent Records as the inventor of many useful devices—a vacuum pan, a glue clarifier, a glue cutter and other glue machinery, and numerous others.

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He worked at and learned many sorts of trades with his own hands: machine shop practice, blacksmithing, steam-fitting, carpentry, jewelry work, and other work-a-day employments. He worked in a jeweler's shop, learning how to make rings and to set stones; he managed and hired a steam launch; he was for eight years in his grandfather's glue factory, where he had practical problems in mechanics constantly brought to his attention. And he was able to combine all this hard practical work with a fair amount of shooting, golfing, and automobiling.

Most of Mr. Hewitt's scientific work of recent years has been done after business hours — the long, slow, plodding toil of the experimenter. There is surely no royal road to success in invention no matter how well a man may be equipped, no matter how favorably his means are fitted to his hands. He worked for seven years on the electrical investigations which resulted in his three great inventions: thousands of experiments were performed; thousands of failures opened the way for the first glimmers of success.

His laboratory during most of these years was hidden away in the tall tower of Madison Square Garden, overlooking Madison Square, with the roar of Broadway and Twenty-third Street coming up from the distance. Here he has worked, gradually expanding the scope of his experiments, increasing his force of assistants, until he now has an office and two workshops in Madison Square Garden and is building a more extensive laboratory elsewhere. Replying to the remark that he was fortunate in having the means to carry forward his experiments in his own way, he said:

"The fact is quite the contrary. I have had to make my laboratory pay as I went along."

Mr. Hewitt chose his problem deliberately and he chose one of the most difficult in all the range of electrical science, but one which, if solved, promised the most flattering rewards.

"The essence of modern invention," he said, "is the saving of waste, the increase of efficiency in the various mechanical appliances."

This being so, he chose the most wasteful, the least efficient of all widely used electrical devices — the incandescent lamp. Of all the power used in producing the glowing filament in the Edison bulb, about ninety-seven per cent. is absolutely wasted, only three per cent. appearing in light. This three per cent. efficiency of the incandescent lamp compares very unfavorably, indeed, with the forty per cent. efficiency of the gasoline engine, the twenty-two per cent. efficiency of the marine engine, and the ninety per cent. efficiency of the dynamo.

Mr. Hewitt first stated his problem very accurately. The waste of power in the incandescent lamp is known to be due largely to the conversion of a considerable part of the electricity used into useless heat. An electric lamp bulb feels hot to the hand. It was therefore necessary to produce a cool light; that is, a light in which the energy was converted wholly or largely into light rays and not into heat rays. This, indeed, has long been one of the chief goals of ambition among inventors. Mr. Hewitt turned his attention to the gases. Why could not some incandescent gas be made to yield the much desired light without heat?

This was the germ of the idea. Comparatively little was known of the action of electricity in passing through the various gases, though the problem involved had long been the subject of experiment, and Mr. Hewitt found himself at once in a maze of unsolved problems and difficulties.

"I tried many different gases," he said, "and found that some of them gave good results — nitrogen, for instance — but many of them produced too much heat and presented other difficulties."

Finally, he took up experiments with mercury confined in a tube from which the air had been exhausted. The mercury arc, as it is called, had been experimented with years before, had even been used as a light, although at the time he began his investigations Mr. Hewitt knew nothing of these earlier investigations. He used ordinary glass vacuum tubes with a little mercury in the bottom which he vaporized under the influence of heat or by a strong current of electricity. He found it a rocky experimental road; he has called invention "systematic guessing."

"I had an equation with a large number of unknown quantities," he said. "About the only thing known for a certainty was the amount of current passing into the receptacle containing the gas and its pressure. I had to assume values for them (in every experiment) and you can understand what

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a great number of trials were made, using different combinations, before obtaining results. I presume thousands of experiments were made."

Many other investigators had been on the very edge of the discovery. They had tried sending strong currents through a vacuum tube containing mercury vapor but had found it impossible to control the resistance. One day, however, in running a current into the tube Mr. Hewitt suddenly recognized certain flashes; a curious phenomenon. Always it is the unexpected thing, the thing unaccounted for, that the mind of the inventor leaps upon. For there, perhaps, is the key he is seeking. Mr. Hewitt continued his experiments and found that the mercury vapor was conducting. He next discovered that *when once the high resistance of the cold mercury was overcome, a very much less powerful current found ready passage and produced a very brilliant light: the glow of the mercury vapor*. This, Mr. Hewitt says, was the crucial point, the genesis of his three inventions, for all of them are applications of the mercury arc.

Thus, in short, he invented the new lamp. By the use of what is known to electricians as a "boosting coil," supplying for an instant a very powerful current, the initial resistance of the cold mercury in the tube is overcome and then, the booster being automatically shut off, the current ordinarily used in incandescent lighting produces an illumination eight times as intense as the Edison bulb of the same candle power. The mechanism is exceedingly simple and cheap; a button turns the light on or off; the remaining apparatus is not more complex than that of the ordinary incandescent light. The Hewitt lamp is best used in the form of a long horizontal tube suspended overhead in a room, the illumination filling all the space below with a radiance much like daylight, not glaring and sharp as with the Edison bulb. Mr. Hewitt has a large room hung with green material and thus illuminated, giving the visitor a very strange impression of a redless world. After a few moments spent here a glance out of the window shows a curiously red landscape, and red buildings, a red Madison Square, the red coming out more prominently by contrast with the blue-green of the light.

"For many purposes," said Mr. Hewitt, "the light in its present form is already easily adaptable. For shopwork, draughting, reading and other work, where the eye is called on for continued strain, the absence of red is an advantage, for I have found light without the red much less tiring to the eye. I use it in my own laboratories and my men prefer it to ordinary daylight."

In other respects, however, its color is objectionable, and Mr. Hewitt has experimented with a view to obtaining the red rays, thereby producing a pure white light.

"Why not put a red globe around your lamp?" is a common question put to the inventor. This is an apparently easy solution of the difficulty until one is reminded that red glass does not change light waves, but simply suppresses all the rays that are not red. Since there are no red rays in the Hewitt lamp, the effect of the red globe would be to cut off all the light.

But Mr. Hewitt showed me a beautiful piece of pink silk, colored with rhodimin, which, when thrown over the lamp, changes some of the orange rays into red, giving a better balanced illumination although at some loss of brilliancy. Further experiments along this line are now in progress, investigations both with mercury vapor and with other gases.

Mr. Hewitt has found that the rays of his new lamp have a peculiar and stimulating effect on plant growth. A series of experiments in which seeds of various plants were sown under exactly the same conditions, one set being exposed to daylight and one to the mercury gas light, showed that the latter grew much more rapidly and luxuriantly. Without doubt, also, these new rays will have value in the curing of certain kinds of disease.

The discoveries which resulted in the production of the new lamp, were the stepping stones to the production of the converter, both being applications of the study and development of the mercury arc. Mr. Hewitt found that the mercury bulb, when connected with wires carrying an alternating current, had the curious and wonderful property of permitting the passage of the positive half of the alternating wave when the current has started and maintained in that direction, and of suppressing the other half; in other words, of changing an alternating current into a direct current. In this process there was a loss, the same for currents of all potentials, of only 14 volts. I have already spoken of the very great importance of this invention.

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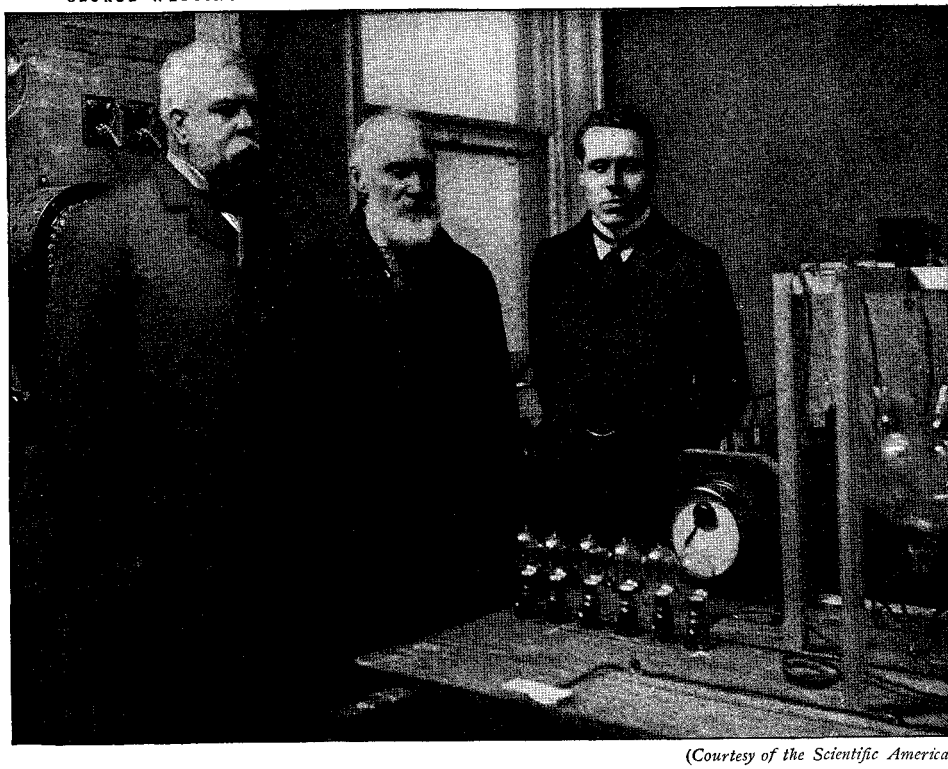
GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE LORD KELVIN CHARLES MER2



(*Courtesy of the Scientific American*)

WATCHING A TEST OF THE HEWITT CONVERTER

Following close upon the announcement of the new converter, Mr. Hewitt found that his mercury tube could be also transformed into a nearly perfect electrical interrupter. As I have already shown, the mercury vapor opposes a high resistance to the passage of electricity until the current reaches a certain high potential, when it gives way suddenly, allowing a current of low potential to pass through. This property can be applied in breaking a high potential current such as is used in wireless telegraphy, so that the waves set up are exactly the proper lengths, always accurate, always the same, for sending messages through space. By the present method an ordinary arc or spark gap — that is, a spark passing between two brass balls — is employed in sending messages across the Atlantic. Marconi uses a spark as large as a man's wrist, and the noise of its passage is so deafening that the operators are compelled to wear cotton in their ears, and often they must shield their eyes from the blinding brilliancy of the discharges. Moreover, this open-air arc is subject to variations, to great losses of current, the brass balls become eroded, and the accuracy of the

PETER COOPER HEWITT
WITH HIS INTERRUPTER

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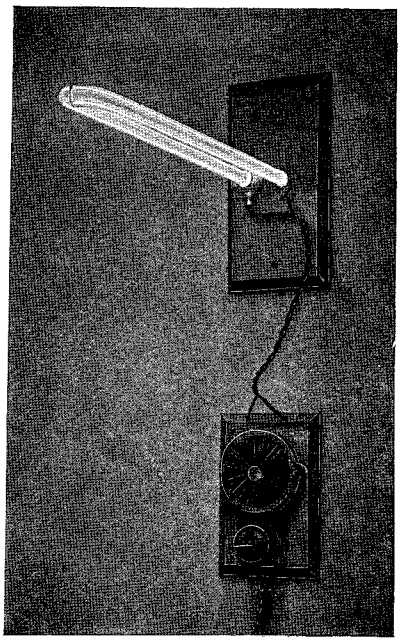


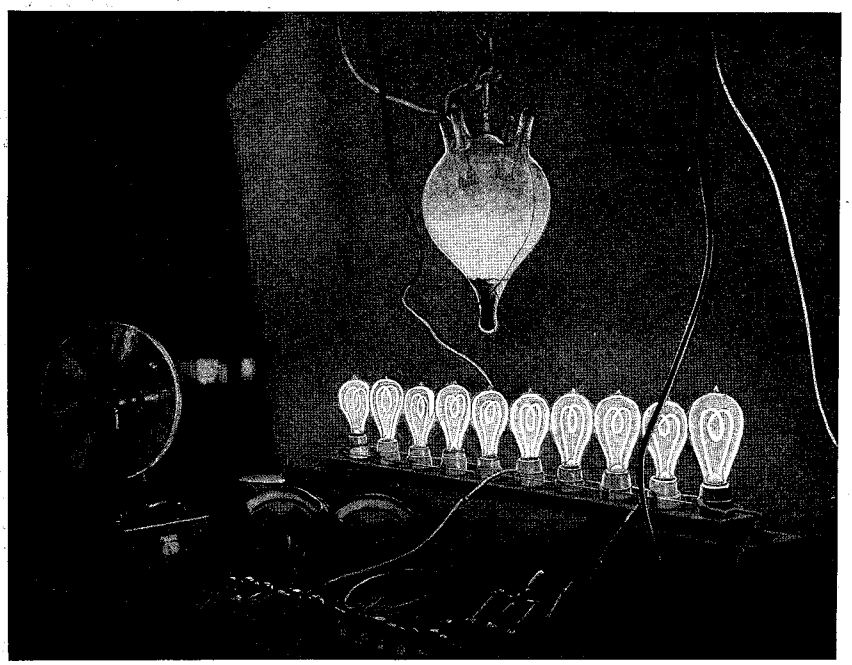
THE HEWITT MERCURY VAPOR LIGHT

The circular piece just above the switch button is one form of "boosting coil" which operates for a fraction of a second when the current is first turned on. The tube shown here is about an inch in diameter and several feet long. Various shapes may be used. Unless broken the tubes never need renewal.

transmission is much impaired. All this is obviated by the cheap, simple, noiseless, sparkless, mercury bulb.

"What I have done," said Mr. Hewitt, "is to perfect a device by means of which messages can be sent rapidly and without the loss of current occasioned by the spark gap. In wireless telegraphy the trouble has been that it was difficult to keep the sending and the receiving instruments attuned. By the use of my interrupter this can be accomplished."

And the possibilities of the mercury tube, indeed of incandescent gas tubes in general, have by no means been exhausted. A new door has been opened to investigators, and no one knows what science will find in the treasure-house — perhaps new and more wonderful inventions, perhaps the very secret of electricity itself. Mr. Hewitt is still busily engaged in experimenting along these lines, both in the realm of abstract science and in that of practical invention. He is too careful a scientist, however, to speak much of the future, but those who are most familiar with his methods of work predict that the three inventions he has already announced are only forerunners of many other discoveries.



TESTING A HEWITT CONVERTER

The row of incandescent lights is used, together with a voltmeter and an ammeter, to measure strength of current, resistance, and loss in converting.

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THE LOOKING-GLASS

BY

ALICE BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

DORINDA LAKE stood before her glass in the sitting-room and tied a blue ribbon at her throat, singing as she did it. She loved this glass with its gilded basket of fruit and the peacock feathers above, because it held a flood of sunlight and reminded her anew how well her beauty could bear it. After the ribbon was tied she laid her hands on the table in front of her, and bent forward smiling into the glass with a gay recognition. The girl she saw there, crisp in muslin, was untouched, like the morning, and like the morning, lovely. Her cheeks had the inexpressible freshness of rose petals, her hair was flooding gold bound about her head in fine-spun coils. Her eyes — the old simile of violets failed here, even of

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violets wet with dew, for they had depth as well as lustre. At this moment they were dark with pleasure, a pleasure in themselves. As she looked, there was a thudding step at the door, and Aunt Dorindy came looming through the entry. She moved like a heavy craft, pitching a little from unfavoring seas; then she stood there a moment to recover her balance before making another essay. She was no taller than Dorinda, but her breadth outran proportion. She had the quivering bulk of excessive flesh, and her double chin hung in a shining fold. The faded blue eyes were merry, and neighboring the good motherly mouth lurked a dimple or two. She gave a little unctuous laugh, which seemed to have resided no lower than her throat.

"The land, Dorindy!" said she, "you standin' there worshippin' your good looks? I don't blame ye. I've done it myself, more'n once, times gone by."

Dorinda blushed, and made herself the prettier. She had been worshipping the works of the Lord in herself, and she was fairly caught. But looking at Aunt Dorindy, seated now by the window in the big rocking chair, she smiled. It occurred to her for the first time that this older woman had once been young, and that the hues of spring-time had lain upon her also like a veil.

"You come here a minute," said Aunt Dorindy, suddenly, pitching to her feet. "Stan' right where ye be. Now turn round. I want to measure." She backed about ponderously, and when they were matched, put up a hand to find the level of their heads. "Jest as I thought," said she. "We're the same height. I knew we were." She sank into her chair again, and kept a swaying rhythm while she talked. Young Dorinda meantime sat down by one of the front windows and began binding shoes.

"We're the same height to an inch," said Aunt Dorindy. "I'm a leetle heavier, but I started with the same kind of a figger you've got. You jest reflect on it, Dorindy. Forty years ago I looked for all the world jest as you're lookin' now. In forty years' time you'll be lookin' jest like me. Don't this world beat all?"

Dorinda laid down her work for a moment, and stared at her in an irrepressible wonder. She had never thought of youth save as it belonged to her inalienably, or of age, the strange decaying state presaging death. But at that moment, as if a rough hand tore the comfortable film wherein she lived, she saw a brutal truth. Aunt Dorindy was right; they were alike. She met in the other woman an overgrown caricature of herself, and the prophecy appalled her.

"Aunt Dorindy," she said, with the directness of a child, "do I look like you? Do I?"

Aunt Dorindy was fanning herself with her sunbonnet, ingeniously disposed. She yielded herself now to reminiscence.

"I guess you do! Your mother see it when you wa'n't more'n a week old. 'Dorindy,' says she, 'this child favors you. Same colorin', same everything.'"

"Was that why I was named for you?"

"Yes, I guess as much that's anything. Mebbe they would anyway. Well, you were as likely a leetle creatur' as ever I see. Some folks say pretty young ones grow up homely; but you were pretty all through. I was married when I was your age. I wore a white spotted muslin, an' when I come in jest now you give me a kind of a turn. I'll be whipped if I should ha' known the difference."

"Yes," said Dorinda, absently — "yes, Aunt Dorindy."

"Well, I guess I'll be gettin' along home," said Aunt Dorindy, rising. "I only stepped in a minute in passin'. I be'n down to the Talbots. Old Mis' Talbot's on her high hoss to-day. Wanted to know if you knew how to make a batch o' bread. 'Law,' says I, 'don't talk that way! Ain't she lived alone ever sense her mother died? Do you s'pose she eats baker's stuff an' sweet trade? She's as good a housekeeper as ever I see. Don't you worry,' says I. 'Martin ain't made no mistake.' She's terrible tried because you bind shoes, an' put all the money onto your back. Seems as if you did spend a good deal that way, Dorindy."

"It's my own money," said Dorinda, hotly. "I like to look nice." A blush engulfed her. She was thinking of a day two years ago when, in this very room, Martin Talbot had told her she was the prettiest thing God ever made, and so stamped her beauty with a new significance.

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"Well! well!" said Aunt Dorindy, comfortably, "I dunno's I blame ye. Say, Dorindy, when you an' Martin goin' to be married?"

Dorinda rose and dropped her work on the table. She wore a look of haughtiness, but that was only because the question stirred her, and she charged herself to seem unmoved.

"We haven't made up our minds," said she.

"I hate this everlastin' hangin' on," continued Aunt Dorindy ruthlessly. "Young folks think life's terrible long. It ain't. It's short. It don't seem more'n yesterday I walked out a bride, an' here I be with the spring halt an' I dunno what all. Live while ye can! Live while ye can!"

She moved out, a ponderous figure under the cape of her great sunbonnet, and Dorinda looked after her with the distaste springing from a premonition of the sorry jokes life is capable of playing. The blossomy day was hurt. Some taint of mortality had crept into it. Involuntarily she shrank back to the mirror to face inexorable change; but one glance brought back her young bravado. She was a little paler than in the care-free moment gone, but that was all. Youth sprang up, like a challenging knight, and cleared the lists of doubt. She smiled into her own face, and at that instant the gate clanged, and she heard Martin's hurrying step along the walk. The scarlet flushed into her cheeks, and her eyes widened. In the untroubled

"'MARTIN, DO YOU LIKE ME?'"

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"'YOU NEEDN'T TAKE IT OUT OF MARTIN THAT WAY, MRS. TALBOT'"

estate of their courtship the outward calmness had all been hers; but now she met him with outstretched hands. She seemed a woman, not a girl; a wife who welcomed love she knew by heart.

"Martin! Martin!" she whispered.

He was taller than she, and his brown face showed marks of patience threading its great kindliness. He thought he knew Dorinda well, yet at that moment she seemed to envelop them both in the veil of a marvel making all things new. He drew her to him, hands and mouth. A second and she swayed back again, and, flooded in her blushes, retreated from him. She laughed a little, and put up her hands to her shining hair.

"No," she said, "no!" when he would have touched her. "Aunt Dorindy's just gone out."

That seemed to be no reason why a man should not kiss his sweetheart, but it served. Martin, confronted with the vision of Aunt Dorindy, also laughed a little. But the spell of the moment was still upon them, and Dorinda asked him, in spite of herself:

"Martin, do you like me?"

"Like you!" He was silent, looking down at his hands. They were ready to work for her and fight for her, those brown hands. The blood in them answered when she breathed upon them.

A shade of thought lay upon her face and veiled its radiance. She hesitated a little in her speech.

"Do you think I'm — pretty?"

"I think you're the prettiest creatur' God Almighty ever made."

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She thought of Aunt Dorindy and the dark coverts of sixty years, and dared her test. "Should you like me if I wasn't pretty at all?"

"No," said the man, "no, I guess not. I like you just as you are."

As he looked at her, in his adoring madness, he could not conceive of her as changed. If his halting mind had been hunted into corners with more questioning, he must have said that time and loss had power over maids and men alike; yet he would have owned it simply, not defying them, but childlike in his ignorance that such things mattered. Whatever she might be, she was Dorinda.

The words had stung her, and she started, but a step brought her in front of the glass; the pictured eyes met hers again, and her head went up triumphantly. She could dare her destiny. Life scoffed at Aunt Dorindy.

Martin moved toward her in his big soft way, and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"Dorinda," said he, "I guess we might be married in the fall." There was a still solemnity about him; it moved Dorinda greatly. At such moments he seemed to be hers, and yet set apart from her in a strange inviolability. "I spoke to mother again. We had quite a talk last night. I guess I did most o' the talkin'."

"What did she say?"

"She had a kind of a faintin' spell, but she come out of it quicker'n usual. She's all right to-day."

"Didn't she say what she thought?"

"No, not really."

"She said *something*! Martin Talbot, you tell me what it was."

He laughed a little, as if he passed the matter by.

"Why, 'twas no great matter. Fact is, mother thinks you set by dress, an' not much else. She thinks you're no kind of a housekeeper. I told her she'd find out. I told her she'd ha' found out long before if she'd only come up here to tea." He looked at her in happy pride, the triumph of the man who trusts his mate.

Dorinda had no resentments where his mother was concerned.

"You tell her, Martin," she began. "No, don't you tell her anything. But I guess you ain't afraid."

They stood there in the sweet spring weather and talked a little in the indeterminate snatches of youth, the broken words helped out by keen foreshadowings. Martin recalled himself first, or the old clock roused him with its stroke of noon. He turned to its dial, and found there some reproach.

"Gee!" said he, "I've got to go. I promised mother I'd be home by 'leven to dig 'round the sage and wormwood. Well!" The word held a meaning not quite clear to him, yet strong enough to stir his pulses. It was born of the certainty that before snow fell it would be his wife to whom he went home at noon. He parted from Dorinda with a sober kiss, and when she had watched him down the garden walk, she sat still for an hour's luxurious dreaming, regardless of her dinner and the crisp dandelions ready to be boiled. They must wait for supper-time; bread and milk were quite enough for her this noon. She was very happy. Life stretched before her in an endless way, all sunshine and spring weather. She had forgotten Aunt Dorindy.

"HOED POTATOES IN THE BURNING SUN"

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But Martin's mother could not be forgotten. There was something of the child in Dorinda to feel a pang of grief because old lady Talbot would not quite accept her. She must become Martin's wife on sufferance, and afterwards win her way by thrift and homely zeal. Was it possible she spent too much on dress? Aunt Dorindy's clumsy shaft had hurt; yet, looking down on the sprigged muslin, her lips

"'MARTIN!'"

curved into a smile. It was too pretty for any woman really to decry it in her heart. So she ate her dinner in a happy dream, and sang while she set the things away. In the pantry a thought came tapping at her elbow, and she laughed. There sat a round sponge cake, baked that morning in the scalloped pan with a hole in the middle. It was a perfect cake, risen to the highest point of excellence, the crust dotted with candied freckles. Dorinda was afraid of old lady Talbot; but surely the cake would speak for her. She set it in a large sprigged plate from the parlor cupboard, and laid a glossy napkin over it. Then she settled the blue ribbon at her throat, and went bareheaded into the road, carrying the plate before her as if it held some sacrificial emblem, and she were the moment's chosen ministrant. Little flecks of shadow danced over the ground from budding leaves, and a light wind came up in a whiff to make them move the faster. All the touches of nature held a mystery that day. Dorinda's face wore a look of serious calm, as if wifehood and motherhood stirred within her, unrecognized, yet potent. So she went along the country road, and up the path to Martin Talbot's house, and there she heard a woman crying. Old lady Talbot was having a "spell." Dorinda stood there by the sweet clove bush at the corner of the house and waited. Her hands were eager with desire of service. If Martin were away, perhaps she might go in. But Martin was there. The old woman's voice, fierce with a nervous agony, besought him:

"Martin, don't you marry her. Martin, don't you do it. You tell me now you won't. You promise me."

Martin's voice broke soothingly on hers:

"There, there, mother! Don't you mind. There! there!"

"She's a pink an' white flippertigibbet! She's dead in love with her own face!" shrieked the old woman. "Look at them blue ribbins she ties on. Pink one day, an' blue the next! She looks like a doll. If you'd ha' picked out a good sensible girl with su'thin' to her, I wouldn't ha' cared. You promise you won't have her."

"Mother! mother!" entreated Martin.

"You promise me! Oh, Martin, my heart! I'm scairt. Oh, my heart! Oh, you promise me!"

"Yes, mother, yes, I'll promise," groaned the man. He was dropping medicine with a trembling hand, when a quick step sounded on the kitchen floor. It was Dorinda. She held the plate before her with a mechanical care, but she had forgotten it. Her blue eyes were dulled. Her cheeks looked faded. But her voice held firm.

"You needn't take it out of Martin that way, Mrs. Talbot," said she, with an imperative clearness. "He don't need to promise. I'll promise for him. I won't marry him. You needn't mind about my face. I guess it'll fade fast enough. You needn't mind about my clothes either. I

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sha'n't spend any more on clothes. Good-by, Martin. It's over. Good-by." She walked out of the room while he was holding the cup to his mother's lips, and went, in some poor panoply of pride, back through the smiling day to her own house.

All that afternoon Mrs. Talbot lay quite still, and Martin, after he had sent the hired man for the doctor, sat beside her. He thought she was nearer death than she had been before; but though her heart beat low, Mrs. Talbot was thinking very little about that. She was wondering what she had done, and counseling herself not to be glad too soon.

Dorinda walked into her own silent house, and set the cake back on the pantry shelf. It was all over. She knew it from some inner conviction rather than the facts themselves. Life, too, was over, as she conceived it. A curious scorn of herself was reigning in her, since women who are slighted slight themselves. Her ill luck seemed to go back to her pink and white face. If it had been ugly, she might not have been condemned.

"Well," she said, aloud, "it'll fade fast enough. She needn't worry herself. It'll fade."

And she wished it. She longed to be old and ugly, like Aunt Dorindy, and so the nearer to her journey's end. But though her loveliness must go, she could not bear to stand by at such a death; and with a sudden purpose she went up to the mirror and sought herself once more. The face she saw there was wan with grief, without, as yet, any of grief's veiling beauty. The lightning stroke of life had smitten it. Dorinda looked into the flower-blue eyes. "Good-by," said she, to something precious. "Good-by."

She took the looking-glass from its nail and carried it up into the attic. There she set it under the rafters, its face turned toward the wall. After that she went through the house in haste, collecting all the other glasses, to pile them there beside it. Then she went down calmly to her work, and to grow old like Aunt Dorindy.

Next day at dusk Aunt Dorindy came stumbling over.

"The land, Dorindy!" said she, entering the sitting-room, "you ain't been and broke that old glass?"

Dorinda was sitting by the window, sewing fast. She looked up and smiled. There were brilliant spots of color in her cheeks, and her voice rang hard. "I guess I cracked it, lookin' so," she said. "I carried it off upstairs."

"Why don't ye fetch down that old Constitution out o' the west chamber?"

"I don't know. I don't believe I will."

"Ain't you done your hair a mite on one side?"

"Maybe I have. I ain't looked at it."

"What you got on that old choc'late calico for? You don't look nat'ral."

"I don't care how I look," said Dorinda.

Aunt Dorindy opened her mouth in an ineffectual gasp, closed it, and went home.

But the space left vacant on the wall was vacant still. Dorinda, dressed in sober calico, sat by the window and bound a marvelous quantity of shoes. She hardly looked up from her work even when Aunt Dorindy brought tidings that old lady Talbot was still in bed with a prolonged "heart spell." Martin was staying at home with her. He was not allowed to leave his mother's sight. At the end of the week Dorinda went out to the front gate and looked wistfully up and down the road, recognizing her own loneliness, and wondering why it should seem so dull to think of visiting the neighbors. She leaned on the gate and mused blankly over her desolation, and there Eli Morse saw her, as he walked by with some young tomato plants in a basket. He was a tall, loosely jointed man, with the absorbed look of one who has some gentle passion and tends it quite alone. Years ago he had raised the laughter of the neighborhood by starting a market garden, though this was thirty miles from town and three miles from a railroad. But strawberries and spring greens repaid his fostering. He lived alone, in a sweet intimacy with his garden, and put away the money it brought him, not from niggardliness, but because it made an alien element in his simple life. When he looked at Dorinda, the clouded loveliness of her face besought him, like a flower drenched in storm. He stopped, and spoke with a faltering pity.

"You look all beat out."

Dorinda smiled.

"I've been sewin'," said she.

"What makes you?"

"I don't know. It's as good as anything."

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While he was standing there before her, Martin Talbot passed. For a moment, relying on the habit of old days, Dorinda thought he meant to stop; but he only gave her a brief good-evening, and hurried on. He looked wan and sorry.

"Old Mis' Talbot's pretty low," said Eli. "Guess he's puttin' for the doctor."

The breath of evening touched Dorinda's cheek and made her sigh in answer. Her muscles ached from the cramping day, and she longed to breathe the air that made this man so calm. Hot cravings seemed afar from him; with his still face and gentle eyes he might have been a part of the earth, risen up out of it for a moment's activity, then to return gladly to some deep covert.

"I wish I could work outdoors," said she, unthinkingly. "I'm sick and tired of the house."

A new light shot into his face.

"You can," said he. "It's complete. There's nothin' like it."

"Could I have a garden?"

"I guess you could. You could sell things. I'd carry your stuff with mine."

"It's too late for this year, though."

"No, it ain't: not for everything. You could sow some lettuce an' some radishes, an' plant late corn. You could have tomatoes. Look a' here! I'll leave these plants."

He went in and sat on the steps with her until late in the spring evening while they talked of gardening, and next day, almost before the dawn, he and his man were planting for her.

Then Dorinda began her new life. She gave up her housework and lived out of doors. She and Eli drifted into an odd, unspoken partnership. He carried her produce to market and worked for her, as she, when lighter tasks were urgent, worked for him. The neighbors wagged their heads and prophesied, and Aunt Dorinda clucked like a hen, because Dorinda would not talk of sheets and table-cloths. Mrs. Talbot kept her bed, not so much because her state demanded it, as that the pathos of persistent illness kept an iron finger on her son. Martin's shoulders bent under the weight of life. Once within the first month he met Dorinda face to face by her own gate.

"Did you mean that, Dorinda," he asked, "what you said?"

She looked at him in a kindliness that left him chilled.

"Yes," she said, "I meant it." When he spoke again, the words were like a sob.

"Dorinda, I don't know whether I done right or wrong. But I couldn't kill her."

"Of course you couldn't," said Dorinda, with the same decisive clearness. "I don't expect you to."

She walked inside her gate alone, and all that afternoon she hoed potatoes in the sun, and took a fierce delight in thinking how the dirt was sifting in her shoes, and how coarse her hands would look. That night at supper-time came Aunt Dorindy.

"Ain't you got a coat o' tan!" said she. "You'll be as black as an Injun 'fore summer's over."

It was like the verdict of the world on a lost cause. Dorinda washed her hands mechanically at the sink, and thought her pang was over. There would not be the agony of growing old. She had bought at one purchase what Aunt Dorindy was accepting from the niggard years. She wondered with a dull curiosity that held no bitterness how her skin looked now it was growing black, and how long it would be before the sun made wrinkles under her eyes. After that day she withdrew more and more into a silence of her own, and the neighbors ceased to question her. She had turned queer, they said, taking up man's work an' all.

The progress of the years began, the years that make up life. The man and woman continued their tacit partnership, like two earth spirits born to toil for some compelling reason they could not understand. The neighbors wondered whether the two would marry when they had laid by enough; but between themselves there was no talk of marriage. Eli instructed Dorinda in crops and all the ancient lore of earth. Sometimes he told her about the woods and herbs that grow in hidden places, and more than once he led her to the spot where a partridge had hidden the treasure of her nest. Dorinda learned from him in some strange way, as if she breathed it in, the patience of the seasons and the soil. Spring found her out of doors, and in the winter, unless the snow lay deep, she went, with some unformed purpose, tramping over the hills. In years she had not seen her own face. When she combed her long hair she would not look at the sweeping mane, lest it had grown dull, like Aunt Dorindy's. Sometimes when

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she went into a neighbor's, her reflection, as she passed a mirror, waved and beckoned to her; but she never turned. It was as if the ghost of her repudiated youth held out a hand in vain. In the seventh winter Eli died, after a short sickness, and she sat beside him in the dawn and tended him. He turned loving eyes upon her.

"I've prized you more'n ever you knew, Dorindy," said he. "Seems sometimes as if a piece was cut right out o' your life and gi'n to me. I've had good days with you. Well, he needn't begrutch 'em to me. Good-by, Dorindy."

Then he closed his eyes, and there was no more talking.

When the will was found, Dorinda had his land. This was in December, and with a strange new patience she made her plans for more gardening, and for hiring two men instead of one.

On a spring day, when the plough was set into the first furrow, Aunt Dorindy came and said:

"Old Mis' Talbot's goin' at last. High time, too! Martin sets there in the kitchen. He won't take bite nor sup. She don't know him, neither. Some say he's begun to mourn; but I say his mother's been the death of him."

Dorinda went swiftly out of the house and down the road. She turned in at the Talbots' gate and smelled the sweet clove long before she came to it. A light wind wafted it to meet her. She went in at the kitchen door, and there she found him sitting by the window, his head sunken between his shoulders. His face was scarred by lines of grief and age, but it looked withered, as if no tear had touched it. The house was very still, all but the buzzing of one fly upon an upper pane. Mrs. Talbot was asleep, and the nurse, lying on the lounge beside her, slept, too. Dorinda walked up to Martin and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Martin!" said she, speaking softly, but as if she called one from the dead. "Martin!"

He looked at her in a dull wonderment.

"Dorinda," said he. "Is that you, Dorinda?"

She seated herself beside him and drew his head down to her breast. She was strong with the vigor built up through hardy years lived near the earth, and he, shrunken and weak with grief, seemed like a child beside her. The denied motherhood in her rose with an enfolding tenderness, and she touched his hair.

"You stay here a minute, dear," she whispered him. "I'll make a cup o' tea."

Martin lay down and watched her from the pillow, with the look of hungry souls new come to heaven. The nurse appeared, and looked her wonder; but the tea was made, and when Dorinda poured it with a sweet composure, they drank together.

"I wouldn't go far away," said the nurse to Martin, in a tone of prophecy, and he nodded. He was another man. He had drunk some great assurance from Dorinda's eyes, and life flowed in on him.

Dorinda stepped about, doing little neighborly deeds, and once she stopped near him to say haltingly, with some shyness at essaying comfort:

"Don't take it so. You mustn't."

"It ain't that," labored the man. "It ain't now. It's what we've undergone so long." The slow tears trickled down his cheeks.

After that the sick woman moaned a little, and Dorinda spoke no more, lest the dying ears should catch some hint of her. Seven years ago she could not have stolen into that house to guide its currents; but now life seemed larger to her, and the living more to be considered than the dead. At sunset old lady Talbot spoke out clearly to her son:

"You call her in here. Dorindy! You call Dorindy!"

He spoke the name like an echo, and Dorinda answered it. The woman turned beseeching eyes upon her.

"That's a good girl," said she, and died.

Dorinda went quietly out of the house, and next day she watched her ploughing, and sowed early peas. She was the only one of the neighbors who did not go to old lady Talbot's funeral. Instead she sat at home and thought of life in a strange equable musing, like one for whom the keenness of the struggle is quite over, while sweetness still remains. She thought of young Dorinda with a tender smile, as of some one who had died, a creature all frailties, yet with one desire — to be beloved. The creature had been beautiful. The woman who mused about her had ceased thinking of her own face, worn, as it must be, and scarred by careless usage.

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The next day she took up her work again, and at twilight Martin came. She heard his step on the walk, and it all seemed a part of a dream. She had been in the vestibule of the dream before. He came into the sitting-room, where she had risen to meet him, and Dorinda, in a strange acquiescence, let him take her to his heart.

"There!" she said, gently, stepping apart from him. "There, Martin, we mustn't call things back."

He looked like the ghost of his youth.

"Don't you care about me?" he asked, like a child. "I ain't wu'th it, Dorinda. I never knew how to fix things when they got so tangled, but I thought that day—I thought you cared."

"Oh, yes, I care," said Dorinda. She realized in that flash how patient she had grown. "I care. But things are over when a woman's got to be—like me. It's all gone, Martin, what you liked—all gone."

"What I liked, Dorinda. What did I like?"

"My looks are gone," said Dorinda, simply.

The man in him awoke; it was the man that had hungered for her in silence under an unworthy fetter. He took her strong wrists and drew her toward him.

"Dorinda," he whispered, "you're the prettiest thing God ever made; but if you wa'n't—if you was homely, if you was old—oh, Dorinda, don't you know?"

She knew, and life returned upon her like a flood.

When he was gone, she ran up stairs in the daring of great joy, and out of the blackness of the attic took the looking-glass. She carried it down, catching strange fragments of reflection as she went, and hung it in its place. Then she lighted two candles, and holding one in either hand, looked at herself. The face that met her was a loving stranger. It was like the mother of the girl who bade herself good-by so long ago. This was a daughter of the earth, a child of wind and sun. The eyes were deep and patient; the hair had darkened, but it held bright glints of gold. Here and there were little characters set down; yet life had only touched her to new bloom and ripening. While she mused the eyes began to smile, the mouth took on a curving grace, and three dimples she had quite forgotten, came out and danced before her.

"Oh!" said Dorinda. "Oh!" and understood the resurrection.

THE TRIUMPH

BY

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"ONE CROWDED HOUR"

THE spectators formed a ragged semicircle, beginning at one end in the road, and reaching round into the field. At no place did the line approach within a hundred feet of the derrick, from the top of which a broken plank dangled and swayed in the monster's breath. Suddenly, as Neal looked, the plank was torn off like a splinter, and dropped to the ground as silently as a splinter might fall. There was no sound but the one vast embracing roar, which seemed as if it must blow itself out, yet went on without ceasing. For sixty feet the gas rose, a visible white column.

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"Any one hurt?" shouted Neal into Will Bains's ear.

Will pointed. Against the fence leaned Donovan, one of the night drillers, bareheaded, in muddy clothes, supporting his left wrist as if it pained him. The other drillers and Sipe stood near, gazing moodily at the derrick. There was nothing in their aspect to encourage questions, and their desire for silence seemed to be respected.

Neal walked up to Donovan, and the man held his left arm out to him. "How did it happen?" Neal asked as he felt the wrist.

"Tools blowed out of the hole. We all run. I jammed my wrist gettin' out. Wonder we wasn't killed by the shower of tools." Donovan, shouting, barely made himself heard above the roar.

"No bones broken; sprain," shouted Neal, and the man nodded. With a roll of bandage that was in his pocket Neal bound up the wrist and fixed it in a sling.

There was a look of gratitude in Donovan's eyes. He put his face over to Neal's and cried, "I'm through on this job."

Neal gave him a sharp glance, and saw there had been meaning in his words. "Come this way," he said, and drew the man apart from his companions.

With the deepening roar communication was of telegraphic brevity, and during it Neal saw that Braddish's eyes, more malignant than ever in the bitterness of his disappointment, were on them.

"Trouble?" Neal asked.

"Going to be. Rifles. I didn't have none; told him I wasn't standin' up again the town. It was him give me the shove that did this." Donovan pointed to his wrist.

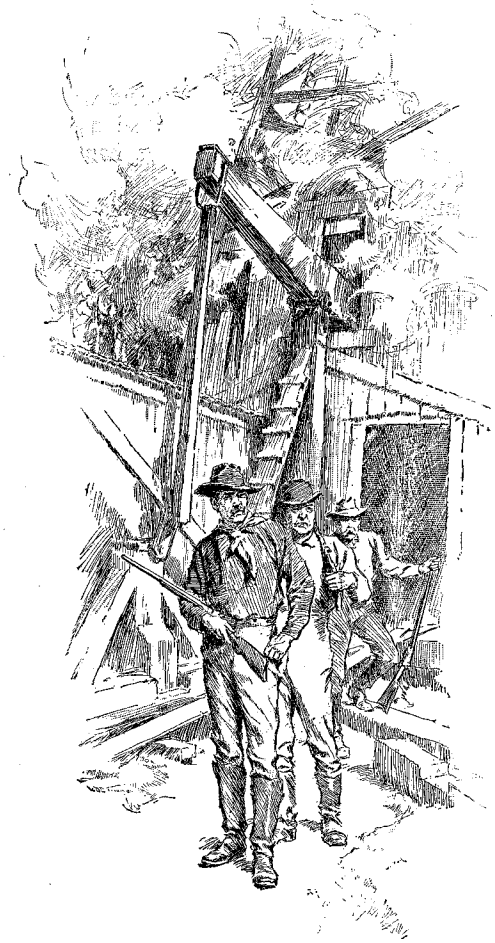
"No need for rifles now," Neal said. "They won't stay to watch a hole in the ground."

Donovan shook his head dubiously. "It ain't oil, but it's gas, and that's something."

Braddish sauntered up to Donovan.

"You can get your time to-day," he said. The driller nodded coolly.

Then Braddish strolled back and talked to Sipe, making emphatic gestures. His words brought no cheerfulness to his uncle's dejected and morose countenance, but they sent him plodding up the road. Braddish addressed O'Brien and McGuire. Soon the three pushed through the line of spectators, and walking across the intervening space entered the derrick. In another moment they emerged, carrying their rifles; instead of returning to the road-side they moved in the other direction over near the boiler, where they sat down on the plank walk, and laid their weapons across their knees. It was an open, outrageous, needless challenge to public sentiment.



"EMERGED, CARRYING THEIR GUNS"

While sensation ran through the spectators, men turning to one another with indignant inquiry, women beginning to draw their husbands away in fear, Donovan interpreted to Neal.

"Sipe's gone for a gate—to shut in the gas. Mebbe will have to go to Avalon. Hadn't nothing for gas handy—too sure of oil. They're goin' to hold the fort—they serve notice. Gallery play."

"But only gas," said Neal.

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"Worth something. It's a monster," Donovan replied.

"Will it yell like this till the gate's put on?"

"Yes. For days — months."

A group of women stood on the distant piazza of the Neville house, gazing down the slope with an imaginable horror and disgust; now Neal beheld the master of the estate hurrying along the road. Neville clambered over the fence, spoke a word to one man, to another, and then started in the direction of the derrick. Right up to the drillers he strutted, the crowd watching him curiously; he addressed a fiery question, flinging out his right hand towards the derrick; the three men sat mute. He stooped, with his hands upon his knees, and by the exertions of his back seemed bellowing; again he flung out an arm towards the derrick. Braddish was seen to rise and speak in his ear; Neville threw up both hands furiously and, stamping, went through the motions of speech. Braddish resumed his seat; the three men were dumb.

Returning from defeat the little man caught sight of Neal, and made towards him, with lips working in a fume.

"Outrage! Outrage!" he burst forth, when Neal bent his head to hear; Neville's rotundity quaked with his undelivered emotions, and set his watch chain dancing. He gathered breath. "I asked how long — the damnable screech; they pointed to their ears — stuffed with cotton. I got down close — 'How long?' — they must have heard. But one gets up and shouts in my ear — soberly, sir, soberly — 'You should plug your ears!' Not another word out of them — not a word!"

Neal politely withheld the smile that pressed for acknowledgment of Braddish's capricious humor. "Let me tell you," he said, and withdrew Mr. Neville some distance towards Eleanor's house, where speech was easier. There he explained what he had learned from Donovan; that Sipe had gone to bring a "gate," and that with this the escaping gas would be shut in.

"The whole thing is preposterous!" Neville exclaimed. "Mrs. Neville is near distraction. Lindsay comes to-night; we get the election returns by telephone. But this roaring volcano!"

"It will be shut off, I'm sure," Neal comforted him. "Sipe doesn't want to waste it."

"It is a preposterous outrage," repeated Neville. "If it is not silenced in due time, I — I shall take steps — active steps."

He was taking them presently, hastening to carry such consolation as he could to his distracted wife.

Out of the lowering sky rain began to fall, and the crowd, having had its curiosity appeased, rapidly dispersed.

When Neal reached home he found his father eager and animated, demanding all the particulars. "If we could only have a gas excitement for you every day!" Neal thought. The family were pleased with this sudden revival of interest on the part of their invalid, after his days of weakness and depression. Neal tried to give all the details picturesquely; certain facts he could not explain. Why should Braddish be so determined to continue possession? Until a pipe line was laid to Avalon the well was valueless. The gas company, with wells twelve miles to the northward, might perhaps be attracted by such a wonder, and might run a line to it. But already the supply of gas seemed fully equal to the demand. Neal and his father, discussing the matter, could not see how the wonderful "roarer" was to profit either Eleanor or Sipe. And therefore Neal was inclined to regard Braddish's fortifying himself upon the place as mere temporary bravado — an unwillingness to own himself beaten and to withdraw.

"By to-morrow," he said, "you'll find he's thought the thing over, and his men have done the same; and they'll all have cleared out."

But Sipe had spent too much money and Braddish had labored too hard to be readily convinced of the worthlessness of their achievement. That all the bright promises of oil had been delusive was indeed a blow which stunned and embittered. The riches they had been ready to clutch had been transmuted by the unkind Providence — or devil — dwelling in the centre of the earth; pricking so laboriously, so lovingly for the living juice, they had been insulted by a derisive outburst of gases. Yet there was this to be thought of: the well of its kind was a monster, perhaps unparalleled, unprecedented. And so long as gas was to some degree a marketable commodity, this greatest of all "roarers" must have value. The company to the north would desire it, or some one else would yearn for it; so

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great a monster would not go begging. This debatable prospect established itself at once in the minds of Sipe and Braddish with all the authority of a fact. Therefore they were bound to hold possession and to save as much as possible of the disappointing product which they hoped to sell.

Braddish's tenacity was not wholly selfish. By his agreement with Sipe he was to receive five hundred dollars for a gas well, and not to share in the profits. The gas having been struck, his obligations ceased. But aside from a doubt as to whether he could collect his claim until the gas was actually piped and sold, he had some sense of loyalty to the uncle whom he despised; he felt that if he did not stand by, Sipe would submit to some inglorious compromise. His uncle had been willing to help him, and would probably continue to help him; he was not without a rudimentary gratitude. And he had made his defensive arrangements with some foresight.

The rifles were to be used if necessary upon hostile and aggressive townspeople; the display of numbers was to give him standing in the eye of the law, to emphasize his possession. As soon as it seemed safe he would discharge O'Brien and McGuire.

Eleanor returned from Avalon early that afternoon; she had found that the serving of the injunction must be delayed. Ten miles from Rehoboth, as the train waited at a station, she became aware of an unusual sound; opening the window she heard it distinctly, a vast remote burr. When she alighted at Rehoboth she knew at once there had been some monumental happening in which she was concerned—the next moment half a dozen of her townspeople were telling her it was gas.

Gas! Three hundred dollars for her sufferings! All that was mercenary in her nature was revolted. Then she remembered that the contract had been violated, and that the well, whatever it might be worth, was hers. Sipe should have nothing beyond what was dictated by her most severe sense of justice. The creature deserved nothing; he had exposed her to insult—and now to bring her in gas instead of oil! She hurried through the rain towards the objectionable noise.

McGuire, returning from the village with whisky for his companions, saw her scudding along the road before him. With a jocular tipsiness, some idea of a kiss and a proud boast to his chief, he started in pursuit; she was beyond the settlement of houses. When she was ascending the last hill he was not far behind, and she had not seen him.

Then she glanced back. McGuire waved his hand airily, and came forward at a trot. For an instant she stood panic-stricken; then she ran, her heart praying, and her ears filled with the terrible doom-like roar. Reaching the top of the hill, she dreaded that Braddish might issue from the derrick; between the two ruffians—she dared not think. But Braddish and O'Brien were under shelter in the engine-house, and did not see the girl's flight down the hill. She glanced again behind; McGuire had gained but little; he came on at a half-crouching gait that was provident of the precious liquor, but did not make for speed. It gave him more than ever an ape-like aspect. Eleanor fled down the hill with all the swiftness that horror and a healthy athletic life could give her feet. To McGuire, jocosely inebriated, the pleasure of the chase was sufficient; he had in it a theme for boasting.

Safe within her house, with the door locked and bolted, Eleanor snatched her pistol and stood panting by a window, expecting attack. But she saw McGuire go by, his face turned towards her agape with a grin, and uttering shout or song, mercifully inaudible in the overwhelming roar.

It was a miserable afternoon; Wilbur was not at home, the rain beat upon the windows, and the incessant din was overpowering. "Is this to last all day and all night—and weeks!" she wondered, pacing the floor. And then, out of loneliness she cried, "Oh, why doesn't Wilbur come?"

She thought of taking refuge at a neighbor's—anywhere the noise would be hideous, yet elsewhere she might sleep, and in her own house she obviously could not. Mrs. Stearns, Miss Packer, any one would take her and Wilbur in. In her forlorn loneliness she leaned to the thought. And then obstinate defiance blazed up. "I said I would not be driven from my house, and I will not. I can stand it to-night, and to-morrow the law——"

Wilbur's arrival cheered her; he told what was rumored—that Sipe had gone to

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"POINTING AT THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE DINING-ROOM"

secure something with which to shut in the gas.

"Why, then it won't be so bad," she said. "But what a terrible thing a gas well is!"

Wilbur suggested that he would like to see it on fire.

In the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased; shortly after this Sipe drove down the hill, and, turning into the field, stopped in front of the derrick. Eleanor and Wilbur, peering out of the window, saw the three drillers emerge from the engine-house and help Sipe unload some heavy object, which they carried inside. Wilbur wished he might go out to see what they were doing.

"No," said Eleanor, firmly. "I can't allow you to go near those men. Besides, shutting in the gas may be dangerous."

She grew skeptical of their intention when, after a long time, there was no abating of the roar. And then the sound was cut off in an instant, as if the monster had been startled into silence. And throughout Rehoboth and the country for miles around people stopped and waited, listening for the renewal of the roar. But now the great gas well was under control.

Sipe drove away; Braddish and his men returned to their cards and their whisky. With the stillness and the brightening sky and her brother's companionship, Eleanor's spirits rose. "We shall have a peaceful night, and be able to sleep after all," she said to Wilbur. "And to-morrow the men will be put off the land, and partner won't have a helpless lady on his mind any more."

They saw one of the Nevilles' carriages go by — "To meet some one," Wilbur said — for none of the family was inside.

"They must be tremendously excited," Eleanor remarked. "This is the day of the election in Avalon. I should think they would want to be up there, so that they would know the result at once."

"They have a telephone," Wilbur reminded her.

Presently the carriage returned, bowling down the hill. "It's Mr. Lindsay Neville!" cried Wilbur, and Eleanor spied cautiously from the window.

"So it is," she murmured, and drew farther back into the room. But she could see him gazing at the windows as he was driven past. "I hope he was elected," she murmured. "I suppose he will hear to-night. He looks tired. How did you think he looked, Wilbur?"

"Fat," said Wilbur.

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In the engine-house the whisky circulated. Up to Sipe's coming Braddish had enjoined temperance; the shutting in of a roaring gas well is not a task for drunken men. It is a hazardous undertaking at best, for the gate may be too light to stand the pressure, or there may be a flaw in it, and then a bursting fly-wheel is not more deadly. But with the safe closing in of the well the revels of the drillers began. They had led for two months a tolerably abstemious life, and their recreation was debauchery.

The three men got drunk in different ways — McGuire light-headed and foolish, Braddish reckless and sardonic, O'Brien stupid and truculent. Late in the afternoon McGuire, giggling, staggered out of the engine-house; in a moment there leaped forth with angry abruptness the well's mighty roar. As Braddish ran out on the plank walk to investigate, the roar ceased. McGuire, still giggling, issued from the derrick.

"Good idea, Arty," Braddish said, with solemn approval, as they seated themselves again before the whisky jug. "There won't be much sleepin' done to-night. But we can let the folks know the hours — it's little to do. Blow off twelve for twelve, and thirteen for one, and so on up to daylight."

"And one for the half hour," McGuire suggested.

"Why only one?" inquired Braddish. "I wouldn't mind muddlin' 'em."

McGuire was highly amused at this amendment. But O'Brien sat stern and aloof.

"H—," he said, presently. "H—." And there stopped. There was no question but that his mind revolved a superior idea.

"You was about to remark?" Braddish persuaded him.

But O'Brien was not to be inveigled into frivolous or unconsidered speech. He meditated. "H—," he said again. And the third utterance won for him respect. Eventually he was ready to express himself. "I'd like to see any man try to put us off," he said, with a heavy deliberation. "Any man with a gun."

"Good for you, my fine buck," said Braddish. "Have a drink."

They ate their cold supper, and drank more of their hot raw whisky. The stars came out in the sky, and the young moon began its descent into the west, visible from the open door of their shack. McGuire slipped out at frequent intervals to indulge in his pastime of blowing off the gas. He had returned from announcing nine o'clock to the community when Braddish rose and stretched himself.

"Last night was Hallow Eve, Arty," he said. "But go on with your play. I guess I will go and have some man's fun."

"Where?" asked McGuire.

"Not so far," and he started down the field towards the cottage.

McGuire snickered. "Whenever you hear me blowin' off," he called after his chief, "give her a kiss for me."

In his reckless pride Braddish scorned making an appeal for admittance. There were lights in the rooms on the ground floor of the house, and he thought therefore that a door might be unlocked. He tried first the front door, then the back, rattling them loudly with a grim thought of terrorizing the inmates. Having no success at either door, he turned his attention to a window.

Eleanor and her brother had just finished their evening reading of "Ivanhoe," interrupted by the frequent blasts at the well, which they supposed were required to relieve the pressure. At the first rattling Eleanor started up, reached for the pistol lying on the table, and stood covering the door.

"Don't be frightened, partner," she said, in a quiet voice, though her lips trembled and her heart felt dead. "If they break in — there are six shots for them."

Wilbur said nothing; he was white. Then he slipped across the room, caught up the poker, and took his stand on the opposite side of the doorway from Eleanor.

The rattling at the door had ceased; it began after a moment at the back door; the defenders, tense with dread and excitement, shifted their position silently.

"They've gone away," Wilbur said, under his breath.

"Watch the windows on that side of the house," Eleanor whispered. "I'll watch this side. If you hear or see anything, call me."

In another moment Wilbur's call came — "Eleanor!" She ran across the hall. The boy was pointing at the side window of the dining-room; there was the faint sound of fumbling with the sash, and between the

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curtains Eleanor thought she had a glimpse of a man's arm. She raised her pistol, and, as she fired, the report was almost deadened by another blast. But she heard the crash of the glass, and she fired again. Then, with her blood up and feeling no longer any fear, she ran to the window. Braddish was making his way rapidly across the field; she fired once more after him, while the gas well roared. Then she watched him as he ran; she wondered if she had not hit him, for, although it was too dark to be sure, she thought he was running with his arms held oddly in front of him.

She turned to Wilbur. "Now you must go and bring help," she said. "I am afraid he will come back with the others. Mr. Neville is nearest—but they will see you if you try to go there. Go to Doctor Neal. He will know best what to do."

The boy was off, running. Eleanor reloaded her revolver and waited.

There was a wise and gentle thoughtfulness in the little boy; and as he approached the welcome lights of Neal's house, exhausted with running, he remembered that the old doctor was very sick, and that a shock or excitement might be bad for him. And there were Mrs. Robeson and Bessie, too, who might be frightened into hysterics; not all women were brave like his sister.

So when he rang the bell, and Mrs. Robeson opened the door, he said he would like to see Doctor Neal for a moment, and would wait for him outside. But would he please come right away?

Neal appeared at once. And then Wilbur said: "The drillers tried to get in, but Eleanor fired, and I think she hit one. But we're afraid they'll try again."

"I'll come at once," said Neal. "Run along; I'll overtake you. Stop on the way and tell everybody to come with guns."

Then he ran to the hired man's quarters.

"Jake," he said, summoning the man to the door, "ride round and tell every one to go at once with guns to Miss Craig's. There's trouble with the drillers."

Jake seized his lantern and ran, head down, to the barn. Neal hurried into the house, into the room where his family were sitting. "John, go up stairs and bring me my rifle," he ordered. Then he pulled out a drawer in the old secretary, and taking a handful of cartridges out of it, stuffed them into his coat pocket. "I must go to Eleanor's," he said. "The drillers—there may be a row. Probably won't be. Good-by, mother—" he bent to kiss her.

"But Neal!" She clutched his coat.

The old doctor, gaunt and pale, had risen, and stood with the war spirit in his blue eyes. "Let the boy go, Mary," he said, in a firm voice.

Mrs. Robeson, with her lips tightened in anguish, gave Neal a silent kiss. John pressed the rifle into his hands.

"Thanks, John," he said. "Good-by, Bess," and he kissed his sister, who stood with shining eyes and stricken cheeks. "Good-by, father," and he kissed him too. "Oh, my surgical case—" John, making a dive across the room, handed it to him, and then, with all the cheerfulness in the world, he was gone.

He was turning into the road that branched off to Eleanor's when the hired man swept by on horseback, and soon, as Neal ran on, he heard Jake banging and shouting at Torson's door. When at the summit of the hill he saw Eleanor's lights shining in peaceful reassurance, he heard the school bell begin to ring in quick, clanging peals. "Good for Reddy Jake!" he muttered.

He rapped on the door and cried: "It's all right, Eleanor; it's Neal."

She flung the door open, wide; and as she stood there, pale but clear-eyed, with the pistol in her hand, which this time she made no pretence of hiding, and with her lips trembling on an undetermined smile, he felt tears pressing to his eyes; never before had he seen her when she was so noble, so appealing, and so dear.

"Thank you so much for coming, Neal," she said. "You are the first——"

Another sudden roar from the derrick drowned her words. The noise was shut off, released again, prolonged, bitten into short, enraged bellowings. At an interval of silence Neal stepped out by the gate to look towards the derrick. The light from the doorway streamed about him and shone on the rifle in his hand. Suddenly there was a flash by the engine-house, and a loud report went echoing. Both Eleanor and Neal were conscious that something had passed close by.

"Quick, Neal, come in!" cried the girl.

Instead he only stepped out of the light into the shadow, and went a little farther from the house. "Some one's coming with a lantern from the Nevilles'," he said.

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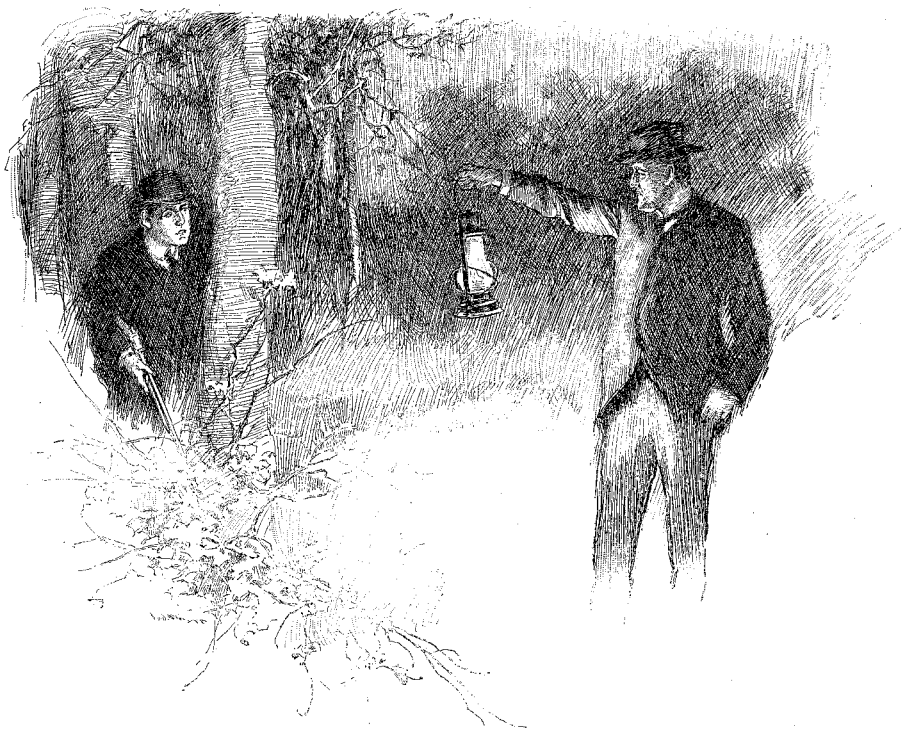
"I'm afraid he'll be the next target. If it's Lindsay Neville—he's the kind that fights."

In an opposite direction he heard shouts, and turned to look.

"Here are the men," he cried, at the sight of the three figures stringing down the hill. They'll look out for you; I'll skirt round and warn Neville not to go too near."

"They'll fire on you, Neal," she cried; but he ran along the road towards the Nevilles'. He had dropped his surgical case at Eleanor's feet, but he still carried his rifle. The girl stepped out to see; the gas roared again; she saw another flash where the first had been, and her eyes leaped in terror to follow Neal. But he still ran on, and a moment later she saw him climb over the fence on the other side of the road and start on a detour through the field. Then he became so shadowy to her eyes that she felt he was safe. The men arrived—Torson, Will Bains, and young Pete Stilwell, followed immediately by others, armed with clubs, shotguns, rifles, and revolvers, all bewildered and excited, shouting questions in the roar of the gas which no one could answer. Eleanor herded them together on the lee side of the house where they would not draw the fire of the enemy, and insisted that they must do nothing till Packer came.

Meanwhile Neal had plunged across the brook that was the boundary line of Neville's land, stumbled through the bit of woods that bordered the lower side of the avenue, and came out within a few feet of Lindsay Neville, who was advancing with the lantern. Neville, startled at so sudden an apparition of an armed man, drew back; then in the lantern light he recognized Neal. The roar from the well, which was now continuous, did not permit greetings. Neal came close and cried, "Better put out the light; might draw a shot." Neville pulled the extinguisher, and they stood in darkness.



"STARTLED AT SO SUDDEN AN APPARITION"

"They're drunk and ready to fight anyone," Neal said. "Better go back."

"With you," retorted Neville promptly.

They ran together down the avenue, splashed across the brook below the bridge, and came into the field. The sky, so much more a vault by night than in the spreading day, seemed to pen in the roar and throw it back reverberating.

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"TWO REELING BACKWARD STEPS AND SANK BEHIND THE BOILER"

"Were you elected?" shouted Neal.

"It's very close; returns not all in. I could hardly hear; I was going down to see about stopping the noise."

"We'll stop it," Neal said.

Then, as they climbed over the fence opposite the house, the noise ceased.

Packer stood beside Eleanor against the house wall, addressing the gathering of men. "There's been an attempt made on Miss Craig; there's been two shots fired at Neal near her door; there's been this noise that seems intended to last off and on all night. Those that are willing to serve Torson as deputies to arrest the disturbers of the peace will raise their right hands and be sworn."

Eleanor leaned against the wall with a sense of faintness; there was something terrible to her in the solemnity of this oath, administered to those armed men under the stars. Her eyes rested last and longest on the two men standing side by side out on the edge, also with arms upraised — Lindsay Neville and Neal. What a fearful thing the chivalry of men might be! How wrong the girl that foolishly compelled the need of it! And in the moment of silence, after the oath, she cried out:

"Oh, Mr. Packer, wait till to-morrow! I can go somewhere to-night — and in the morning there won't be this risk!"

But Packer, with all his kindly indulgence of disposition, was unyielding upon any point of duty.

"It's a job that's got to be done," he said, emphatically. "This township's goin' to sleep to-night. There's poor sick souls that have got to have their sleep."

"And so they have," said Blanchard, with the soberness of one uttering Amen.

Neal knew with filling eyes that it was his father of whom they thought. He himself had been dreading the effect upon the old man of this night of shattering sound.

"Torson and I will go out and order them to surrender," Packer said. "The rest of you spread out behind us, so that they can see you mean to back us up."

Lindsay Neville stepped up to Eleanor. "I have no gun," he said. "You will not be needing your revolver."

"Oh, if you must go —" she said, with a look of helpless anxiety, before which he stood firm. Neal caught her look, and saw her place the pistol in Neville's hand. He turned away lest he should be a spy upon lovers.

As he turned he had a glimpse of Wilbur and his brother John skulking by the fence; he ran up to them. "You boys get inside," he said, sternly, "and stay there with Eleanor." He marshalled them into the house.

All this time there had been quiet in the vicinity of the derrick, and Neal was beginning to think the surrender would, after all, be made peacefully. Packer and Torson, having passed round and cautioned each man not to fire the first shot, walked together into the field. The others ran out on either side, spreading along the fence and across the field in a broken line, and keeping always a little behind the two men.

Silence awaited the advance, and at a dark window in the house Eleanor watched and prayed.

Then there came a distinct loud utterance in Braddish's voice — a trifle slurred and tinged with recklessness by liquor:

"Arty, stop playin' with the gas. Come and get your gun."

Torson and Packer halted, and Torson lifted up his fine, deep voice.

"Ike Braddish, O'Brien, and McGuire, I call on you to give yourselves up to the

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law, on the charge of wilfully and maliciously disturbin' the public peace."

"Get back, or we'll pick you like you was ripe cherries," Braddish threatened out of the darkness.

Neal and Neville were on the extreme left of the line, farthest out in the field, and in the most exposed position.

"Pass the word to take cover along the fence at the first firing," Neal called.

The sound of his voice was a challenge. From beside the boiler issued a spurt of flame, straight, it seemed, towards Neal. But he did not fall. "Run to the fence!" he shouted, and the deputies ran, followed by three more shots.

Behind the rail fence the men lay on the ground or crouched in the corners, for now began a fusillade on their position. Bullets chipped splinters from the rails and cut through the grass with a "whish." The drillers were firing low. The fence, even in the corners made by the zigzags, offered none too good a cover, and disorganization threatened the deputies. "Surround 'em!" shouted Torson, bravely, but to so vague an order no one stirred. "He'll be tellin' us to charge 'em next," muttered Blanchard, who lay, face down, in the ditch. Jim Casey and Jerry Slawson and one or two others fired in reply to the enemy's fusillade. But the flashes from the guns drew such prompt and perilous retorts that Torson cried, "Cease firing!"

"See here," Neal called out peremptorily. He had been squatting in a fence corner, and he rose and walked to and fro. "We can't surround them, for it's too open. The only cover for us is this fence and that bit of woods across the brook"—the bit from which he had emerged to meet Lindsay Neville. "Jim Casey, you take three fellows over into those woods. I want four to go with me out into the open. We'll go roundabout, and we'll lie down and try to crawl in close. The rest stay here. Then we'll have them on three sides. Jim, pick your men."

"I'll have Pete Stilwell and Will Bains and Bailey Stearns," said Jim. "Come, fellers, jump across the road lively now."

He led the way; one after another they wriggled under the fence, and then ran crouching through the field.

"Now who's with me?" asked Neal.

"Count me, Colonel," said Neville.

Jake, the hired man, volunteered, and then Dave Hendrick, a young farmer. "One more!" said Neal.

Blanchard crawled out of the ditch.

"It's up to us veterans," he said, in a quietly reproachful voice. "Feel like I was born to be under fire," he added in Neal's doubtful ear.

Neal led his company part way up the road beyond Eleanor's house. Then they entered her meadow, and ran in skirmishing formation towards the derrick. They had got beyond the line of the house when the first flash came towards them. Then they dropped flat to the ground. No one had been hit, and they began crawling slowly nearer through the grass, which was long enough to be a fair cover. From the other two detachments a steady firing had begun upon the fortification. The drillers were either stationed at wide intervals or moved constantly and swiftly from one point to another, for their shots came from the boiler, from the engine-house, from the derrick, and from the tank. Their long line of defences seemed easily manned, and put the attacking force into difficulties.

"Don't fire until we are well in and are sure," Neal cautioned his men. "We don't want to show them where we are."

But the drillers began to realize that their chief danger was from the men approaching through the grass. And suddenly from their three vantage points—the tank, the derrick, and the boiler—they concentrated their fire on the spot where they guessed Neal and his men to be.

"It's high time we was up and givin' 'em the bay'net," Blanchard murmured to Jake Bope.

Then the gas roared forth. The foolish drunken McGuire, having opened the gate wide, stood inside the derrick and discharged his rifle. A vast whirl of flame sprang into being in mid-air and hung, blazing through the top of the derrick. With its light it wiped out the stars in the sky, it flung the whole country into the sudden brilliance of a theater. In the instant Neal saw Braddish standing by the boiler with rifle leveled, and McGuire running towards him from the derrick along the plank walk. Together Neal and Neville leaped up, together they fired, and Braddish fired; the reports were like the mere popping of corn. The rifle dropped from Braddish's hands; he made two reeling backward steps and sank behind the boiler.

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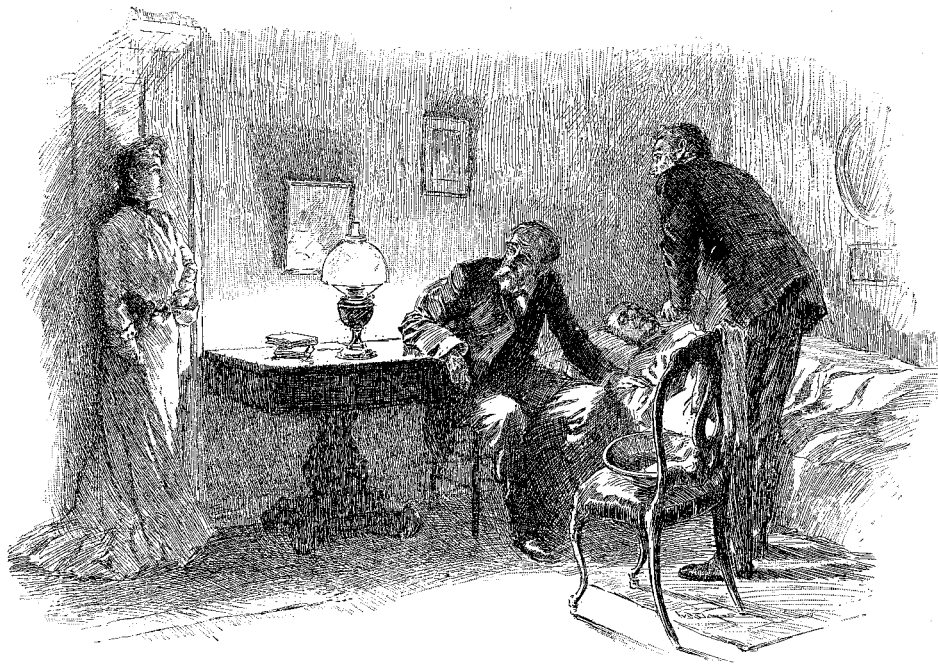
Neal turned, to see Neville staggering towards him, with the revolver swaying loosely; the next moment Neal had him in his arms. Jake and Dave Hendrick sprang to his help; the three lifted the wounded man and bore him towards the house, while Blanchard stood blazing at the boiler, behind which McGuire had disappeared. When he had emptied his gun, he ran to lend his support to the bearers, and Neville was a burden for four men.

girl, bareheaded, reaching forward and pulling on the reins. As Neal recognized his father and sister and knew the old man had come to help, he saw that the horse, panic-stricken by the blaze and the roar, had got beyond Bessie's control. Helpless and distant with his burden, Neal could only clench his lips and walk on, gazing in anguish. He saw it all so vividly: his sister leaning forward crying to the horse commands that had no sound; his father, white and silent, reaching out to help her pull



"'I SHALL BE RIGHT BY THE DOOR, NEAL'"

Neal wondered vaguely why they were not all shot down as they retreated out in the open field under the blaring light. In the roar of the gas he and his companions did not at first realize that the sounds of battle had ceased. But when they had got half-way to the house, they saw Torson and his men suddenly swarm over the fence and go charging across the field. Neal's eyes did not follow the charge; heavy-hearted, he was looking down at Neville. The ragged blood stain spreading round the hole in Lindsay's waistcoat was significant enough.

Neville smiled up at him, but did not try to speak.

Down the road a horse came galloping; in the buggy behind sat an old man and a

upon the reins. And then he saw three men, who had not joined in the charge upon the derrick, spring out and stand across the road, waving their arms. The horse, slowing up a little, made a clumsy attempt to veer away and crowd against the fence; and then Neal saw the outermost man seize him by the bridle, and, with the instant help of the others, drag him to a standstill. "Thank God!" Neal murmured; and he saw that the three who had done this thing were first and chiefly Slawson, and then Wilbur, and his own brother John.

Neville still gazed up with his quiet smile; he had seen nothing.

The men laid him on the lounge in Eleanor's sitting-room. "Out of the house,

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now," Neal ordered; and knelt and began cutting away the clothing about the wound. His father entered and sat down silently by the patient's head. Neal glanced up with shining eyes. "Glad you're here, dad," he said. The old man, without a word, bent forward, and with an intent but feverish gaze watched his son's fingers. Eleanor slipped in, bringing water and towels. "If you want anything I shall be right by the door, Neal," she said, and she went out, as she had entered, with a white, dry face and a look as if she had not slept for weeks. She had glanced but once at Neville, and as if she had not known him, and in the same way but once at Neal; she had looked away and seemed to see nothing. Neville lay silent and conscious and calm.

In a few moments Neal opened the door; Eleanor stood there with Wilbur, with her arm about his waist.

"Send at once for Mr. Neville's family," Neal said.

She touched her brother in silence, and he was off upon the errand. Then she turned her tearless dead eyes upon Neal.

"Oh, Neal, is it as bad as that?" she said, under her breath.

"I can't tell — absolutely. I hope. Come," he said to her — "come in here and sit down." He drew her into the dining-room. "Was any one else hurt?"

"Braddish was killed. Bessie and your father might have been." His heart ached at the terror in her dry, blue eyes that looked at him so steadily, yet made him feel that they were visualizing the one who lay in the room beyond. "Oh, Neal —" her voice broke, the tears flowed, she bowed her head upon the table and shook with sobs.

Neal stood by, looking down at the knot of fair, bright hair and the white neck below. Then he dared to lay his hand gently on the hair and bent to say:

"I'm hoping for the best, Eleanor."

He left her to her weeping, and went back to the wounded man.

After a moment Eleanor rose, and opening the door stepped outside to wait and look for the coming of the Nevilles. There were men lingering for news, gathered in groups by the gate and along the fence. "I don't know — I don't know," she said, drearily, when they asked her. She saw some of them lead O'Brien and McGuire away in custody; she saw Will Bains carrying a blanket towards the place where Braddish had fallen.

The garish, yellow light quivered across the fields. The flame flowed upward from the derrick-top, wrestling, twining; restrained in mid-air it seemed striving, with all its flexible and lithe power, to burst from what detained it and go winging up into the heaven. It had none of the devilish hunger of the conflagration that eats buildings or forests, that creeps upon the earth; it was aspiration, and the sympathy of the beholder was with it, wishing it the release for which it strove, and the quieting of its tortured roar. And indeed it appeared to be casting off its bonds, one by one, as it flung burning timbers to the earth. The country round seemed pulsing to the throbs of its struggle. Over Neville's hill-side the light swept in billows, it charged electric along avenues of trees, it streamed up and down the brook, coloring it to yellow, it shook in folds out over the open meadow lands; the outlines of objects were uncertain, quaking trees and fences threw impish, prancing shadows, and on the hill-top towards the village the spectators who had gathered flitted like figures in the light of a bonfire.

But it was in the other direction that Eleanor gazed with dreading, anxious eyes; and at last she saw the three figures come hurrying out through the Neville gateway and across the bridge. And at that moment there fell sudden darkness; it was as if the struggling flame had at last wrenched itself free and leaped into the heaven beyond sight, leaving behind it only the little crawling fires that were consuming the timbers of the derrick. The blaze had blown itself out. But the gas roared on.

Eleanor stepped back into the house. "They are coming," she said to Neal, when he had opened the door in answer to her knock. "You — you must see them first." She crept close to him, beseechingly. "Oh, Neal, how shall I bear it? I — I — oh, I am wicked; all this is because of me!"

He took her cold, quivering hand and pressed it in silent encouragement. And to feel the warm firmness of his grasp at this time caused her to raise toward him humble, venerating eyes.

Neal stood to receive the mother, sister, and father. They came in, pallid, and with

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frightened eyes, but with a silent self-control.

"My boy!" said Mrs. Neville, in a tremulous voice.

"Before you see him," Neal said, "one word. May I do what I can? Before a surgeon could get here from Avalon it would be, I'm afraid—I am sure—too late. Am I to go ahead?"

"The—the chances?" Neville choked; his wife and his daughter stood gripping each other's hands.

"I'm hopeful. I've assisted at such operations. My father is here to help. Mr. Neville—I shall do as well for Lindsay as any man can—and it must be done."

"Oh, yes!" cried the mother, in a breaking voice. "But first——"

"You may see him only a moment. And be brave."

Neal opened the door, the mother clinging to her daughter's hand entered first; the old doctor rose and stepped back from the lounge.

"Come in, Eleanor," Neal said, holding open the door. Her place was here, too, he thought. Dazed and blank, she obeyed him, and stood by the wall.

From under the sheet that covered him Lindsay put out his hand to his mother.

"Oh, my boy!" cried Mrs. Neville, and she and Rosamond knelt together and kissed him. His father stood behind them, winking the tears back from his eyes, and moistening his lips.

"You—you're elected, Lindsay," he said.

Lindsay's smile broadened. "Then don't worry," he answered. "Neal here will do a good job on me—and I'm going to serve out my term."

Neal opened the door beside which Eleanor stood shrinking, and held it open. His father touched Mrs. Neville's arm with a grave politeness. She gave one look of entreaty and awe at his chalk-like face and brilliant blue eyes, and then, turning, she passed out, and her husband and her daughter followed. Neal whispered to Eleanor, "Would you like to say a word?" She shook her head, and touching his sleeve, drew him to the threshold.

"Oh, Neal, you *must* not fail!" she cried, turning on him with the first full emotion in her voice.

He answered her solemnly, "I shall not fail. I will save him for you."

"No—not for me, Neal—*not* for me!"

Then, looking into her eyes, he understood. He said nothing, but once more she felt her cold, quivering hand enclosed in his warm and steady grasp.

When he turned back into the room his father stood, with coat off, rolling his shirt-sleeves up from his lean, white arms.

The boyish smile was on Neal's face when he stepped into the room where Neville and the three women were waiting.

"I think he's safe," he said.

Joy flashed into their faces; there was a cry from Rosamond and a broken word from Neville, and Mrs. Neville, with no majesty at all, but with tears upon her cheeks, came to Neal and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"I don't dare to promise," he murmured to her. "But the operation succeeded—and his condition's good—and there's no reason why he shouldn't pull through. Look in on him for just a moment."

When they had gone for this good-night glimpse Neal was left alone with Eleanor. No word was spoken, but they drew together, Neal looking at her with the boyish smile and the radiant eyes, she in shy reluctance till the last, when she came flinging out her arms.

"And you have never yet said you love me!" she murmured, as he held her.

"I shall be trying to express it all my life," he answered.

They walked together to the door and then stood decorously apart. The Nevilles came from the sick-room with happy faces, and Rosamond stepped up to Neal.

"I think," she said, "that you are the finest doctor in all the world!"

"After my father," he answered, bowing low. He turned to Mrs. Neville. "He must not be moved to-night; I shall stay—and if you would also—. He must sleep. I am going now to see what can be done about shutting off the noise."

The men who were waiting outside for news came forward as he descended the steps. Hearing that all was well, they one by one shook hands with Neal and started up the road. Blanchard lingered.

"Don't you think we could shut off the gas?" Neal said to him.

"We was goin' to when it would be safe," Blanchard replied. "We've been workin' to put out the fire in the derrick."

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"It looks safe enough now," said Neal.

Standing close by the derrick, he watched for a moment the little fires that still crept upon the charred uprights. Then he entered; Blanchard followed him; together laying hold of the wheel that controlled the gate, they turned it; the great valve closed, and the roar passed away forever. For the hole was never reopened.

Neal and Blanchard passed out under the stars that with the return of darkness had

"'NEAL!'"

been set back in the sky. They walked in silence for a little way, and then Blanchard said, with a wistful hope in his voice:

"Neal, ain't you almost glad you made up your mind to stay?"

"Yes — almost," he answered, with a light laugh.

"Do you think," Blanchard asked, with some awkwardness, after a moment's pause, "that at my age a man's too old to learn?"

"Oh," cried Neal, with a quick sympathy, "to-night you were as good as there was."

"No," Blanchard said. "There was at least four ahead of me — you and three others. But — if you'd gone away from us when you thought you would, Neal, I guess I wouldn't have come in at all. So I'm glad you stayed — and I guess the Nevilles are mighty glad you stayed — and I bet the good folks in Avalon, if they could only know about it, would be mighty glad, too."

"Thank you, Blanchard," Neal said, grasping the man's hand. "You make me altogether glad."

"But there's this," mused the storekeeper. "The finest thing I seen to-night I had no right to see. I peeked in at the window, Neal, and when I got sight of the old man bendin' over with you, and lookin' like he'd rose up from his death-bed — that white and sick, with the big veins and the white hands and the big, sad, burnin' eyes — but workin' there, a-quietly helpin' you, his son — it broke me up; it was the best I ever saw!"

"Just what I kept thinking, too," murmured Neal.

They separated at the fence, Blanchard taking the road to the village — the road that led up to the hill-top, and now met there on the horizon the Milky Way. Standing a moment by the gate Neal gazed along this road, and then looked up at the evening star. It had travelled westward only a little way, measured by the eye, since he had stood at this gate a target for Braddish's rifle. Then the star had been on the left side of the slim poplar tree; now it had floated over to the right. Yet during this brief transit Neal knew that he had lived; he had risen to an occasion as he had dreamed that he could rise, and had dreaded that he would not; and from the summit of his glorious hour he now beheld no weary road over a barren hill into darkness, but a pathway up to the pathway of the stars. His father's spirit would be always before to guide and bless, another spirit would be always beside to light his steps. He hoped he would be worthy of his inheritance; he hoped he would be worthy of her.

The door opened and Eleanor stood peering out. She did not see him.

"Neal!" she called, softly.

"Coming, Eleanor."

THE END

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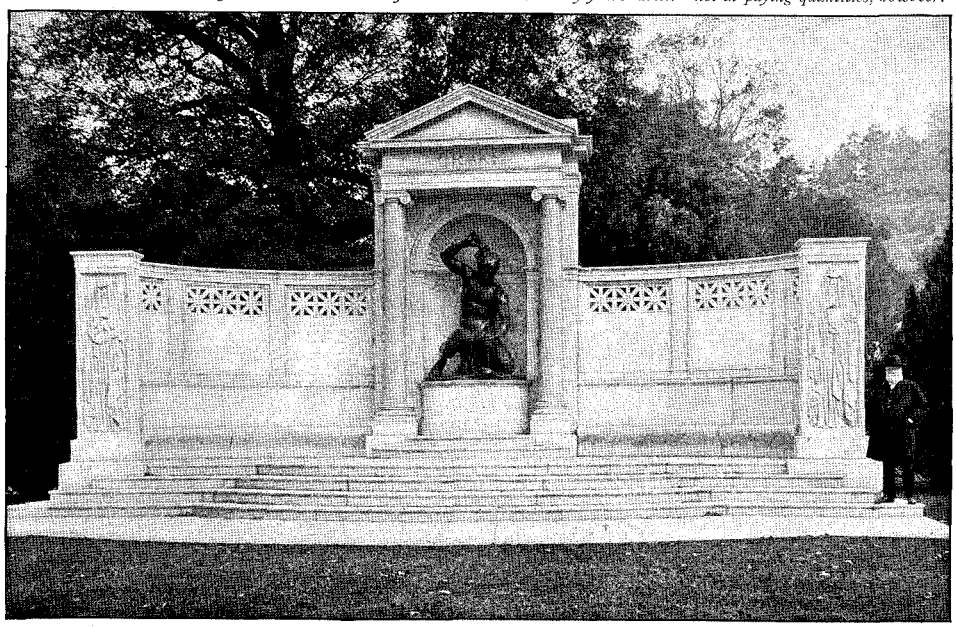
MEMORIAL TO EDWIN L. DRAKE AT TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

This memorial was unveiled in 1901. Drake drilled the first artesian well for oil on Oil Creek in 1859. He is popularly called the discoverer of oil, although oil had been obtained from artesian wells many years earlier—not in paying quantities, however.



THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION

TO an outsider the situation which confronted Mr. John D. Rockefeller in the spring of 1879 does not seem to have been altogether satisfactory. By seven years of persistent effort he had worked out a well-conceived plan for controlling the oil business of the United States. Another year and he had reason to believe that the remnant of refiners who still rebelled against his intentions would either be convinced or dead and he could rule unimpeded. But here at the very threshold of empire a certain group of people, "people with a private grievance," stood in his way. "You have taken deliberate advantage of the iniquitous practices of the railroads to build up a monopoly," they told him. "We combined to overthrow those practices so far as the oil business was concerned. You not only refused to support us in this contention, you persuaded or forced the railroads to make you the only recipient of their illegal favors; more than that, you developed the unjust practices, forcing them into forms unheard of before. Not only have you secured rebates of extraordinary value

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on all your own shipments, you have persuaded the railroads to give you a commission on the oil that other people ship. You are guilty of plotting against the prosperity of an industry." And they indicted him with eight of his colleagues for conspiracy.

Initial Error of the Oil Men

The evidence on which the oil men based this serious charge has already been analyzed in this history. At the moment they brought their suit for conspiracy what was their situation? They had several months before driven the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to bring suits against four railroads operating within its borders and against the Standard Pipe Lines for infringing their duties as common carriers. Partial testimony had been taken in the case against the Pennsylvania Road and in that against the United Pipe Lines. These suits, though far from finished, had given the Producers' Union the bulk of the proof on which they had secured the indictment of the Standard officials for conspiracy. Now, since the railroads and the pipe lines were the guilty ones — that is, as it was they that had granted the illegal favors and as they were the only ones that could surely be convicted, it seems clear that the only wise course for the producers would have been to prosecute energetically and exclusively these first suits. But evident as the necessity for such persistency was, and just after Mr. Cassatt had startled the public and given the Union material with which it certainly in time could have compelled the Commonwealth to a complete investigation, the producers interrupted their work by bringing their spectacular suit for conspiracy — a suit which perhaps might have been properly instituted after the others had been completed, but which, introduced now, completely changed the situation, for it gave the witnesses from whom they

ROGER SHERMAN

Mr. Sherman was the chief counsel for the Producers' Union from its organization in 1878 to its final adjournment in 1880. He came to the Oil Regions in 1865. In 1868 he drew and procured the passage of a law giving to laborers upon oil mining leaseholds a lien for their work and materials. In 1876 he secured the passage of a law which put the pipe line business under strict regulations. He was one of the persons most active in securing the passage by Congress of a law regulating commerce among the States, and helped draw up the original measure. A few months after the settlement of the producers' suits in 1880 Mr. Sherman accepted a position as one of the attorneys of the Standard Oil Company. He remained with the company five years, when he became again the counsel of the oil producers, remaining associated with them until his death in New York City in 1897.

E. G. PATTERSON

Mr. Patterson first came to the Oil Regions about 1865. He was chosen by the delegation of oil men at the time of the oil war to present their case to the railroad presidents. In all legislation devised by the producers to better their condition he was active. He assisted in drafting the Inter-State Commerce bills of 1876 and 1880, and he advocated both before Congressional committees. It was he who worked up the cases against the railroads in 1878 and 1879. When the Producers' Union, in April, 1879, proposed to bring a suit for conspiracy against the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Patterson saw clearly the folly of the move and opposed it strenuously. The year after the suits were settled Mr. Patterson assisted the State of Pennsylvania in a suit for taxes brought against the Standard Oil Company. On the settlement of these suits he came to an understanding with the Standard, and has since been in its employ.

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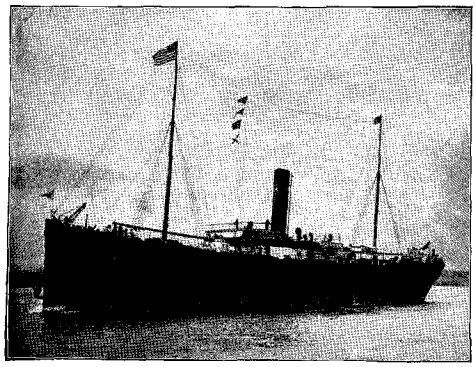
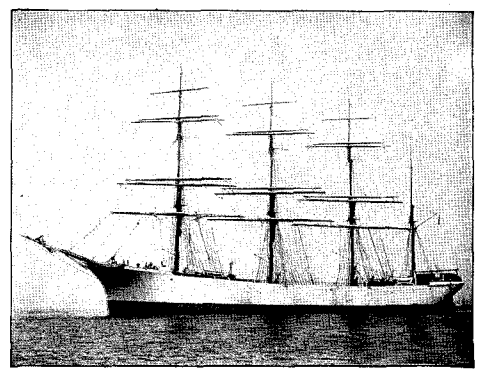


THE "TUSCARORA"

Standard tankship, the largest in the world, carrying 2,500,000 gallons.



THE "BRILLIANT"

Standard sailing vessel carrying oil packages between New York and the Orient.

were most anxious to hear a loophole for escape.

The Standard's Waiting Game

For instance, the officials of the Standard Pipe Lines had been instructed to appear on the 14th of May (1879) to answer questions which earlier in the trial they had refused to answer "on advice of counsel." Now the president of the United Pipe Lines, J. J. Vandergrift, and the general manager, Daniel O'Day, were both included in the indictment for conspiracy. The evening before the interrogatory the producers' counsel received a telegram from the Attorney-General of the State, announcing that the pipe line people were complaining that the testimony which they would be called on to give on the morrow would be used against them in the conspiracy trial, — as it undoubtedly would have been — and that he thought it only fair that their hearing be postponed until after that suit. And so the defendants gained time — the chief desideratum of defendants who do not wish to fight.

HENRY M. HOYT

Governor of the State of Pennsylvania from November, 1878, to 1883.

Soon after, the conspiracy case was again used to excellent advantage by the Standard people in the investigation which was being conducted in New York before the Hepburn Commission. Mr. Bostwick, the Standard oil buyer, whose order to buy immediate-shipment oil only at a discount had been one of the oil men's chief grievances for a year and a half, was summoned as a witness; but Mr. Bostwick too was under indictment for conspiracy, and when the examiners began to put questions to him which the producers were eager to have answered, he asked: "How can I, a man soon to be tried for conspiracy, be expected to answer these questions? I shall incriminate myself." He was sustained in his plea, and about all the Hepburn Commission got out of him was: "I refuse to answer lest I incriminate myself." This, then, was the first fruit of the producers' hasty and vindictive suit. It had shut the mouth of the important Standard witnesses.

Folly of Letting Off the Railroads

Discouraging as this discovery was, however, there was no reason why the suits against the railroads should not have been

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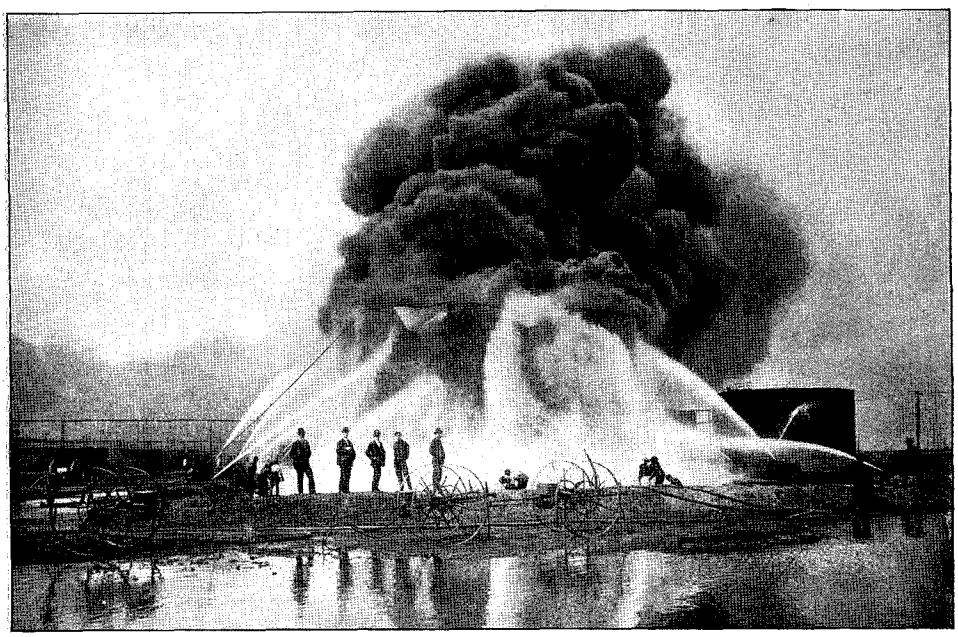
pushed through, and the testimony the officials unquestionably could be made to give, now that Mr. Cassatt had set the pace, have been obtained. But the Producers' Union had lost sight for the moment of the fact that the fundamental difficulty in the trouble was the illegal discriminations of the common carriers. The Union was so much more eager to punish Mr. Rockefeller than it was to punish the railroads, that in bringing the suit for conspiracy it was even guilty of leniency towards the officials of the Pennsylvania. Certainly, if there was to be an indictment for conspiracy, all the supposed conspirators should have been included. It was by discriminations clearly contrary to their charter and to the constitution of the State that the Pennsylvania Railroad had made it possible for Mr. Rockefeller to achieve his monopoly in Pennsylvania. The Union had proof of these rebates, but they let off Mr. Scott and Mr. Cassatt because "they professed the greatest desire to get rid of Standard domination, and were loudly asserting that they had been victimized and compelled at times to carry oil freights at less than cost."* Evidently the fate of the settlement the oil men had made seven years before with Mr. Scott and the presidents of the other oil-bearing roads had been forgotten. Naturally enough, the railroads took advantage of these signs of leniency on the part of the producers and brought all their enormous influence to bear on the State authorities to delay hearings and bring about a settlement. The Pennsylvania secured delays up to December, 1879, and then the Governor ordered the Attorney-General to stop proceedings against the road until the testimony had been taken in the other four cases; that is in the cases against: (1) the United Pipe Lines; (2) the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; (3) the Dunkirk, Allegheny, and Pittsburg, and (4) the Atlantic and Great Western. It was a heavy blow to the Union, for at the moment its hands were tied by the conspiracy case, as far as the United Pipe Lines were concerned, and the three railroads were foreign corporations, only having branches in Pennsylvania, and accordingly very difficult to reach. The testimony could have been obtained, however, if the Union had been undivided in its interests. It would have been done, of course, if the State authorities had been willing to do what was their obvious duty. But the State authorities really asked nothing better than to escape further prosecution of the railroads. The administration was Republican, the Governor being Henry M. Hoyt. Mr. Hoyt had been elected in



FIGHTING AN OIL FIRE

*A History of the Organization, Purposes, and Transactions of the General Council of the Petroleum Producers' Union, 1880.

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SAMUEL C. T. DODD

Since 1875 the chief solicitor of the Standard Oil Company has been Mr. Dodd. A native of Franklin, Pa., he began the practice of law in his native town in 1859, and, of course, was familiar with all the legal phases of the oil business from its birth. In 1874 he was a delegate to the last Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, and in that convention made an eloquent and stirring address against the practice of railroad discriminations which were so interfering with the oil industry. The work for which he is best known in legal circles is the Standard Oil trust agreement of 1882. Mr. Dodd has published several able pamphlets defending the trust principle.

the fall of 1878 and so had inherited the suits from Governor Hartranft. He was pledged, however, to see them through, for before the election the Producers' Union had addressed several pertinent questions to him. Governor Hoyt's answers were eminently satisfactory:

What Governor Hoyt was Pledged To

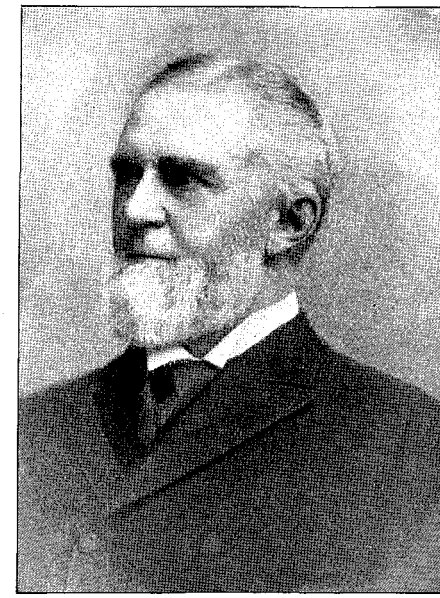
There were provisions in the Constitution, he wrote, "intended to compel the railroads and canal companies of the State to the performance of their duties as common carriers with fairness and equality, without discrimination, to all persons doing business over their lines. This policy is just and right.

"If called to a position requiring official action, I would recommend and approve any legislation necessary and appropriate to carry into effect the sections of the Constitution referred to.

"It would be my duty, if elected, to see that no citizen, or class of citizens even, were subjected to hardship or injustice in their business, by illegal acts of corporations or others, where relief lay within Executive control. Any proper measures or legislation which would effectually remedy the grievances set forth in the memorial addressed to Governor Hartranft would receive my recommendation and approval.

"It would be my duty, if elected, to select only such officers as would enforce obedience to the Constitution and laws, both by corporations and individuals, without fear or favor, and all such officers would be held by me to strict accountability for the full and prompt discharge of all their official duties."

Governor Hoyt had indeed begun the suits, all of the testimony in regard to the Pennsylvania having been taken in his administration. This testimony must have proved to him that the transgressions of the road had been far more flagrant than anyone dreamed of—that they had amounted simply to driving certain men out of business in order to build up the business of certain other men. His evident duty, as his letter to the producers shows clearly



JABEZ A. BOSTWICK

Like most of the men prominent in the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Bostwick started out for himself when still a boy. After serving for several years as a clerk he became a dealer in cotton in Cincinnati. In 1866 he went to New York City, where he established the firm of Bostwick & Tilford. Petroleum by this time had become an important commodity, and this firm became receivers of oil. In a short time Mr. Bostwick had risen to the position of a leading buyer of the Oil Regions. In 1872 he went into the South Improvement Company. After the breaking up of that organization he allied himself with Mr. Rockefeller, and from that time on was associated with all the ventures of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Bostwick was also interested in many large outside business ventures. He died in 1892.

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enough that he realized, was to push the suits against the railroads even if the oil men entirely withdrew, but instead of that it became evident in the spring that he was using every opportunity to delay. Indeed, one reason the producers gave for bringing the conspiracy suit was that it would give the State authorities a scapegoat; that they would gladly act vigorously against the Standard if they were let off from prosecuting the Pennsylvania. Governor Hoyt now availed himself fully of the vacillation of the Union towards the railroads, using it as an excuse for not prosecuting the railroad cases.

But if the producers were half-hearted towards the railroads, they were wholehearted enough towards the Standard. In spite of the fact that they had gotten in their own way, so to speak, by bringing their conspiracy suit, they felt convinced that they had material enough to win it on, and they sought the extradition of the non-residents who had been indicted.

What Governor Hoyt Did

Early in June Governor Hoyt was called upon to issue a requisition for the extradition of John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler, J. A. Bostwick, Daniel O'Day, Charles Pratt, and G. W. Girty. A full argument was made before the State officials, but a decision was deferred repeatedly. Finally, worn out with waiting, Mr. Campbell, in a telegram to the Governor on July 29th, threatened, if there was longer delay, to make his request for extradition through the public press. The answer from Harrisburg was that the Attorney-General was sick and could not attend to the matter. Mr. Campbell wired back that he was tired of "addition, division, and silence," and he sent out the following letter:

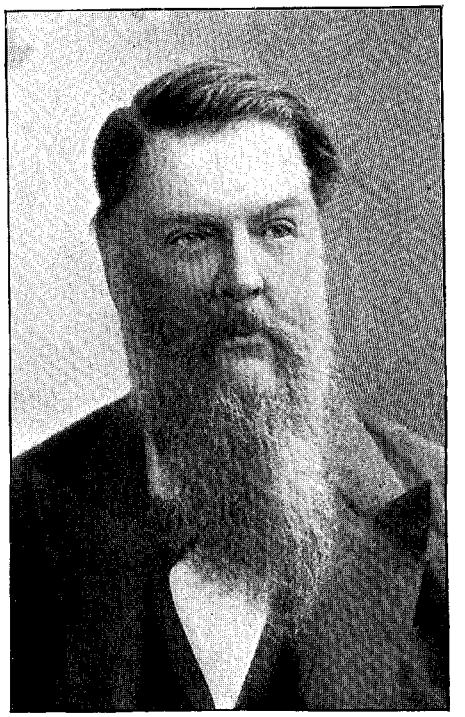
FAIRFIELD, July 31, 1879.

To His Excellency HENRY M. HOYT,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

SIR:—On behalf of the Producers of Oil, whom I represent as President of their General Council, I most respectfully ask a decision at your hands, of the requisition on the Governor of the State of New York, for the surrender of the officers of the Standard Oil Company, indicted by the Grand Jury of Clarion County, and now believed to be within the limits of the State of New York.

The case was exhaustively argued before you, more than four weeks ago, and the great oil interest which I have the honor to represent has a right to a prompt decision on this vital question. If these parties—who for their own profit and its ruin control Pennsylvania's most valuable product, and compel its greatest carrier to undertake their warfare and to do their bidding at the sacrifice of its innocent stockholders—can, under the plea of being "aliens," defy the law of Pennsylvania and laugh at our impotent attempts to reach them, the sooner it is known the better. It is possible that if we are denied protection within the limits of our own Commonwealth, we may obtain justice by appealing to the Courts of a sister State, where at least the defendants will be obliged to admit that they are residents.

Your obedient servant, B. B. CAMPBELL,
President of Producers' Council.



BENJAMIN B. CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell, who was a Pittsburger, first became interested in oil producing in West Virginia in 1860. In 1871 he entered the Butler field, north of Pittsburg, and soon became one of its leading producers. Mr. Campbell was one of the two men whom Colonel Potts chose in 1877 to work up an alliance of independent oil men with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it was on the failure of this scheme that the Petroleum Producers' Union, with Mr. Campbell as president, arose.

The Governor remained obdurate, nor was the request ever granted. In a message sent out in January, 1881, Governor Hoyt gave a review of the case—as he was compelled to do, so great was the popular criticism of his course in not pushing the suits and in refusing the request for extradition—in which he attributed his refusal to the negotiations begun between the railroads and the Producers' Union.

"The details of these negotiations, of course, need not, and did not, reach the office of the

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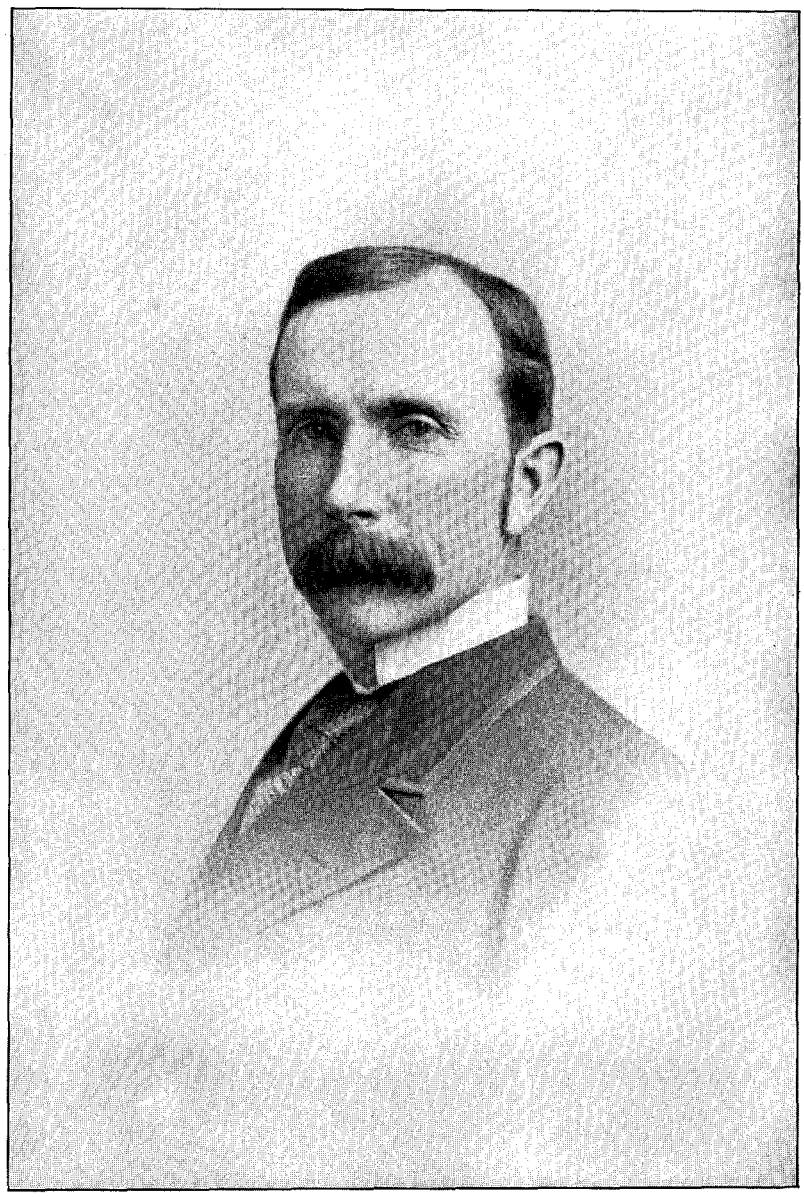

JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER IN 1880

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY

In 1880 Mr. Rockefeller, with eight of his colleagues, was under an indictment for conspiracy, on a charge brought by the independent oil men of Pennsylvania.

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Executive department," he said. "As a part of them, however, requests were presented in the interest of the petitioners (the Producers' Union) to the Governor, not to issue the requisitions, followed again by requests that they be allowed to go out. Finding that the highest process of the Commonwealth was being used simply as leverage for and against the parties to these negotiations between contending litigants, and that, however entire and perfect might have been the good faith in which the criminal proceedings in Clarion County had been commenced, they were being regarded and treated as a mere make-weight in the stages of private diplomacy, I deemed it my duty, in the exercise of a sound discretion, to suspend action on the requisitions."

The writer has examined all the private correspondence which passed at this time between the litigants, but finds no proof of Governor Hoyt's statement that the Union at one time ceased its demands for Mr. Rockefeller's extradition.

Mr. Rockefeller's Waiting Game

The conspiracy suit had been set for the August session of the Clarion County (Penn.) Court. When August came the Standard sought a continuance, and it was granted. The delay did not in any way discourage the producers, and when Mr. Rockefeller became convinced of this he tried conciliation. "Come, let us reason together," has always been a favorite proposition of Mr. Rockefeller. He would rather persuade than coerce, rather silence than fight. He had been making peace overtures ever since the suits began. The first time was in the fall of 1878, soon after they were instituted, when he sent the following letter to Captain Vandergrift:

Capt. J. J. VANDERGRIFT.

MY DEAR SIR:—We are now prepared to enter into a contract to refine all the petroleum that can be sold in the markets of the world at a low price for refining. Prices of refined oil to be made by a joint committee of producers and refiners, and the profits to be determined by these; profits to be divided equitably between both parties. This joint interest to have the lowest net rates obtainable from railroads. If your judgment approves, you may consult some of the producers upon this question. This would probably require the United Pipe Lines to make contracts and act as a clearing house for both parties.

Very respectfully yours,

J. D. ROCKEFELLER.

Captain Vandergrift handed the letter to the executive committee of the Producers' Union. It was returned to him without a reply. The producers had tried an arrangement of this kind with Mr. Rockefeller's National Refiners' Association in 1872 and 1873 and it had failed. The refiners had thrown up their contract when they found they could get all the oil they wanted at a lower price than they had contracted to pay the Producers' Union, from men who had not gone into that organization. The oil country was familiar, too, with the case of the H. L. Taylor Company, whose complaint against the Standard was printed in the May instalment of this History. Contracts of that sort were never meant to be kept, they declared. They were meant as "sops, opiates."

In November, 1878, after the testimony which had been brought out by the suit against the United Pipe Lines had been pretty well aired in the New York *Sun* and other papers, and one or two private suits against the railroads were creating a good deal of public discussion, an effort to secure a conference between the representatives of the Union and the Standard officials was made. The Union refused to go into it officially. A meeting was held, however, in New York on November 29th, at which several well-known oil men were present. It was announced to the press in advance that it was to be an important but secret meeting between the oil producers, refiners, and Standard men, that its object was to settle all grievances, and to secure a withdrawal of the impending suits. As soon as the news of this proposed meeting reached the Oil Regions, the officials of the Union promptly denied their connection with it.

Although these early efforts to get a wedge into the Producers' Union and thus secure a staying of the suits had no results, the Standard was not discouraged — it never is: there is no evidence in its history that it knows what the word means. Not being able to handle the Union as a whole, the Standard began working on individuals. By March, 1879, the idea of a compromise had become particularly strong in Oil City. Indeed, one of the several reasons advanced for bringing the conspiracy suits was that such a proceeding would defeat the efforts the Oil City branch was making to bring about a settlement with Mr. Rockefeller.

Accordingly, when it became apparent to Mr. Rockefeller in the fall of 1879 that the producers meant to fight through the conspiracy suit, though they might dally over the others, he notified Roger Sherman,

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counsel for the Union, that he wished to lay a proposition looking to a settlement before him. The president, Mr. Campbell, was in favor of receiving the proposition. "I have no idea they will present anything we can accept," he wrote Mr. Sherman. "Still it will furnish a first-rate gauge to test how badly they are scared." And the Standard was told that the Union would consider what they had to offer. "But it is a serious question—this of settlement," replied Mr. Rockefeller. "Our trial is set for October 28th. We cannot get ready for that and prepare a proposition too. Why not postpone the trial?" This was done—December 15th being set. But no proposition was made to the producers for over six weeks—then they were asked to meet the Standard men on November 29th in New York City. Piqued at the delay, the producers informed the Standard that they could no longer consider their proposition and that the trial would be pushed.

Concessions by the Standard

But again the Standard secured delay—this time by petitioning that the case be argued before the Supreme Court of the State. They declared that such was the state of public feeling in Clarion County that they could not obtain justice there. They charged the judges with bias and prejudice, declared secret societies were working against them, and called attention to the civil suits which were still hanging fire. Over this petition serious trouble arose in court—there was a wrangle between the judge and the Standard's counsel. The newspapers took it up—the whole State divided itself into camps, and the case was again postponed, this time until the first of the year. Postponement obtained, compromise was again proposed, upon the basis of the abandonment of all those methods of doing business which the producers claimed injured them, and as a mark of their sincerity the United Pipe Lines on December 24, 1879, issued an order announcing the abandonment of immediate shipment throughout the region. A meeting between the legal advisers of the two parties to discuss the proposed terms was arranged for January 7, 1880, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City—the very time to which the trial of the case for conspiracy had been postponed. It was hardly to be expected that when the producers' counsel was coquetting with the Standard in New York their trial in Clarion County would be pushed very briskly. It was not. There was a hitch again, and for the fourth time proceedings were stayed. The conferences, however, went on.

These negotiations with the Standard continued for a month, and then, early in February, Mr. Campbell, the president of the Union, called a meeting of the Grand Council for February 19, 1880, in Titusville, Pennsylvania. For several weeks the Oil Regions had known that President Campbell and Roger Sherman, the leading lawyer of the Union, were in conference with the Standard officials. It was rumored that they were arranging a compromise, and it was suspected that the meeting now called was to consider the terms. Naturally, the proposition to be made was looked for with suspicion and curiosity. The meeting was the largest the Grand Council had held for many months. It was supposed to be secret, like all gatherings of the Union, but before the first session was over the word spread over the Oil Regions that Mr. Campbell had brought to the meeting contracts with both Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Scott, and that they were receiving harsh criticism from the Grand Council. The very meager accounts which exist of this gathering, historic in oil annals, show that it was one of the most exciting which was ever held in the country, and one can well believe this when one considers the bitter pill the council was asked to swallow that day. Mr. Campbell began the session by reporting that all the suits at which they had been laboring for nearly two years had been withdrawn, and that in return for their withdrawal the Standard and the Pennsylvania Railroad officials had signed contracts to cease certain of the practices of which the producers complained.

The Oil Men Compromise

The Standard contract which Mr. Campbell then presented pledged Mr. Rockefeller and some sixteen associates, whose names were attached to the document, to the following policy:

1. They would hereafter make no opposition to an entire abrogation of the system of rebates, drawbacks, and secret rates of freight in the transportation of petroleum on the railroads.

2. They withdrew their opposition to secrecy in rate making—that is, they promised that they would not hereafter receive any rebate or drawback that the railroad company was not at liberty to make known and to give to other shippers of petroleum.

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3. They abandoned entirely the policy which they had been pursuing in the management of the United Pipe Lines — that is, they promised that there should be no discrimination whatever hereafter between their patrons; that the rates should be reasonable and not advanced except on 30 days' notice; that they would make no difference between the price of crude in different districts excepting such as might be properly based upon the difference in the quality of the oil; that they would receive, transport, store, and deliver all oil tendered to them, up to a production of 65,000 barrels a day. And if the production should exceed that amount they agreed that they would not purchase any so-called "immediate shipment" oil at a discount on the price of certificate oil.

4. They promised hereafter that when certificates had been given for oil taken into the custody of the pipe lines, that the transfer of these certificates should be considered as a delivery of the oil, and the tankage of the seller would be treated as free.

The Conspiracy Suits Dropped

Mr. Rockefeller also agreed in making this contract to pay the Producers' Union $40,000 to cover the expense of their litigation. In return for this money and for the abandonment of secret rebates and of the pipe line policy to which he had held so strenuously, what was he to receive?— He was not to be tried for conspiracy. And that day, after the contract had been presented to the Grand Council, Mr. Campbell sent the following telegram:

TITUSVILLE, February 19, 1880.

To His Excellency HENRY M. HOYT,
Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

SIR: — As prosecutor in the case of the Commonwealth vs. J. D. Rockefeller, No. 25, April Sessions of Clarion County, I consent to the withdrawal of the requisition asked of you for extradition of J. D. Rockefeller *et al.*, the same having been in your hands undecided since July last and a *nolle prosequi* having been entered by leave of Court of Clarion County in the case, and I will request William L. Hindman, Esq., the prosecuting attorney, to forward a formal withdrawal.

Your obedient servant,
B. B. CAMPBELL.

The contract with the Pennsylvania which was signed by Mr. Scott agreed, in consideration of the withdrawal of the suit against the road, to the following policy:

1. That it would make known to all shippers all rates of freight charged upon petroleum. [This was an abolition of secret rates.]

2. If any rates of freight were allowed one shipper as against another, on demand that rate was to be made known.

3. There should be no longer any discrimination in the allotment and distribution of cars to shippers of petroleum.

4. Any rebate allowed to a large shipper was to be reasonable.

Humiliation of the Oil Men

There were both humiliation and bitterness in the council when the report was read. Humiliation and bitterness that after two years of such strenuous fighting all that was achieved was a contract which sacrificed what everybody knew to be the fundamental principle, the principle which up to this point the producers had always insisted must be recognized in any negotiation — that the rebate system was wrong and must not be compromised with. There was much loyalty, however, to the president, Mr. Campbell. He had worked long and hard. Probably most of the members of the Grand Council who were present had a consciousness that no one of them had done anywhere near what Mr. Campbell had done towards prosecuting their cause, and though they might object to the compromise, they could not blame him, knowing all the difficulties which had been put in the way. So they accepted the report, thanking him for his fidelity and energy, but not failing to express their disapproval of the reservation in regard to the rebate system. They ended their meeting by a resolution bitterly condemning the courts, the State administration at Harrisburg, and corporations in general:

"We declare that by the inefficiency and weakness of the Secretary of Internal Affairs in the year 1878; by the interposition on more than one occasion of the Attorney-General in 1879, by which the taking of testimony was prevented; by the failure of the present Governor for many months, either to grant or deny the requisition for criminals indicted for crime, within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, fugitives to other States; and by the interference of some of the judges of the Supreme Court, by an extraordinary, and according to the best legal judgment of the land, unlawful proceeding, by which the trial of an indictment for misdemeanor pending in a local court was delayed and prevented, the alarming and most dangerous influence of powerful corporations has been demonstrated. While we accept the inevitable result forced upon us by these influences, we aver that the contest is not over and our objects not attained, but we all continue to advocate and maintain the subordination of all corporations to the laws, the Constitution, and the will of the people, however and whenever expressed; that the system of freight discrimination by common carriers is absolutely wrong in principle, and tends to the fostering of dangerous monopolies; and that it is the duty of the Government, by legislative and executive action, to protect the people from their growing and dangerous power."

And with this resolution the second Petroleum Producers' Union formed to fight Mr. Rockefeller, came to an end.

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Why the Oil Men Failed

By the morning of February 20th the Oil Regions knew of the compromise. The news was received in sullen anger. It was due to the cowardice of the State officials, the corrupting influence of corporations, the oil men said. They blamed everybody but themselves, and yet if they had done their duty the suits would never have been compromised. The simple fact is that the mass of oil men had not stood by their leaders in the hard fight they had been making. These leaders were the representatives of perhaps 2,000 men — oil producers. Their power, their means, were derived from this body, and this body for many months had been giving them feeble support. Scattered as they were over a great stretch of country, interested in nothing but their own oil farms, the producers could only be brought into an alliance by hope of overturning disastrous business conditions. They all felt that the monopoly the Standard had achieved was a menace to their interests, and they went willingly into the Union at the start, and supported it generously, but they were an impatient people, demanding quick results, and when they saw that the relief the Union promised could only come through lawsuits and legislation which it would take perhaps years to finish, they lost interest and refused money. At the first meeting of the Grand Council of the Union in November, 1878, there were nearly two hundred delegates present — at the last one in February, 1880, scarcely forty. Many of the local lodges were entirely dead. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Patterson had both used their own money in prosecuting the work of the Union, and Roger Sherman, the chief counsel, worked for months without pay. The following letter, written in July, 1879, to Mr. Campbell, by a member of one of the local lodges, shows very well what the leaders had to contend against. It shows, too, the point of view of a very frank and intelligent oil producer:

BRADFORD, Pa., July 30, 1879.

B. B. CAMPBELL, Esq., Parnassus, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—Your dispatch of yesterday from O. C. has only just reached me. As I cannot say what I want to over the wires I reply by mail.

You ask if the high-sounding wording of the declaration of rights of the producers made at their mass meeting, held here on Monday, in which they pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors, means literal subscriptions to the council funds. I reply with sorrow and humiliation — *I fear not.* All this high-flown talk is buncombe of the worst kind. The producers are willing to meet in a mass meeting held out of doors where it costs nothing even for rent of a hall, and pass any kind of a resolution that is offered. It costs nothing to do this, but when asked to contribute a dollar to the legal prosecution of these plunderers, robbers, and fugitives from justice, whom they are denouncing in their resolution, they either positively refuse, say that the council is doing nothing, that the suits are interminable and will never end, that there is no justice to be obtained in the courts of Pennsylvania, etc., etc., or else plead poverty and say they have contributed all that they are able to.

True, the producers are poor and the suits and legal proceedings are slow, and there is much to discourage them, but I tell you, my honored chief, that the true inwardnesss of this state of affairs is, that the people of the Oil Regions have by slow degrees and easy stages been brought into a condition of bondage and serfdom by the monopoly, until now when they have been aroused to a realization of their condition, they have not the courage and manhood left to enable them to strike a blow for liberty. And these are the people for whom you and your few faithful followers in the council are laboring, spending (I fear wasting) your substance — neglecting your own interest to advance theirs, and all for what good — "*cui bono*"?

I fear you will say that I am discouraged — no, not discouraged, but disgusted with the poor, spiritless, and faint-hearted people, whom you are laboring so hard to liberate from bondage. As to the prospects of raising funds for the prosecution of the suits by subscription or assessments on the Unions, I am sorry to say that I fear it is impossible — at least it is impossible for me to make any collections — and right here let me make a suggestion. I often feel that the fault may not be with the people, but with the writer. I would therefore suggest that you select from among the members of the council any good man whom you think has the power of convincing these people that their only hope of relief lies in sustaining you in the prosecution of the suits, and the efore they must contribute to the fund. If you will do this, I will promise you that he will be hospitably received and favorably introduced by the writer. But as for depending on the unaided efforts of myself to raise funds, I fear it would be useless.

I do not write this, my friend, with a view of throwing any discouragement in your path, which, God knows, is rugged and thorny enough, but I must give vent to my righteous indignation in some way, and ask you are the producers as a class (nothing but a d——d cowardly disorganized mob as they are) worth the efforts you are putting forth to save them?

As for myself, a single individual (and I can speak for no others), I am determined to stand with you until the end, with my best strength, and my last dollar.

Why Mr. Rockefeller Won

Now, what was this loose and easily discouraged organization opposing? A compact body of a few able, cold-blooded men — men to whom anything was right that they could get, men knowing exactly

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what they wanted, men who loved the game they played because of the reward at the goal, and, above all, men who knew how to hold their tongues and wait. "To Mr. Rockefeller," they say in the Oil Regions, "a day is as a year and a year as a day. He can wait, but he never gives up." Mr. Rockefeller knew the producers, knew how feeble their staying qualities in anything but the putting down of oil wells, and he may have said confidently, at the beginning of their suits against him, as it was reported he did say, that they would never be finished. They had not been finished from any lack of material. If the suits had been pushed but one result was possible, and that was the conviction of both the Standard and the railroads; they had been left unfinished because of the impatience and unstability of the prosecuting body and the compactness, resolution, and watchfulness of the defendants.

The withdrawal of the suits was a great victory for Mr. Rockefeller. There was no longer any doubt of his power in defensive operations. Having won a victory, he quickly went to work to make it secure. The Union had surrendered, but the men who had made the Union remained, the evidence against him was piled up in indestructible records. In time the same elements which had united to form the serious opposition just overthrown might come together, and if they should it was possible that they would not a second time make the mistake of vacillation. The press of the Oil Regions was largely independent. It had lost, to be sure, the audacity, the wit, the irrepressible spirits of eight years before when it fought the South Improvement Company. Its discretion had outstripped its courage, but there were still signs of intelligent independence in the newspapers. Mr. Rockefeller now entered on a campaign of reconciliation which aimed to placate, or silence, every opposing force.

The Hushing of the Oil Regions

The great human tragedies of the Oil Regions lie in the individual compromises which followed the public settlement of 1880. For then it was that man after man, from hopelessness, from disgust, from ambition, from love of money, gave up the fight for principle which he had waged for seven years. "The Union has surrendered," they said, "why fight on?" This man took a position with the Standard and became henceforth active in its business; that man took a salary and dropped out of sight; this one went his independent way, but with closed lips; that one shook the dust of the Oil Regions from his feet and went out to seek "God's country," asking only that he should never again hear the word "oil." The newspapers bowed to the victor. A sudden hush came over the region, the hush of defeat, of cowardice, of hopelessness. Only the "poor producer" grumbled. "You can't satisfy the producer," Mr. Rockefeller often has had occasion to remark benignantly and pitifully. The producer alone was not "convinced." He still rehearsed the series of dramatic attacks and sieges which had wiped out independent effort. He taught his children that the cause had been sold, and he stigmatized the men who had gone over to the Standard as traitors. Scores of boys and girls grew up in the Oil Regions in those days with the same feeling of terrified curiosity towards those who had "sold to the Standard," that they had towards those who had "been in jail." The Oil Regions as a whole was at heart as irreconcilable in 1880 as it had been after the South Improvement Company fight, and now it had added to its sense of outrage the humiliation of defeat. The seeds of bitterness left were to grow and bear fruit one day, but that day was distant, and for the present Mr. Rockefeller was victor. In less than eighteen months after the compromise with the producers no open opposition to the Standard remained in the country. A running arrangement had been made with everybody. The Standard Oil Company was a practically complete monopoly controlling all the refining interests of the country, owning all the pipe lines, governing public opinion.

The Welding of the Trust

This general clearance of open opposition was the prelude to a step which the Standard had long had in mind — and that was a closer legal union of its various parts. The structure Mr. Rockefeller had built by this time was loose and rambling. It had worked with admirable harmony for two reasons, it seems to the writer: the persons who had gone into it saw that there were fabulous profits ahead of them if they could achieve their purpose, and opposition

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had cemented them. But they were a combination only in practice. Look at the real nature of this Standard alliance in 1881. At its head was the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, a corporation with a nominal capital of $3,500,000, which in seven years had increased by undivided profits to an acknowledged sum of $35,000,000. Now this Standard Oil Company owned, by direct purchase made in 1874, the important works of Pratt of New York, Lockhart of Pittsburg, and Warden of Philadelphia. These plants, run under their own names, had brought in large numbers of neighboring plants — sometimes the purchase had been complete; often it had been of only a percentage, which was held in the name of some stockholder of the Standard concern, the original owners not wanting to sell to the Standard, and not understanding the relation to that concern of these apparently independent purchasers. There were a number of companies not covered by Standard Oil stock though Standard concerns: that is, they had been organized under separate charters by Standard men, and were run according to the Rockefeller idea. Such was the Acme Oil Company of Titusville. In all there were fourteen companies owned and controlled entirely by the Standard group, doing business under separate names, and having separate legal existences.

But in this Standard alliance there were twenty-six other companies, only a portion of the stock of each of which was owned by the Standard. These were companies which it had been found necessary to control or influence in order to achieve the great purpose. In most of these the Standard owned a majority stock, though there were a few in which they had been able so far to secure only a minority.

The individual holdings in these forty companies were scattered in a way most bewildering to an outsider. A man may have owned a large block of the Ohio Standard Oil Company stock, shares in the United Pipe Lines, in the Vacuum Oil Company of Rochester, in the Maverick Oil Company of Boston, in an oil producing concern like the Producers' Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company, in an oil selling concern like the Chess Carley Company of Louisville, in a dozen other companies. He may have been a director of the Standard Oil Company, the manager of the Pratt Manufacturing Company, director in a dozen more companies, and to the outsider each of these interests was separate. The public did not recognize the corporate value of the man's holdings. If he died and his estate was settled up the real market value of his property was lost, for there would be only fifteen or sixteen men in the world who appreciated fully its value and would be eager to secure it. It was apparent then to the Standard stockholders that for the safety of their own personal estates, for the sake of their wives and children, they must get their property into a more tangible shape.

But how was it to be done? These forty partnerships and corporations were scattered over many States. The United States does not recognize a federal industrial corporation. Business is supposed to be organized under the law of the State in which it operates. If it overlaps it, it is by the courtesy of the State into which it goes. When its operations become inter-state, then the federal government has a right to regulate its operations. How unite these widely spread interests into a compact legal form?

The Parent of all the Trusts

The answer came only after much deliberation into which one by one all the leading men of the company were brought. Several forms of agreement were laid before the conferences. Finally one prepared by the company's counsel, Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, who from the first had had the problem in charge, was presented. It was the famous trust agreement — the Parent of the Trusts — and certainly it is an innocent and candid looking document to have raised the pother it has. Briefly stated, this agreement, accessible to all who wish to examine it in detail, provided that in each State where the Standard operated largely, as in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, a company should be organized to be known as the Standard Oil Company of that State, and that into it all of the properties in that State controlled entirely by the Standard combination should be placed. Nine trustees were then appointed, and the stock of each of these companies was to be turned over to them, they giving in return what were called trust certificates to the individual stockholders.

All of the property held in the twenty-six companies which were only partially owned by the Standard was to be turned over to the trustees in the same way, and

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the owners were to receive trust certificates. As soon as any one of these companies came entirely into Standard control its property was to be conveyed to the Standard Oil Company of the State to which it belonged. The trustees were charged with the full control of the property.

The Growth of the Colossus

As soon as this agreement had been adopted, an inventory of actual property was made. The inventory was made in the most conservative way, by practical men familiar with refineries, pipe lines, and all kinds of oil property. Every foot of pipe was measured — every square inch of brickwork was considered. The cost of laying pipe and bricks, etc., was not taken into account. Only actual values were included. It was believed by those best fitted to know that the estimate of property resulting was under rather than over the value. It amounted to $56,000,000 in actual money property and assets. The new organization was capitalized at $70,000,000, and at the start its shares sold at 80.

The agreement which unified the Standard alliance, made it tangible to the public, and safe for its stockholders was signed on January 2, 1882. Just ten years before, on January 2, 1872, the organization of the South Improvement Company had been completed — an organization which had enabled Mr. Rockefeller, in three months, to wipe up almost the entire independent oil interests of Cleveland, Ohio, and increase his daily refining capacity from 1,500 to 10,000 barrels. It was on this good-sized foundation that Mr. Rockefeller had reared in ten years the Standard Oil Trust with a capitalization of $70,000,000.

To the great public this creation was a mystery and a menace. And naturally so. They knew that its corner-stone was the South Improvement Company; they knew from the revelations of State and federal investigations that Mr. Rockefeller had from the beginning steadily aimed at a monopoly of a pivotal element of the oil business — and they shared the good old English hatred of the word "monopoly." They knew that he had had enormous transportation advantages, advantages illegal and iniquitous. It is unquestionably true that the mass of the American people looked on the growth as a work of deliberate brigandage.

Brute Strength and Brains

But something besides illegal advantages had gone into the making of the Standard Oil Trust. Had it possessed only the qualities which the public saw in it in 1882 its overthrow would have come before this. But this huge bulk, blackened by commercial sin, was strong in all great business qualities — in energy, in intelligence, in dauntlessness. It was rich in youth as well as greed, in brains as well as unscrupulousness. If it had played its great game with contemptuous indifference to fair play and to nice legal points of view, it had played it with consummate ability, daring, and address. The silent, patient, all-seeing man who had led it in its transportation raids had led it no less successfully in what may be called its legitimate work. Nobody had appreciated more fully than he those qualities which alone make for permanent stability and growth in commercial ventures. He had insisted on these qualities, and it was because of this insistence that the Standard Oil Trust of 1882 was something besides a fine piece of brigandage, with the fate of the brigand before it, that it was a thing with life and a future. And this leads us to consider what may be called the Legitimate Greatness of Mr. Rockefeller and his creation.

(To be continued.)

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A CHILD'S THOUGHTS

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

DECORATIONS BY ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS

A BOTANICAL ADVENTURE

I FOUND *a flower named Bouncing Bet*
This morning in the roadside grass;
I got my skirts all sopping wet.
I took it to the Botany class
And Teacher showed us very plain
The little pistol that it had,
Beneath the Maggie flying-glass.

And then we wrote down in our books:
"The poplar name is Bouncing Bet
And it is found in wayside nooks,
Escaped from gardens where it grew;
But sometimes cultivated yet."
Dear Bouncing Bet! how spirited
And fine that was of you!

To run away and to escape
From stiff old gardens long ago
And paths made prim by hoe and tape.
A brave adventure to have planned!
Oh, I can see you, stooping low,
Creep slily underneath the gate,
Your little pistol in your hand.

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THE GREY FEET

I OFTEN *hear footsteps a-following behind;*
But Katie laughs, "La, child, you hear them in your mind."

I call them my Grey Feet because they seem to stray
Along the edge of evening when kittens love to play.

They rustle in the woods, they creakle on the stair;
I turn around to speak, but no one's ever there.

I think they are the Shadows of all the different things,
The Shadows of tall trees, of ships and clouds and kings,

Tiptoeing off somewhere, whispering, Hush and Hark,
For shadows never must be seen after the streets get dark.

I call them my Grey Feet, they go so soft and blind;
But Katie laughs, "La, child, you hear them in your mind."

MEMORY

THERE *are just two kinds of remember:*
You either remember clear as glass,
The way John does in arithmetic class,
Or else you sort-of-remember,
The way I do from my history book,
The way that dim reflections look
In the shiny black piano legs,
Or the shaky water of the brook;
That's how I sort-of-remember.

Now mother says I can't remember
The time before I did get born,
Seven years ago on Sunday morn:
And yet I sort-of-remember
My little body riding far
From the place where wings and circles are,
With voices flying up as dust,—
Till mother twinkled like a star;
That's how I sort-of-remember.

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"49 MESSAGE"

BY

CHARLES B. DE CAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

HOPPER was skinny and hatchet-faced and a gilt-edged operator. He could send forty-eight to the minute in short spurts without turning a hair. He had done sixty under a watch. The way he shot Mr. Phillips' code along the Continental Press Association's leased wire to Pittsburg made the green operators — the "hams," to use Hopper's word — fidget and guess, then break and ask him to fill them in on the preceding paragraph. Hopper's lip lifted, but he never interrupted the quiver of the three fingers on the key. After he had pencilled the time on the copy with his left hand and stabbed it on the hook, he would look out of the window and say.

"The ham at Oneida wants to be filled in."

And Galacar, the news manager, would look up vaguely from his task of eliminating the enthusiasm from the story of the Winsted correspondent and say, "All right," and Hopper would press the key slowly, jerkily with a word — of-one-syllable-care — the while making game profanely of the milkers and hay tossers employed by the association up-state.

Hopper could receive as fast as he could send, but he rarely did so, because there was no one on the South or West wire who could deliver it hot enough to hurry him. Once he did have to let himself out. That was when the news manager in the Pittsburg office took the key to send a strike settlement story that could not wait. When the sounder began to chirp Hopper bent low over the typewriter and his fingers danced. He was grinning. The manager at Cleveland had been a tournament-winning sender before he went on a desk and his fingers had not forgot their cunning. When Hopper had tossed over the flimsy (and it was clean as copper-plate) he opened the key and talked. Then he remarked: "Old Peterson is all right." That was as far as Hopper took his hat off to any man.

With Congress opening on a Tuesday, we usually began to take the President's message Sunday morning as soon as the night report closed — that is, about four A. M. The message is usually a long document, upward of 20,000 words, and when the press associations are clear of it there are a lot of wrist-tired, sleep-hungry operators.

All through the quiet, down-town Sunday the instruments and typewriters would chirp and clatter, and sometimes far into Sunday night if the wires went bad. And after it was all over and the dough-faced extra man from the Western Union had got up out of a circle of cigarette butts, no one would tell you a word of what the President had said. Not only would not, being operators, but could not, being operators and having comprehended no word that had passed in their ears and out their fingers. Even if you thought you could read Morse pretty well, and had hung over the sounder, it is doubtful if you would have discovered that "Irt tq nw pending bf t scotus," meant: "In regard to the question now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States."

Hopper did not usually seek dog's work like a President's message. He rarely worked extra time because, for one thing, he seldom drank (which is saying a lot of a gilt-edged man), and for another (which is saying a lot more) he never played in the pool-rooms. And so he did not need the money. He had a wife and two youngsters, and twenty-five per will go a sight further on them than it will on a horse at New Orleans that can't lose at 7 to 1.

Still at twenty-five per you do not buy many stocks and bonds with the surplus, and when the doctor makes daily calls for three weeks the salary does not look so big

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that it bothers you. Hopper's boy had typhoid. We knew it was serious. He said very little about it, and he was a tiger on the wire.

About two days before this particular message to Congress was due, he asked Galacar to let him in on it. Galacar certainly would, but could Hopper take on so much? He would be on Saturday and Saturday night anyway (Hopper did a night trick every other week), and to work through Sunday was cutting out a pretty big slice of work.

Saturday morning Hopper came in looking sallow and red-eyed. He went to work without indulging in his wonted half-cynical jocularity. Sometime in the morning a messenger brought in a note and the office-boy gave it to Galacar. He looked at it and handed it to Hopper. Hopper tore off the envelope and threw it on the floor. It lay very white in the mess of yellow manifold paper, and we kept stepping on it until finally you could no longer distinguish the printing in one corner: "Return in five days to ——

"THE HAM AT ONEIDA WANTS TO BE FILLED IN"

Hopper could do it all right. The doctor had demanded a trained nurse.

There was nothing about this particular message to excite interest except the financial paragraph. The President's remarks in that connection were awaited eagerly by everybody, and anxiously by Wall Street. It made a lot of difference to Wall Street that year what the President recommended about the currency question. Not a whisper of the truth had escaped, and the guesses made by the Washington correspondents and space writers did not sound right. Some of them in Wall Street would have given a good deal to find out in advance.

Wall Street." Hopper read the note and put it in his pocket. Then he picked a row with Trenton which the boss had to settle.

Every thing went wrong that morning except Galacar. He was always patient and unruffled; answering kicks on the wire; correcting careless copy; restraining the boisterous office-boys, with a forehead always smooth and an even voice. Hopper was gone a full hour at lunch, and the boss himself had to sit in for him after the half-hour was up. When Hopper returned he did not offer to explain his delay, which wasn't like him.

In the afternoon Hopper began an awful talking scrap with Wilson. Wilson attended

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"'I'LL DO FOR YOU ALL RIGHT!'"

to the markets and the short wire which connected us with the cable office and the Western Union. He was a little, sharp-eyed fellow with slick hair and a high collar. He had come into the office a week before from somewhere up-state. Hopper used to fight him on the wire. He was the ham par excellence in Hopper's opinion. Wilson never had more than a third-rate knowledge of receiving, and to-day he distinguished himself with the stock column. He had American Sugar closing at an insane figure, left out Erie, and made a few other errors of that sort. When the kicks began to come in on Hopper's wire he did not repeat them to Galacar but to Wilson, and he added, thereto, his personal opinion of Wilson's ability set in profanity finely wrought. They had it back and forth until Wilson wanted to fight. But when Galacar had pushed him back into his chair, he contented himself with shouting, "*I'll do for you all right!*" For reply Hopper laughed. He had a laugh that would provoke a Quaker to bloodshed.

About nine o'clock that night Wilson was called to the 'phone, and when he came back he told Galacar that his brother had gotten into trouble up on the West Side and could he go up and see him. Hopper, without raising eyes from copy, let out a sharp, mirthless "Ha!" Wilson looked murder at him. Galacar let Wilson go.

With the exception of a half hour for supper and another half for lunch at midnight, Hopper did not leave his chair again that day, and when the windows got dirtily white with the Sunday dawn he was still at it—eating into the sixth thousand of the President's words on a straight string to Kansas City. Twice he was asked for at the 'phone by a woman's voice, and when he returned to his key the second time he gave Galacar a funny look, and said: "If he only pulls through, Bob, it's worth all it costs." Then he wrinkled his nose and sat in to his work.

Wilson stayed on after the night report closed to help Galacar, who was editing the message copy between its passage from Thorne who was receiving it on the Washington wire to Hopper sending it West. There were just the four men in the office. Hopper and Wilson ignored each other.

The important paragraph on the currency came along about the time that Christians were getting up. It was good stuff. Galacar remarked that as he ran through it with pencil poised. Wilson was bringing him the books of manifolded copy from Thorne's typewriter and later carrying a corrected sheet of it to the West. There were several superfluous sheets to a book. These went in a ball into the lock-drawer of Galacar's desk.

The currency paragraph was in Kansas City and Galacar was going over the next book when he heard Thorne exclaim and looked up to see Hopper half fallen out of his chair. He came around under ice water, swearing faintly, and was the color of the tissue "flimsy." Galacar forced a big drink into him and blocked his move to his wire. Then skinny, nervy little Hopper broke down. He would not go home to the wife half dead with worry over the kid, and so Galacar, telling Wilson to sit in on the West, escorted Hopper to a near-by hotel and put him to bed.

The trouble came Monday afternoon, tumbled in without warning, in a message from Meyers, the Washington man. It read:

"Gr. Treasury Department says has positive information we leaked in New York on financial part of message. Rs."

Galacar read and scratched his beard and looked long out of the window. Then he wrote:

"That's new here. Find out who got it."

Galacar was leaning over Thorne's shoulder when the answer came back, and he

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read it off the wire before Thorne wrote it:

"Skibby and Skibby, the brokers. I've been explaining on the carpet for an hour, but it's no use, and we don't belong. They know."

"Skibby and Skibby." Hopper had worked in their office for some time before he came to us. They were known as sharp people. And "Skibby and Skibby"—it was their number on the corner of the envelope which the boss had handed to Hopper Saturday morning. He remembered, for he feared at the time that the brokers were making it worth while for Hopper to come back to them.

Galacar looked down at Thorne's gray head. He would sooner suspect himself. He glanced over at Wilson taking on the short wire. Now if it was only that little wart—but he came from up-state and was not wise enough for this sort of thing. Hopper was not there. He had not reported that day. Despite his injunction, Galacar had believed that Hopper would come Monday. A possibly dying boy was a good excuse, Heaven knew, but it wasn't like Hopper to do what he had been advised to. And it did not look any better now. Plainly it was Galacar's duty to go to the old man with the business, but he did not do it. He went back to his desk and sorted out the left-over message sheets in his lock-drawer. But that gave no clew, for he could not remember how many sheets there had been of the currency book. And with Galacar, locking up the left-over message copy was more a formality than anything else.

Inside of half an hour most of the office knew about the trouble. Someone had "rubbered" at the message in front of Galacar, and anyway you can't keep a wire secret long in a press association. Even the office-boys were on. They always appeared to have a fine young indifference to the real business of the office, while in reality they knew almost as much of what was doing as the manager. It was the office-boys who were the first to give you a look when you had been out late the night before.

Galacar remained after the day men left at five o'clock. Then he called to a tow-headed boy, who was making up the night books and crooning "Mamie," to bring him the West wire copy for Sunday—Hopper's copy. Galacar tore it open and went through the sheets—45 message, 46 message, 47 message, 48 message—50 message. 49 message was gone. 49 message contained the President's currency recommendations. Galacar went all through the roll of flimsy, first nervously and then slowly. 49 message was not there.

The office-boy rolled up the copy and put it away obediently, still crooning "Mamie," and Galacar sat with his head on his hands. He told himself that Hopper wouldn't do it, couldn't do it. And then, unbidden, stalked a procession of damning things: the boy's illness and Hopper's twenty-five per; the trained nurse and the specialist; and Hopper asking for

"ESCORTED HOPPER TO A NEAR-BY HOTEL AND PUT HIM TO BED"

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the message work; and the note from —— Wall Street; and Hopper's going to pieces after — yes, just after the currency paragraph had been sent. And his 49 message gone!

Galacar went and told the old man the trouble He said that the copy had evidently been stolen from his drawer. He had been inexcusably careless. No, he did not think the operators were mixed up in it. He enlightened the old man as to the ethics of an operator's business; had visions of the association being cut out of Washington and he was hot to stick somebody.

Hopper reported on time Tuesday morning. He looked sick and his face was dirty with neglected beard. But he smiled faintly as he took his coat off, and before going to work he leaned over and told Galacar that the kid had turned the crisis the night before and was going to get well. Galacar blushed and said he was glad to hear it and looked wistfully at Hopper.

"GALACAR WENT AND TOLD THE OLD MAN THE TROUBLE"

Meanwhile the tow-headed boy was telling the head office-boy something in a corner, and the head office-boy, after ordering him in a loud voice to chase out and get the first extras, had words with the South wire editor. He shook his head and swore it was a shame, because Hopper had always been good to him. The whole office, with the exception of the operators, cast glances at Hopper that morning. The operators were giving their customary imitation of human machines who didn't know anything. Yet they alone could appreciate that Hopper was suspected. Wilson was kept busy with an erratic stock market, and his copy was surprisingly good.

Shortly before noon Hopper was called into the back office. Everybody watched him go except the operators, and Galacar who was writing rapidly. Hopper's strident voice penetrated the door, but the words were not intelligible. He came out strangely quiet, and as he closed the door he gave a long look at Wilson who was hanging over the ticker. He walked around to the boss's desk and said in a tone audible to Wilson and some of us:

"His Nobs tells me that Skibby and Skibby got hold of that currency paragraph in the message. I wonder where they got it?" He squinted both eyes at Wilson who was very busy with the tape. "I guess somebody made a right neat thing out of it. Couldn't have been Thorne and I don't hardly think you did it, Bob. They came after me and made a right pretty offer and I've just got through telling the Main Stem in there what I told them they could do with it. I wonder where in the world they got it!"

The play made us pretty sick. "The

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"'YOU THOUGHT IT WAS ME!'"

less talk about it the better," said Galacar shortly, and Hopper, with one of his nasty laughs, returned to his chair.

Galacar went in to see the old man.

"Do you know anything?" inquired the old man.

Galacar shook his head.

"Well, it's Hopper. I just had him in here to sound him, and he had the face to tell me that those people approached him, but that he rejected the offer."

"What makes you think it is Hopper?"

The old man took from a drawer the "49 message" which should have been in Hopper's wire copy. Galacar barely looked at it and put it down on the desk. "That came from the office of Skibby and Skibby," said the old man.

"May I know how you got that message sheet?" asked Galacar.

"No, I am not at liberty to tell you."

Galacar went back to his desk and resumed his work wearily. He could not look at Hopper.

The day wore uneasily on. By three o'clock, as usual, the bulk of the day's report had been handled. The only news of importance left was the death of a German statesman. He was not dead, but he was scheduled to pass away that afternoon, New York time, and, as Wilson was busy with closing stocks, Galacar sat with a wide ear for the short wire call. A call came and he jumped over to the instrument and began talking. It was not the death of the German statesman, but Galacar wrote down the Western Union message mechanically. It read:

"L. S. Wilson, Continental Press Ass'n. You are secure. Keep it up to Hopper. Skibby."

One of the thousand thoughts flashing through Galacar's mind as he wrote the signature was of Wilson's brainlessness in neglecting to warn Skibby against sending a despatch to a place which had a wire into the telegraph office. When he got up from his chair, Galacar's temples were streaked with crimson and his lips looked wet. We knew these signals.

Galacar let the message fall on the stock sheet in front of Wilson. As Wilson read it he got slowly to his feet with the paper in his shaking hands. Everybody was watching except the operators.

"That is for you, isn't it?" asked Galacar.

"Why — I ——"

"I guess that will be about all. You can go."

"Go? Go where?" asked Wilson, making a thin attempt.

Galacar was holding back his big fists.

"I said you could go," he repeated. "That's a favor. You had better take advantage of it before I — kick — you — out — you ——"

But Wilson dodged and grabbing his

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overcoat ran from the room. Hopper raised his head and said: "Ha!" without breaking.

Galacar's big frame shook as he turned to us at the long table. "Boys," he said with a roar, "there goes the —— who stole the message, and he tried to put it up to Hopper." The last word was almost a whisper. Galacar picked up the telegram where Wilson had dropped it and hurried into the back office.

Hopper turned in his chair with his fingers still on the key. The South wire editor started toward Hopper with his hand stretched out, and we bunched in behind him.

"Hopper," he began, "I'm awful glad —we're awful glad—" We all grinned sympathetically. But Hopper jumped to his feet, and his hatchet face seemed to cut into us.

"You thought it was *me!*" he screamed and waved a hand loosely at us. We felt like goats and probably looked it. Just then the door of the back office opened and the old man came tramping out, red in the face, with Galacar coming slowly behind. The old man pushed by Shepley and began:

"Mr. Hopper, I have done you a great injustice——"

Hopper glared at him. "What are you talking about!" he shouted, and the old man stepped back three feet.

Galacar was fitting his fingers along the edge of the table. He looked like a boy who has been found out.

"You thought I did it, too, eh, Bob," called Hopper to him sarcastically.

"Just because of the kid, Nick," said Galacar in a weak voice. "I thought you might 'a' felt you had to."

Hopper burnt us all up with his eyes. Then he threw back his head and shrilled "Ha!" and falling into his chair, he began to send where he had left off. For us, five o'clock could not come quick enough.

We all got the straight of it later: that Wilson had learned on the outside that the Skibbys were seeking to purchase the currency paragraph, and that he had made the dicker with them that Saturday night when he went to see his brother "in trouble on the West Side"; how on Sunday morning he had torn off one of the extra sheets of "49 message" for the benefit of the brokers; and then by stealing Hopper's copy when he had taken his place at the West key, had been able to convince the old man that Hopper sold it to the Skibbys.

Wilson got a year in the "pen," which was no punishment at all to what Galacar meted out to himself. It nearly broke Galacar's heart.

Hopper stayed with us, but it was never quite the same. The worst of it was that he knew that Wilson was a crooked floater when he came to us, but he kept his mouth shut. That was Hopper.

STRANGENESS

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

THE house seems empty since you went away;
It never was so big and bare before.
For me, its child, each aspect ever wore
A friendly face, familiar, kind, and gay,
And unseen arms and hands that were my stay
In all the round of life I knew of yore,
Strong to sustain, it tenderly outbore,
And close to its heart it held me till to-day.

But now the whole house seems the living tomb
Of dear dead days that come no more to me.
Oh that those days should seem so long ago!
And I have wandered on from room to room
With sinking heart that I should never see
Things as they were, when I have loved them so.

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THE MATTERHORN IN CLOUDS

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